CHATTERBOX.



1893

BOSTON: ESTES & LAURIAT, 301 WASHINGTON STREET



AN OLD CHATTERBOX.

Chatterbox

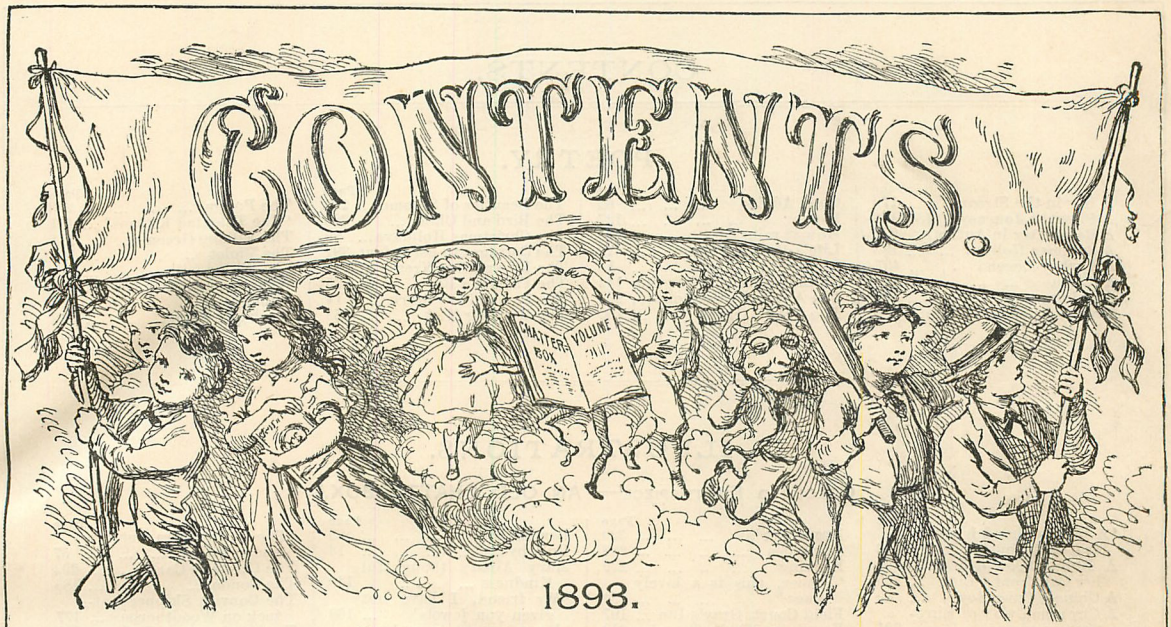
EDITED BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.







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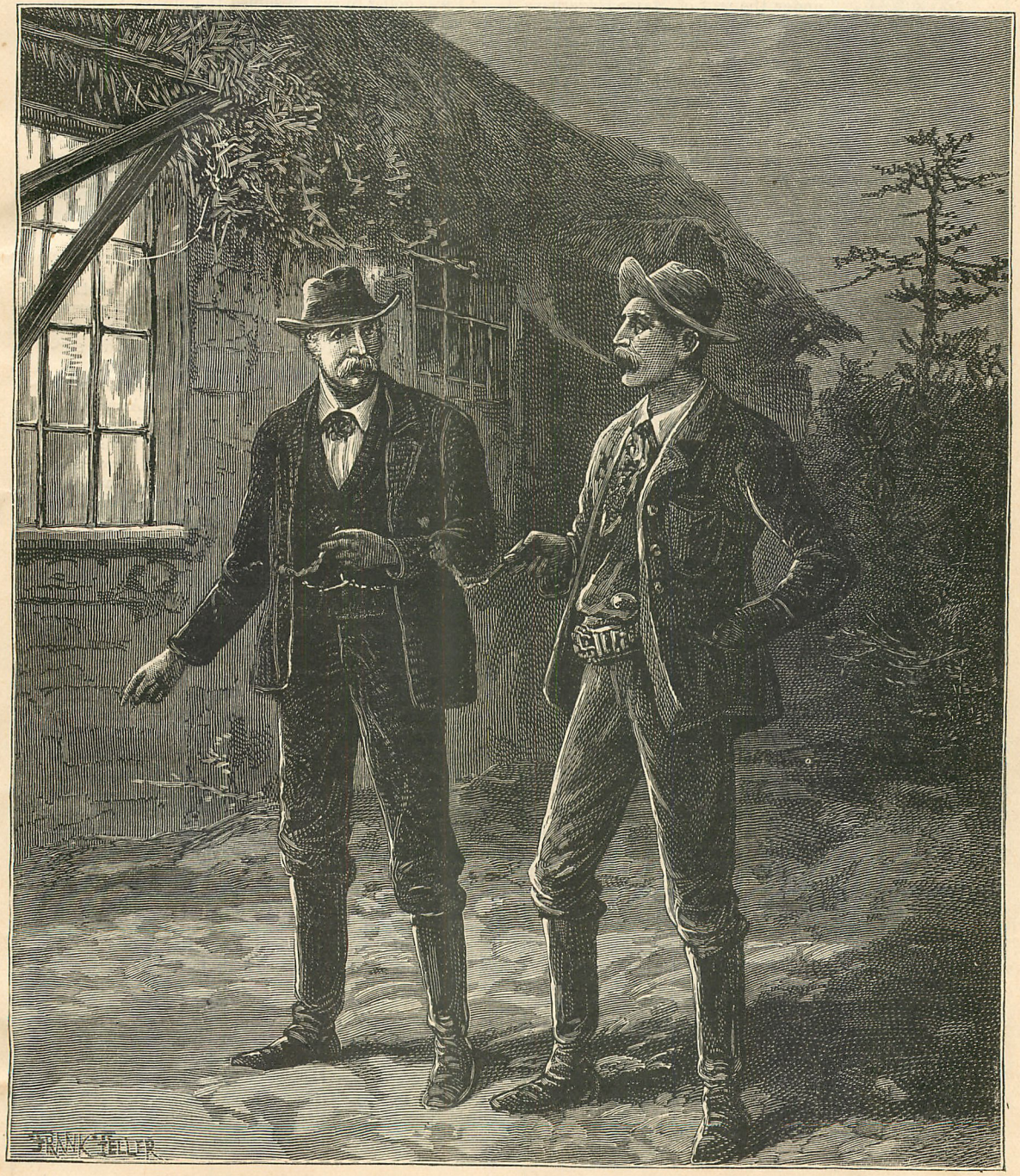
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Chatterbox.



"How many Hottentots could you spare to go with me?"

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

By Fox Russell.

NOT many miles from Grahamstown, South Africa, there was gathered, under the roof of Major Havering's house, one sultry night, an anxious group of people, consisting of the Major himself, his wife and daughter, a friend named Frank Woodthorpe, and the son of the house, Jack Havering, a stalwart young fellow of twenty or so. There was evidently something very unpleasant on the minds of all, though there was little conversation. It was only by catching a stray remark here and there that one could gather what the trouble was. It was plain that it affected them in very different ways; the ladies seemed to be much alarmed, Major Havering tried to conceal his anxiety under an air of indifference; Jack and Woodthorpe were discussing the subject in hand with some seriousness, but, at the same time, in such a way as not to alarm the ladies.

Several years before this story opens, Major Havering, who had retired from the army soon after his marriage, had left England, and come out with his wife and their two children to settle at the Cape. The Major's means were limited, and he resolved that, instead of leading an idle life at home, he would turn his knowledge of horse-breeding to account in a country which was not so overstocked as his own. He had done so, and by his sound judgment and active work, coupled with some good luck, Major Havering was now fairly well off, and the family were hopefully looking forward to a time, not far distant, when they might return to the land of their birth, there to pass the rest of their lives. Jack Havering, as devoted to horses as his father, was thoroughly in his element in this rough country, and did not care to exchange it even for a rural life in England; but with Mrs. Havering and her daughter the case was different. They had no liking for the rough surroundings in South Africa, and they felt the lack of any society. Mrs. Havering had always been wishful to leave the colony, even at its most peaceable time, but now, with the threatenings of trouble from the disturbed state of the country, she urged the Major to sell everything, and get away as soon as possible. After a long pause in the conversation, Major Havering said, addressing Woodthorpe, 'I've never offended any of these fellows. They could not have done this out of any feeling of revenge.'

'Oh dear, no! I never supposed they had,' the other answered. 'The truth is, they have got very bold lately, and having succeeded in raiding several places further up country, they think they are safe anywhere now. Their game is to drive off these horses a long way from here before attempting to sell them. They move very quickly—much quicker than any ordinary soldiers would; and so the only chance of catching the thieves is to start after them without delay.'

'But suppose——' here Major Havering broke off, as he suddenly remembered that what he was about to say might alarm his wife and daughter. Shortly afterwards he left the room, followed, after a brief interval, by Woodthorpe, and they lighted their cigars and continued their conversation, walking up and down outside the house.

'I was going to say,' resumed the Major, 'suppose we all went after the thieves, that would leave the house in a wholly unprotected state, and with my wife and daughter here, I could not venture that; indeed, I know Mrs. Havering would not hear of it. What is your own opinion? I know you are the best possible man to advise me, having mixed so much with these Caffres yourself, and understanding their language as you do. The worth of the horses is considerable, it is true; but would it not be bad policy to start off on a wild goose chase after them, leaving everything here in such a defenceless condition?'

Woodthorpe paused awhile before making any reply. Then, turning to Major Havering, and speaking in a low tone, he said, 'How many Hottentots could you spare to go with me, suppose I started to-night?'

'To-night!' exclaimed Major Havering, in surprise. 'My dear fellow, why should you go?'

'Because I have got an account to settle with Umbalele, one of the chiefs of the Amakosa!' quickly replied Woodthorpe, his face flushing angrily as he spoke. 'From certain things that have come to my knowledge, I am convinced that he was in command of the party that raided your place last night. I will tell you the secret of my queer kind of life during the last twelve months, if it can be called a secret. My brother, whom I loved more than any creature on this earth, was shot dead by that murderous villain on his way down to Grahamstown a year ago. I swore that I would be level with him, and ever since that time, as I have money and leisure, and also a real liking for most of the Caffre race, I have mixed much with them, always keeping my eyes and ears open for a chance—not of revenge, but of punishing, in place of the law, which cannot reach him, my brother's murderer.'

'I cannot blame you, Woodthorpe,' said the Major, sadly; 'and now I see your motive in wishing to go on this expedition. You asked how many of the "totties" I could spare. Well, half a dozen of the best we have are available. I should dearly like to come myself. Don't you think if Jack and I were to come, and—but then, there's the difficulty about leaving the women.'

'Take my advice,' said Woodthorpe, quietly; 'stay here to look after them, and guard the fortress, and keep Jack here with you. I'm sure you won't think me rude when I say that I don't think either of you is a good-enough bushman to undertake an affair like this. Leave me to manage it alone. With six "totties"—good ones, I mean, for I had rather be without any at all than take some I know of—and an Australian black tracker, on whom I can put my hand at any moment, I shall have a far better chance of success than in any other way. Above all things, don't let us have any Red-coats; they spoil everything, and generally end by walking straight into an ambush

which would have been plain to a Caffre a mile off. I lately served ten years with the Cape corps, but I have almost lived in the bush, so the work will be, for me, merely a falling back into old ways. And now let me go round to see my totties. I want to be away from this before the moon has got much higher up than she is now.'

A strange career had been that of Frank Woodthorpe. Still a young man, he had yet seen savage life in nearly every part of the world. His father had commanded a brigade in India at the time of Frank's birth, and for the first few years of his life he had been tended by an ayah, 'growing so accustomed to the colour that he had liked it ever since,' he used laughingly to say to those who sought to fathom his reasons for not dwelling in civilised countries. Later on he travelled with his father over the Himalayas, in China, Burmah, and many other places. Entering the British army, he was fortunate enough to 'see service,' and earn two war medals within four years of obtaining his commission. Then, seeing no chance of any more fighting, he sent in his papers, his restless spirit rebelling at the thought of a life spent in barracks during the 'piping times of peace.' He at once left for the colonies of Australia, where, in the mounted police, he found a congenial life in the tracking of bushrangers, and other lawless characters, with which, at that time, the country was overrun. A tempting offer to join the Cape Corps led him to leave Australia and go to South Africa, where, for ten years, he served his country, and saw much hard fighting. Fierce raids, both of Caffre and Malay, had been baffled by the acuteness and daring courage of Frank Woodthorpe. Many a scoundrel was brought to book, and either shot offhand, or sent to swell the ranks of the desperadoes working in convict dress in the docks of Table Bay.

One main inducement for him to stay in Africa was the fact that his only and dearly loved brother had just come out to live at the Cape on account of his health. A hard-working parish priest, in poorer London, Douglas Woodthorpe had been forced to resign his 'cure of souls,' and had come out in hope that the beautiful air of the Cape might ward off threatened consumption.

After a short residence in Rondebosch, near Cape Town, he had moved on to Grahamstown, in order to be nearer his brother. It was on the occasion of a visit to him that, returning quietly to his own little house afterwards, he had been wantonly shot dead by the murderous savage, Umbalele.

This event had greatly embittered Frank Woodthorpe's life, and for a time entirely disheartened him. He threw up his appointment in the Cape Corps, and made a long expedition, accompanied only by a Queensland black tracker and a couple of Hottentots, up country on the trail of his brother's murderer; but, after some months of fruitless wanderings, he had to confess himself beaten for the time, and return to Grahamstown. He had lived in that town for a short period, before the evening when, as we have seen, he was at his old friend's, Major Havering's, house, discussing with him the subject of a robbery of valuable thorough-bred horses which had taken place there the night before, and arranging the details of an expedition to follow the thieves and, if possible, recover the horses.

Major Havering had been a subaltern in the regiment commanded by Woodthorpe's father, and, in spite of the difference of age between them, a close friendship had soon united the two men, and Frank Woodthorpe had come to be looked upon as an ever-welcome guest at the Homestead, and he was treated almost as one of the family.

Mrs. Havering had stood almost in place of a mother to him during his early days, and his coming from Australia to the Cape was a real gratification to her. In his company she never had any fears for 'her Jack,' reckless to the verge of foolhardiness as he was. 'And very natural too,' said Woodthorpe to her, laughing. 'Just what he ought to be at his age.' And then the mother sighed, and shook her head, breathing an inward prayer that no harm might befall him. Woodthorpe's quiet, cool demeanour, even in the face of imminent danger, had lately had a very good influence on young Jack, who was woefully deficient in caution, although endowed with a lion's heart—a heart, however, as tender as his only sister's, the sister to whom he was so fondly attached and who looked up to her brother as the one hero she had ever met in her young life.

It was not long after Frank Woodthorpe's arrival at the Cape that, in a shy, half-frightened manner, May Havering had begun to recognise the fact that there might be 'two Richmonds in the field,' and that, although she admired her brother not one whit the less, still that her new friend had certainly more claim to be looked on in the light of a hero than even Jack; indeed, she had sometimes asked herself the question, did she not feel something more than a warm interest in the bronzed face, with its long, fair moustache and close-cropped beard?

On his part, Woodthorpe had looked upon his friend's only daughter merely as a child at first; but so rapidly do these 'children' grow up, and so sweet of disposition did he find her, that before long the young man told himself that, unless he were careful, he should commit, as he then thought, considering his roving, adventurous life, the great folly of what folk call 'falling in love.' And now, having given these necessary details concerning the lives of our chief characters, we will get back to our story.

(*Continued at page* 14.)

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Clement's Inn.

EVERY one who has passed along the great London thoroughfare of the Strand and Fleet Street knows the new Law Courts. The districts adjacent have been devoted to the law for many centuries. The Colleges where the law students lived were called long ago, as they are still, Inns. 'There belong to the law,' wrote Fortescue in A.D. 1464, 'ten lesser Inns which are called "Inns of Chancery," in each of which are one hundred students at least. After they have made some progress here they are admitted to the Inns of Court,

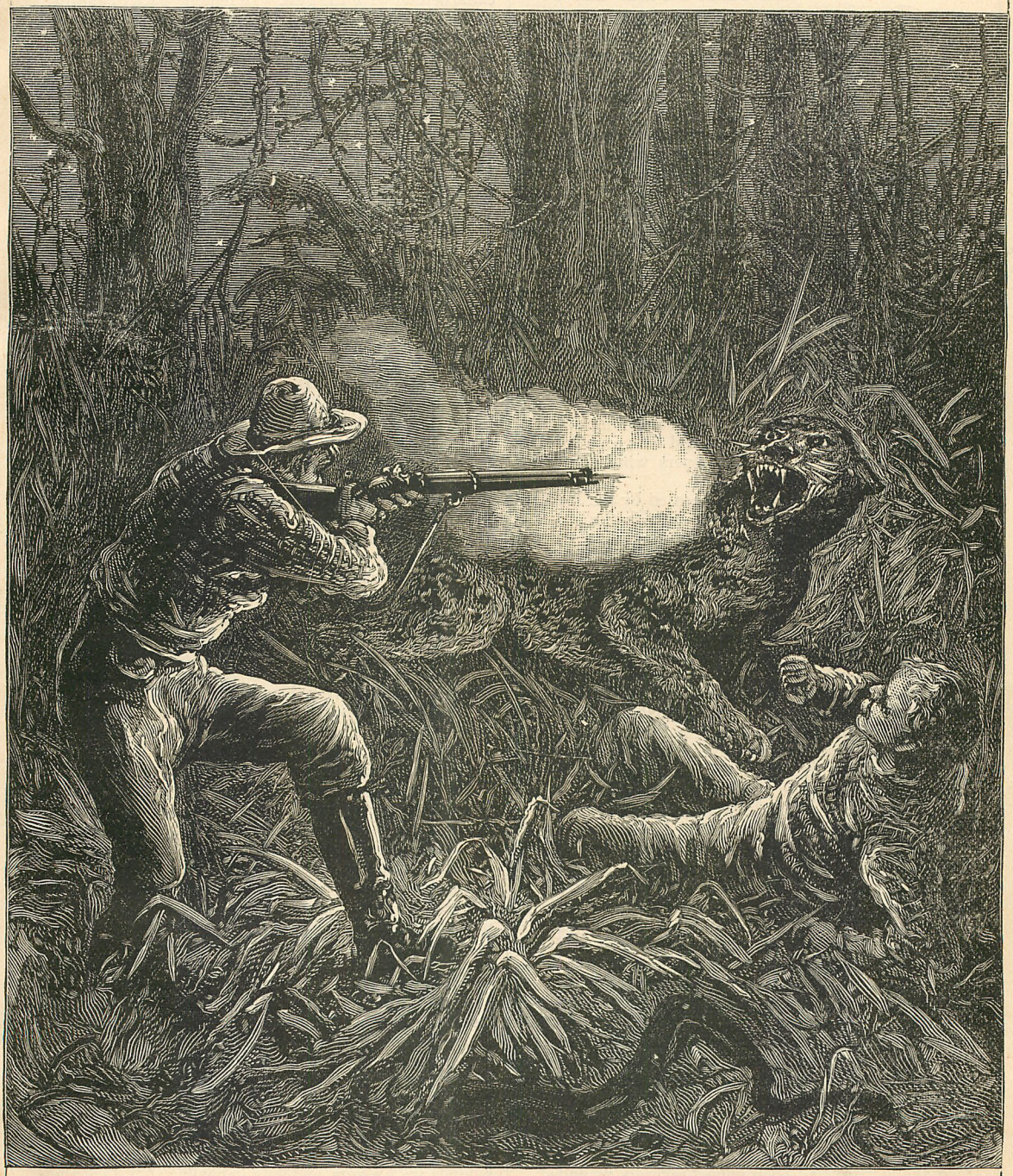


Clement's Inn.

which are Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn.' These all exist to this day, and are the places where our lawyers have their chambers.

Clement's Inn, founded in the reign of Edward IV., was so called from being near the church of St. Clement Danes, and St. Clement's well. It was originally attached to the Inner Temple. Shakespeare, in his play of *Henry IV.*, makes Justice Shallow speak of this Inn. He says, 'I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they talk of mad Shallow yet;' and Falstaff says, referring to the chimes of St. Clement's Church, 'We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow;' and he says of one of his boon companions, 'I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring.'

Clement's Inn has been long used for chambers and offices, and is a quiet corner not far from the 'madding crowd' of Fleet Street.



"He thrust the muzzle of the gun past me and pulled the trigger."

ADVENTURE IN A JUNGLE.

JACK and I had been settled for a time on the east coast of Africa, and to amuse ourselves we used to set traps for the antelopes which abound in the forest jungles of that beautiful coast. We were not very successful for a time, but at last one morning things began to look more promising. The trap which had been set the evening before was gone, while traces were discovered which clearly proved that trap and bait together had been dragged by some large and powerful animal down the steep incline towards the brook which separated the jungle from the open country. These traces we followed for some distance, when suddenly we were brought to a standstill by hearing a sudden rustling among the brushwood, and presently with a deep growl the long spotted body of a leopard sprang out, and was soon lost to view among the tangle of creepers which hung in festoons from every tree.

On examining the spot just vacated by the leopard we found as we expected our trap, with the body of a spotted antelope still fixed in it, four deep gashes on the throat, clearly revealing the manner in which it had been carried by the savage beast. Of course, it was quite dead, and as we knew that the leopard would certainly return after nightfall to devour the carcase, we resolved to set a trap for him, and while he was enjoying his supper, to secure his beautiful fur coat for our own use.

The plan we adopted was to set a loaded gun close beside the trap, in such a manner that if the leopard really did come back, it could not possibly escape. This was done, and we then returned to our quarters impatiently waiting the result. About eleven o'clock at night a native, who had been on the watch, came hurrying in to say that the gun had just gone off, and proposing that with a lighted lantern we should go and ascertain if the creature had really been killed. This was, of course, a very risky proceeding, but neither Jack nor I had ever as yet encountered a leopard, and in our ignorance we were inclined to look upon it as little more formidable than a wild cat, so away we went, Jack carrying another gun while I was provided with a lantern containing about an inch of candle. (The native had prudently backed out of the enterprise at the very last moment.) It was a fine clear night, and we had not very far to go, although we had to cross the brook, beyond which lay the jungle deep and dense, our trap being set just upon the edge of the forest; while crossing the brook an unfortunate stumble caused me to drop the matches, but except for this we got easily across, and soon reached our trap. There was the dead antelope still untouched, while fragments of bone and fur showed us that the leopard had been indeed severely wounded.

'Let's follow him,' said Jack in the excitement of the moment; 'he can't have gone far in that state.'

'Come along!' I cried, and I began to track the blood-spots by the light of the lantern, while Jack came behind with the gun. In looking back upon this night's work, I can scarcely imagine how we could have been so mad as thus to follow a savage and severely wounded animal; but we were young, and ready for any kind of excitement; besides, as I said before, we really did not know our terrible danger.

We had easily followed the blood-sprinkled path for some fifty or sixty yards, when the candle began to flicker, and show signs of coming to an end.

At this moment Jack suddenly exclaimed, 'Hold hard, I say! what is that right ahead of you? Why, it looks like a beast's eyes!'

But with one last flare my candle went out, leaving us in total darkness, not, however, before I had seen the still form of a leopard crouched under a tree about six paces beyond, seemingly all inanimate, save those two balls of fire glaring at us out of the darkness. It was a horrible experience, but there was not a moment to be lost; dropping the now useless lantern, I whispered, 'Give me the gun, Jack; I can shoot it from here.' But the very instant I moved, with a horrible snarl the creature threw itself upon me, fixing its claws on my shoulder, while my left arm was in its mouth.

Fortunately for both Jack and myself, the extremity of our danger seemed to sharpen our faculties, for neither of us lost our presence of mind for a moment. I had of course dropped the gun when the brute sprang upon me, and I could hear Jack groping about in the darkness to recover it. Presently a smothered ejaculation of thankfulness showed me that he had found it, but as it was almost pitch dark, the great danger was that he might shoot me. However, the risk had to be run, and groping his way with his hands, he thrust the muzzle of the gun past me and pulled the trigger. The monster struggled convulsively, loosed its hold of my arm and fell back—not dead, however, as we soon found out from its half-choked snarls and violent efforts to rise.

'Let us clear out of this as fast as possible,' said Jack; 'hold up, old man, and I'll lend you a hand.'

He might well say 'Hold up,' for I was almost fainting from pain and loss of blood. Half led, half dragged by his friendly hand, I staggered through the brushwood in the direction of the brook; and not a minute too soon had we decamped, for the infuriated animal was again upon his legs, and though we could see nothing, we could hear its menacing growl of rage and the rustling of the branches as it followed in our track. But it was too desperately wounded to continue pursuit of us; its growling seemed to die away in the distance, while presently, to our great delight, we heard the welcome sound of running water; we had reached the brook and were in comparative safety.

Next morning the leopard was found dead, within a few yards of the place where it had attacked me. It was a male of unusual size with a splendidly marked skin, which, in consideration of the wounds I had received, was given to me as a memento of my first encounter with a leopard. I may add that my wounds were severe, and long in healing; but Jack and I had learned a lesson, never to follow up a wounded leopard under the impression that it was nothing more formidable than a wild cat.

D. B.

THE BOASTFUL SOLDIER.

A Fable.

A SOLDIER, dressed in full regimentals, with a sword by his side, had just returned from the wars, and was seated outside a village inn, surrounded by a crowd of idlers, men, women, and children. He was looked upon by all with admiration, as he recounted the wondrous deeds which he said that he had done in battle. His flow of language was so great, that he held his audience spellbound. In the midst of one of his stories, however, a shout was heard: 'A mad dog! a mad dog! escape for your lives!'

The soldier and his tales were forgotten in a moment; all was now hurry, confusion, and instant flight. Only one man had the courage to stop and encounter the savage brute, and he was a poor peasant who had just come upon the scene. The dog, mad with rage, rushed upon him, but the brave fellow coolly awaited the onset, and with a tremendous blow of a cudgel which he carried, sent the brute rolling on the ground, stunned. He then went up, and ended the animal's career by dashing its brains out. Seeing the victorious peasant standing beside the dead dog, the crowd made its way slowly back, and amongst them came the boastful soldier who had been the very first to flee when the cry was heard. He now seated himself as before, and was going on again with his tales, but the audience had changed their opinions of him completely, and they expressed their thoughts aloud in this wise: 'You are indeed a fine soldier, who have done such glorious deeds in battle, and yet you flee for your life on the first approach of danger. Go and tell your trumped-up stories to ears that are silly enough to believe them; we have just seen how much your boasted courage is worth when put to the test, and remember for the future that 'actions speak louder than words.'

The soldier, seeing how matters stood, slunk away from the place, amid the jeers of the villagers.

MORAL: Boasters are seldom good doers.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. All cries. A town in the North of England.
2. Men in rank. A town in Russia, the scene of a famous battle.
3. Biter. A river in Italy.
4. O crew, rest. A city in England, famed for the manufacture of china.
5. I braise. A country in the north of Asia.
6. Odour. A river in Spain.
7. Hear ten. A city in Asia.
8. I rove, Poll. A city in the north of England, famous for its excellent harbour.
9. A mart. A river in the South of England, also in Tasmania.
10. My range. An important country in Europe.
11. Danes. A range of mountains in America.
12. Tare Oowl. A town near Brussels, the scene of a great battle.
13. Mad master. A city in Holland, famed for its trade.
14. On downs. A mountain in Wales.
15. Vera ran. A province of Spain, once a separate kingdom.
16. Any glees? An island off the coast of Wales.

[*Answers at page* 23.] C. C.

THE CRESTED HORNBILL.



ALL the Hornbills are remarkable in appearance. They are distinguished by an enormous bill, and, in most cases, an additional appendage, called the casque or helmet, equalling in size the bill itself, and in one or two species even larger. This gives the bird an appearance of being overweighted by the unwieldy mass of horny substance; but this extraordinary and clumsy-looking structure, when dissected and closely examined, is found to be singularly light, yet of great strength. The beak, when divided, is seen to be composed of a beautiful bony net-work resembling the structure of the skull of the elephant, the size being enormous, but extremely light in proportion. When first hatched, the casque or helmet of the Hornbill is scarcely to be seen, and the bill is not very noticeable in size; but as the bird grows, the beak is developed at the same time, and when it arrives at the adult stage, the casque and beak attain their full proportions. Some naturalists assert that the age of the Hornbill may be ascertained by observing the number of marks or furrows which are found on the bill.

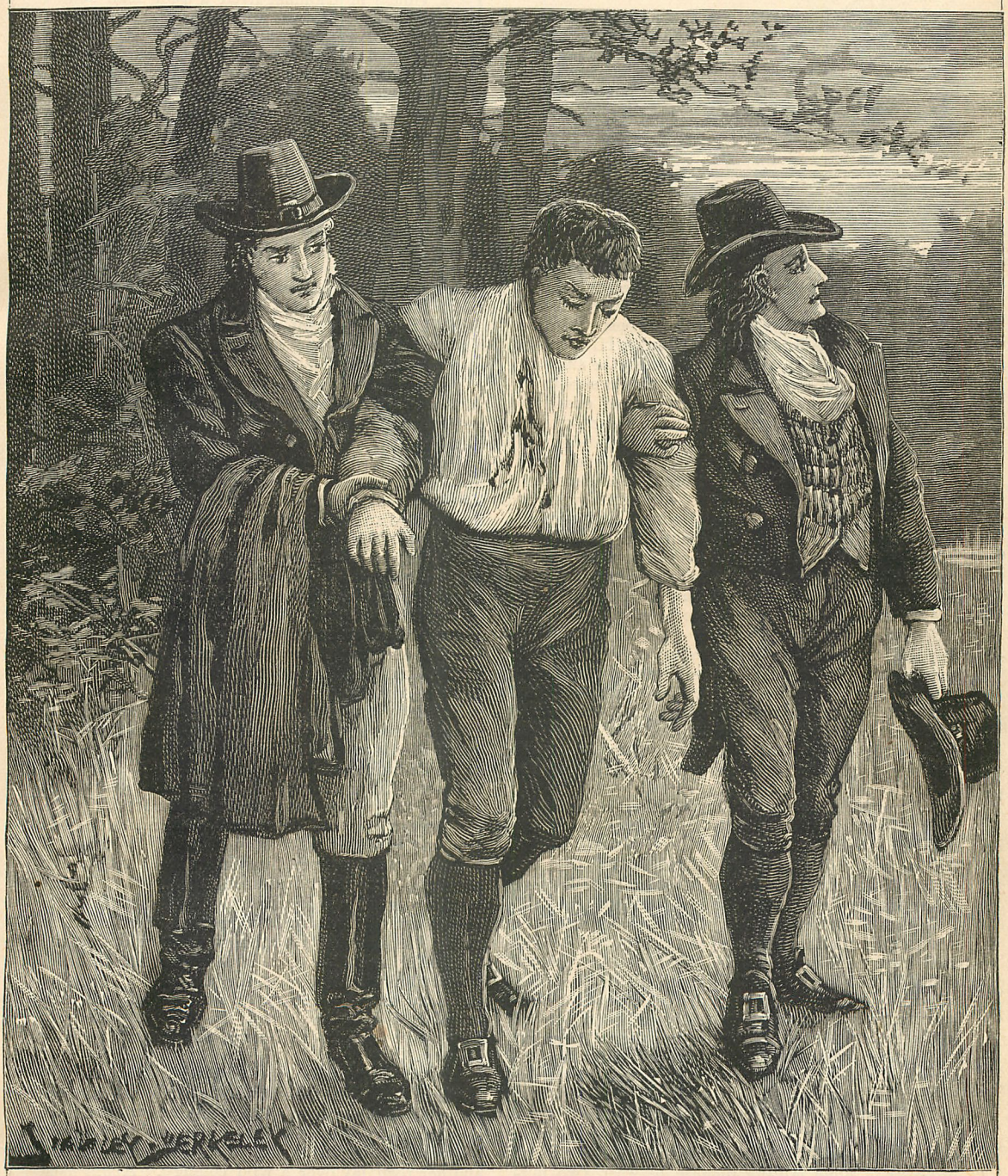
Many conjectures have been made as to the use or purpose of the extraordinary helm and beak of the Hornbill, but nothing conclusive has been arrived at hitherto. Some think that it may assist the bird in producing the extremely loud, hoarse cry for which it is remarkable. When perfectly free in its native state, the Hornbill is sprightly and active, leaping from bough to bough; and in no way incommoded by its large beak, it ascends a tree by easy light skips from branch to branch, until it reaches the top, and pours forth a succession of loud, hoarse, penetrating cries, which can be heard at a great distance.

The flight of this bird is heavy and laborious, and seems to require a great effort. When on the wing, he has a habit of making a clattering noise with his beak and, together with the flapping of his wings, producing a very strange sound. The food of the Hornbill consists of fruit, berries of various kinds, rats, mice, lizards, insects, and sometimes carrion.

Our illustration shows the Crested Hornbill; its general colour is a rich violet black. The bill is yellowish white, with the base of the lower mandible black. The bird in the picture with a smaller casque is the adult female; the young has an admixture of brown in the plumage, and is without the pointed ridge to the casque. When in a tame condition the Hornbill soon becomes much attached to its owner. If any quarrelling is going forward among the other tame birds of the establishment, the Hornbill rushes into the affray like a policeman, and speedily puts an end to the dispute. W. A. C.



The Crested Hornbill.



Wounded.

THE DUEL.

A DUEL is the name given to a combat, either with the sword or pistol, between two persons, at a time and place already indicated in the challenge borne by one party to the other. It always takes place in the presence of witnesses, called seconds, who regulate the mode of fighting, place the weapons in the hands of the combatants, and enforce compliance with the rules which they had laid down.

The practice of duelling has always prevailed more extensively among our neighbours in France than in any other country, although in Great Britain it was not at all an uncommon practice, especially during the idle and dissolute times of Charles II. During these unhappy times, and for long after, the slightest offence given by one man to another was sure to be followed by a challenge to fight, which challenge could not be declined, unless the man who refused to fight was content to lie under the imputation of cowardice to the close of his life. The man who refused to fight was not only branded as a coward, but was treated with the utmost contempt by every one who knew him—men insulted him, women would not speak to him, even children pointed the finger of scorn at him, until he either was goaded into sending a challenge on his own account, or else he fled from the country altogether, to escape from a life which must have been intolerable.

So serious an evil had the wicked practice of duelling become, that in the reign of William III. some attempts were made to suppress it, but without much success, until the custom of wearing the sword was given up, when the number of duels diminished greatly. Since those times the practice has fallen into disrepute, so that in our country, at least, duelling may now be regarded as a thing of the past.

In France, however, duelling still lingers, although in a very modified form, the man who sends the challenge being, in general, quite contented if only one drop of blood is shed! Then, feeling that his wounded honour is avenged, he shakes hands with his antagonist, and smilingly quits the battlefield!

In the picture before us we see a young man (for whom a long, an honourable, and a happy life might well have been predicted) led off the field by his so-called friends in an almost dying condition, the blood which flows from his gaping wound, and the nerveless limbs bearing witness to the serious nature of his injury. In some quiet country home is there an old mother, or a fond wife, daily watching for the arrival of the loved one, whom they will never see more? Who can tell?

To die on the field of battle, in the service of one's country, is a fate almost coveted by many a brave and ardent soldier; but to perish in a duel, the result probably of some trifling dispute between two hot-headed and scarcely sober young men, what a sad fate! what a wasted life M. K.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

IN a village of Clonmel lived a poor man named Mike Reilly. He was a labourer, and had a cabin with a bit of potato-ground. Being strong and hearty, he had no fear of supporting a family, and he married Kathleen Bray. She was the best spinner in the parish, and during the first year there was not a happier couple in the world. But Mike had one fault, and a 'love of the drop' was the beginning of all their misfortunes. He went to the fair to sell the yarn of his wife's spinning, and a fat pig, which was to pay the half-year's rent. At the fair he met a companion who treated him to a taste of spirits. In such company his pockets were picked of the money just received, and something more—of the last penny he had in the world. Just then, while heated with drinking, and half mad with his loss, he met with a recruiting sergeant, and before he was sober he was enlisted into a regiment under orders to sail at once. Made wretched by the ruin which he had brought upon himself and his wife, Reilly sent a friend to tell Kathleen what had happened, and that she should have a letter in a week. He also sent her his silver watch and a guinea out of his bounty money. Poor Kathleen turned from the gold with horror, as the price of her husband's blood. She could not tell why so long a time must pass before the letter came, for she knew little about distances. When the day came she was too anxious to wait for the carrier, and set off to walk ten miles to the Post Office; here she found the letter, but forgot that she could not read it; she was obliged to go back and ask the help of her friend Nancy, the schoolmaster's daughter. It was no easy matter to make out the letter; it was full of sorrow and repentance, and it told that in three weeks the regiment must leave, and Mike begged his wife to follow him to Cork, that they might part in love and kindness.

Kathleen listened to her husband's letter with clasped hands and drawn breath, but she said nothing; only a few tears trickled down her cheeks. 'And I will see him again, poor fellow! I knew his heart was sore for me, Nancy dear, and who knows but they will let me go out with him to the foreign parts. Oh, they would not be so hard-hearted as to part man and wife that way!'

A letter was written by Nancy and sent by the carrier, to say that Kathleen would set off next morning and be with him the day after, but the neighbours told her it was impossible to get there so soon. Kathleen set her cabin in order, and made up a bundle of clothes for herself and her husband. The watch and the guinea she wrapped up together and crammed into the toe of an old shoe, and next morning at 'sparrow chirp' she got up, locked her door, gave the key to Nancy, and began her long journey.

It was summer-time, the days were long and the weather fine. Kathleen went stoutly on, and she managed about twenty miles. She lodged at a little inn by the roadside, and then she set forth again; but soon she began to feel stiff. The sun was hot, and her road lay over a wild country. About noon she sat down under the shade of some trees, and fell asleep. On waking, she saw with fear that the sun

was nearly set, and, what was worse, her bundle was gone.

At first she thought the 'good people,' the fairies, had stolen it away, but soon she saw by footmarks on the soft bank that nothing good had been near her. Sadly vexed with herself for want of care, she went on, hoping to reach Cork that night; but she was footsore, hungry, and faint. She looked around and could not see any house near nor anything like one, but after a while to her great delight she saw a man whose figure she knew well; it was Halloran, the pedlar. For thirty years he had tramped through the country. His dress was strange. He had a woollen cap which did not quite cover his grey hairs, and over it an old soldier's hat. A rough great-coat, with sleeves dangling behind, was fastened at his throat, and covered the box of goods slung at his back, and he carried a stick. There was no weakness of age about him; his step was firm and his eye was bright; he was a welcome guest in every cottage through the country. Halloran was coming back from a fair, and the small size of his pack showed that he had done business there. He did not remember Kathleen, but he asked what she was doing there. She told him her troubles. 'In troth, then, my heart is sorry for ye, poor woman,' he said kindly; 'and what will ye do?'

'And what *can* I do,' said Kathleen dismally, 'and how can I find the way to Cork, when I don't know where I am this moment?'

'Ye cannot get there this night,' said the pedlar, shaking his head.

'Then I will lie down here and die,' said Kathleen, weeping again.

'Is it to me, Peter Halloran,' he said, 'ye say that word? and am I the man to leave a poor woman by the wayside, let alone one that has the face of a friend, though I cannot remember your name?'

'Sure, I am Katie Reilly, of Castle Conn.'

'Katie Reilly sure enough, and so no more talk of dying. Cheer up, and see, a mile further on there is Biddy Hogan's, and it is there that we will get a bit and sup.'

Saying this the old man helped her to rise, and they walked on, he singing a favourite song, just as he said 'to put the heart into her.' After a while they saw a lonely house at a little distance from the wayside. Above the door was a long stick, at the top of which dangled a truss of hay, meaning to show there was entertainment for man and beast. By this time it was nearly dark, and the pedlar, going up to the door, lifted the latch, expecting to open the door, but it was fastened within. The building had once been a farmhouse; one end of it was deserted and nearly in ruins. The pedlar, raising his stick, let it fall with a heavy thump on the door. A shrill voice within asked who was there. He answered, and the door was slowly opened, when an ill-clothed old woman appeared, and shaded a candle with one hand. Halloran, who was hasty in temper, said sharply, 'Why did not you open to us?' but he stopped, as if struck with surprise at the miserable object before him. 'Is it Biddy Hogan herself, I see?' he cried out, as he followed Kathleen towards the kitchen, to which the old woman led the way. Kathleen could not help feeling afraid when she looked round the gloomy place. The rafters were black with smoke, much of the woodwork from the walls had been torn down for firing. A table with three legs, a bench in the chimney propped up with turf sods, and the seat she had, was all the furniture.

(*Concluded at page* 18.)

THE USEFUL NEEDLE.

'HOW little notice is ever taken of you in the world!' said a Pin to a Needle. 'You are always about your work, slipping in and out so softly, but never stopping to be praised. When a pretty dress is finished, who thinks of the needle that sewed it? Even the holes which you make are so small that they close up directly behind you.'

'I'm content to be useful,' said the Needle, 'I do not ask to be praised. I do not remain in my work, it is true; but I leave behind me a thread which shows that my course has not been in vain.'

MORAL.—So let us quietly pass through life, doing our duty as we go, remembered for some good work left behind, when we ourselves have departed.

'My name, and my place, and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of life well and patiently run;
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.'

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

HOLBORN AND ITS HILL.

HOLBORN is now one of the great thoroughfares of London. The name is said to come from Oldbourne, a stream which long ago flowed into the Turnmill brook. This widened as it got nearer the Thames, and was then called the River Fleet, whence the name Fleet Street.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth Holborn was a country road, but by degrees houses were built upon it. Many of the houses of the Tudor days were built of wood and plaster; only the nobles had stone houses. The gabled, half-timbered houses, shown in our illustration, are amongst the oldest and most picturesque buildings in London. They have stood there for some three hundred years. The Great Fire of London did not get so far. Formerly there was a steep descent from Newgate called Snow Hill, and then a steep ascent called Holborn Hill; this was spanned by the Holborn Viaduct in 1867, and was a great saving of labour and suffering to the horses in the countless vans and omnibuses which pass along the road.

In old times Holborn Hill used to be called 'the heavy hill,' because by it prisoners were taken from Newgate who were to be put to death or flogged at Tyburn, which was near what is now called 'the Marble Arch.' It was a long journey from the jail at Newgate, and sometimes an offender was tied to the tail of a cart and whipped all the way to Tyburn and back.

The 'George and Blue Boar' in Holborn was a famous tavern at which criminals used to stop on their way to Tyburn.

Swift wrote :—

'As clever Tom Clinch when the rabble was bawling
Rode stately through Holborn to die of his calling,
He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it as he came back.'

But the George and Blue Boar is also noted in history. It is said that Oliver Cromwell and two friends, disguised as common troopers, came here one night; they had heard that a man was to arrive carrying a saddle. He did not know that it had hidden in it a letter written by King Charles I., who was in great straits, to his Queen Henrietta. Cromwell and his comrades went to the inn and waited till the man came with the saddle on his head. They took it from him, and bade him wait outside. In the skirt of the saddle they found the letter, and sent the man on with the saddle to the Queen at Dover. In the letter Ireton found that it was the King's purpose to execute Cromwell and himself. This information decided them to behead King Charles on January 30th, 1649.

If we had been living in Holborn in the days when these old houses were new, and had looked out of the upper windows, we should have seen Ely House, the town residence of the Bishops of Ely. The gardens were famous for roses, and also for strawberries. In Ely Palace died John of Gaunt, 'time-honoured Lancaster,' and of the then adjoining gardens Shakespeare speaks in *Richard III.*, 'My Lord of Ely, when I was last at Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you send for them.'



Old Houses in Holborn.



LULLABY.

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
'Let me fly,' says little birdie;
'Mother, let me fly away.'
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till thy little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
'Let me rise and fly away.'
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till thy little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away. LORD TENNYSON.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

SLY Reynard, once in sportive mood,
Pressed gossip stork to share his food.
'Neighbour, I must entreat you'll stay
And take your soup with me to-day;
You're kindly welcome were it better.'
She yielded as he thus beset her.
And soon arrived the pottage smoking
In plates of shallow depth, provoking.
'Twas vain the guest essayed to fill
With unsubstantial fare her bill;
Twas vain she fished to find a collop,
The host soon lapped the liquor all up.
Dame stork concealed her deep displeasure,
But thought to find revenge at leisure;
And said, 'Ere long, my friend, you'll try
My humble hospitality.
I know your taste, and we'll contrive—
To-morrow I'm at home at five.'
With punctual haste the wily scoffer
Accepts his neighbour's friendly offer,
And, entering, cries, 'Dear stork, how is it?
You see I soon return your visit.
I can't resist when you invite:
I've brought a famous appetite.
The steam which issues from your kitchen
Proves that your pot there's something rich in.'
The stork with civil welcome greeted,
And soon at table they were seated—
When lo! there came upon the board
Hashed goose in two tall pitchers poured—
Pitchers whose long and narrow neck
Sly Reynard's jaws completely check,
Whilst the gay hostess much diverted,
Her bill with perfect ease inserted.
The fox, half mad at this retorter,
Sought dinner in some other quarter.
Hoaxers, for you this tale is written,
Learn hence that biters may be bitten.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from p.* 3.)

AT the time when our story begins, the Caffre tribes on the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony were in a very unsettled, lawless state. There were constant raids and counter-raids between the rival tribes; one man's cattle suddenly disappeared, whilst at the very same time another's stock was as quickly increased. In point of fact, cattle-lifting was going on in a very barefaced manner.

To a Caffre all wealth is summed up in so many head of cattle. All that he wants may be purchased with cattle; cattle he therefore comes to look upon much in the same light that we, in civilised countries, are accustomed to regard coin of the realm. Even the women destined for their wives are to be bought for so many head of cattle. Troops and police were very few and very scattered at this time, and their absence was the Caffre's opportunity. In the midst of so much raiding, Major Havering could hardly feel surprised that his own place had suffered, and that most of his horses had been taken.

Woodthorpe had arrived, quite by chance, from Grahamstown on the morning of the discovery of the theft. He at once accompanied the Major over the ground from whence his horses had disappeared. The latter was, at first, inclined to think that they had merely broken away on being alarmed by some wild beast. After following the spoor attentively for some time, Woodthorpe, pointing to the ground, said, 'Look, we have gone nearly a mile from the horse-kraal, and the tracks of the hoofs are still all together. Now, when horses break out of a place in a state of fear they don't start off like a marching regiment; they scatter all about the place. It is true we don't see any prints of naked human feet, but that may be because all the thieves were mounted when they left. The ground was too hard just round the kraal to show any signs that could be relied upon. You may safely take it that your horses have been stolen; and now I will go and see a Caffre, who is a great ally of mine, and who will give me any information he has or can get. He is near Grahamstown just now, and I will see him at once. Good-bye till this evening.' And so saying, Woodthorpe mounted his horse, which he had been leading after him, and rode rapidly off, returning late in the day.

Frank Woodthorpe was one of the most astute bushmen in southern Africa. Always cool and courageous, both by nature and a life's training, he had stood face to face with death a dozen times or more. Never once had his calm daring deserted him. His pluck, no less than his perfect horsemanship, had earned him the respect and admiration of the savage tribes with whom he had been so much in contact, and, above all, his shooting powers, with either rifle or revolver, had established a most wholesome dread in the Caffre breast. At the same time he had always treated them so justly in all his dealings that, though they could not quite grasp the reason why a man who had, on occasions, everything to gain by telling lies, should always speak the truth, still they liked him for it—perhaps for the very novelty of the thing.

At the first hearing of the news of the Haverings' loss of their horses, Woodthorpe had thought that the thieves would adopt their usual plan of driving them off a great distance before attempting to dispose of them, but certain information which he had been able to glean from his Caffre friend led him to change his opinion, and now he thought it most probable that they were making for the bush by the Kei River, on their journey into Caffreland. It was his object to prevent their getting there, and so, with all speed, he made his arrangements, selected his small party, and started in pursuit.

The expedition, all told, consisted of Woodthorpe, a black tracker (an Australian native), and six of the best Hottentots he could select on the Haverings' estate. These latter were queer, shrivelled-up-

looking little men, but wonderfully useful in the bush, and, most invaluable thing of all, absolutely silent.

The Major accompanied them for a couple of miles on their road, and then he bade Woodthorpe farewell. 'Good-bye, my boy, don't run into any serious risk if you can avoid it. I had rather lose the whole lot of horses, although they are at least three thousand pounds worth, than that anything should happen to any one of you.'

'Good-bye, Major. As to the risks, well, you know I've an old score to settle with this thief. If he and I meet'—and here a hard look came over the speaker's face—'I fancy we shall find there's not room for both of us, even in the South African bush!'

Hard by a deep, wooded ravine, amid the beautiful scenery lying at the foot of the Amatola Mountains, a group of men were gathered together, resting after the toils of a long day's march under the burning sun. It was just at that late period of the day when the animal and insect life alike seems to yawn and stretch itself after its long sleep, and prepare to sally forth in search of its prey. The croaking of the bull-frogs, the twitter of the birds—for no South African bird can be honestly said to have anything resembling a song—and the cracking of the dry twigs as some animal moved through the brush on its way to drink at the adjacent stream, were the sounds of the hour.

Woodthorpe had chosen his camp well. In the midst of mimosa, thorn, and acacia trees, yet the open glades gave small chance of any hostile surprise, and on the side facing west one of the Hottentots was already placed as a sentinel.

The Hottentots were all solemnly smoking in silence, but with ears and eyes alike very much on the alert. Born bushmen, they would be true disciples of Xenophon, who said, 'I have often repented of speaking, never of having kept silence.' To hear and to see everything, and to say nothing, is Hottentot nature.

'How long did Taori' (the black tracker) 'say he should be before coming back, Jan?' said Woodthorpe, speaking to one of the little men in Dutch.

'Two hours, Bas,' was the reply.

Woodthorpe gave a look at the sky. Then, turning to the Hottentot sentry, he said in low tones, 'Be very careful. I shall sleep till Taori returns, then wake me.' A somewhat superfluous order, as, whilst in the bush, Frank Woodthorpe, though he hardly knew it himself, was always in the habit of 'sleeping with one eye open.' Two minutes later he was in a light slumber.

Almost as though by instinct he awoke as the black tracker re-entered the camp. The latter squatted down opposite him, and whispered, 'Black fellow here.'

'Close?'

The tracker nodded.

'Many?'

'Not many.'

'Have they any horses?'

'No—no horses.'

A long silence ensued, broken only by the croaking of the bull-frogs and the twitter of the birds. The moon began to rise, pale and majestic, all nature seeming to hail her advent with acclaim.

'Sleep, Taori, you are tired. I have rested and will watch,' and so saying Woodthorpe silently rose, and muttering a few words in Dutch to the Hottentots, took his place on the knoll lately occupied by the sentry.

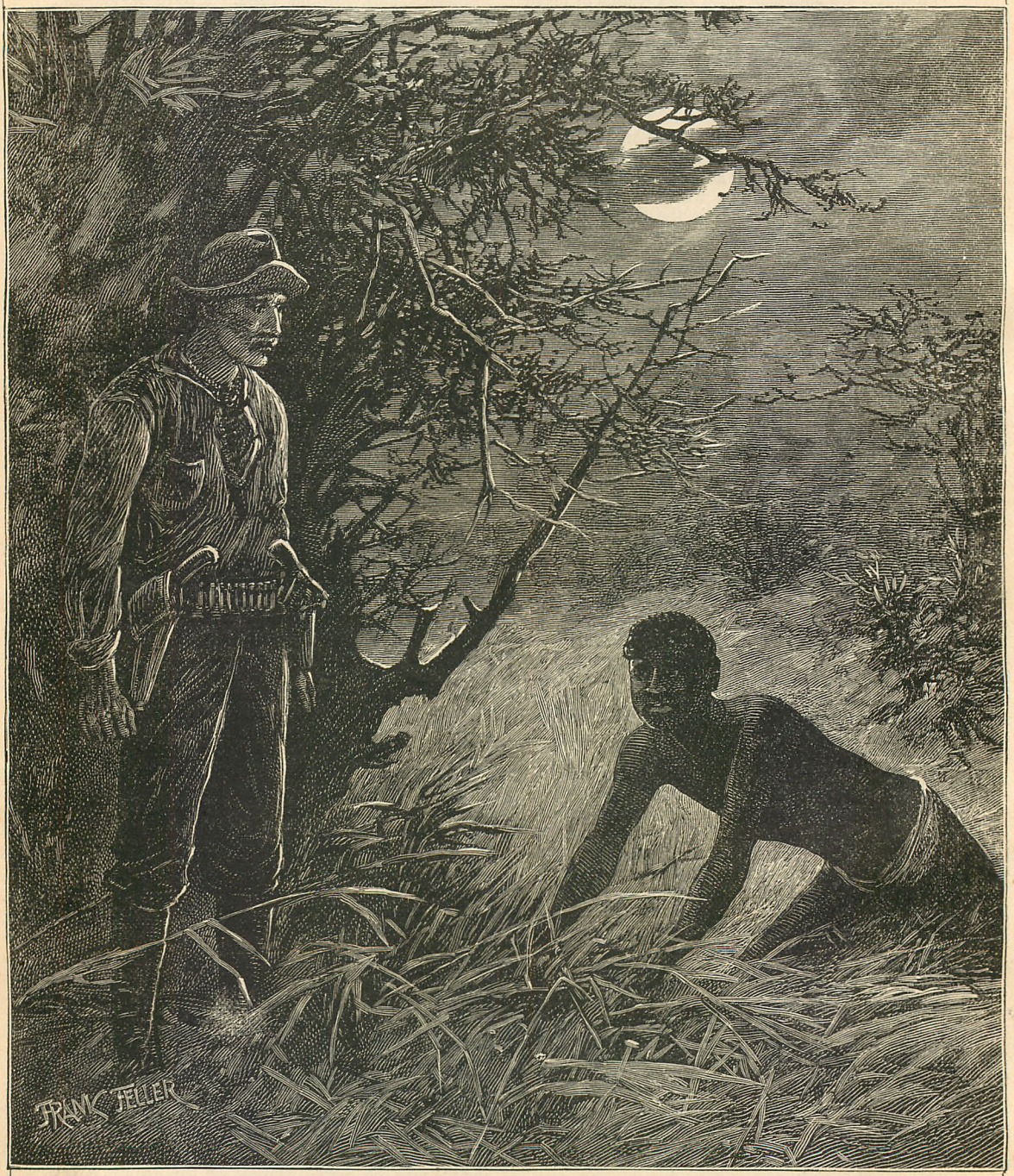
Half an hour later the whole camp was in a state of profound slumber, with the solitary exception of the leader, whose movements then became somewhat curious. Regardless of the sharply-pricking mimosa thorns, he thrust himself right back into a bush until, in his sombre-hued clothing, the uncertain light revealed nothing even remotely resembling a human being. Here, not even allowing himself the luxury of a smoke, he remained motionless as a statue, waiting and watching.

A couple of hours passed thus, and all the time the moon had been shining brilliantly without a speck in its perfect beauty; but now a cloud or two passed across the face of it, casting deep shadows athwart the forest glades. A dried twig, some distance off, gave a scarcely audible crack, and though the average man would never have given such a thing a second thought, the watcher, almost hidden by the mimosa, sharply raised his eyes in the direction whence the sound came, without, however, making any corresponding motion of his head, as that might have betrayed to an enemy his hiding place.

Five minutes—ten—slowly passed, and no human sound was heard; but, then, the keen eye of Woodthorpe could clearly detect a dark form slowly crawling along towards him on its hands and knees. Not a muscle in the watcher's whole frame moved; he hardly, indeed, seemed to breathe. Nearer and nearer came the dark figure, carefully taking advantage of every shadow cast by the light, fleecy clouds passing across the face of the moon. Then a transient shaft of light flitted over the figure's path, and Woodthorpe, in the momentary glimpse he got, could just make out the indistinct form of a Caffre drawing his bundle of assegais after him along the ground, and slowly making for the sleeping camp, wholly unsuspicious of the presence of the white man who was so intently watching him. Nearer and nearer he got.

As in a flash, Woodthorpe's hands were at the Caffre's throat choking back the yell that leaped up but found no utterance, a yell that would have brought half-a-dozen of his comrades upon the camp in as many minutes. Still keeping his fingers tightly compressed about the other's throat, Woodthorpe spoke a few words rapidly to him in the Caffre tongue, accompanying them by a significant look at the pistols, whose butts just peeped out of his pockets, and then making a peculiar noise that sounded like *tchsk, tchsk* through his teeth, he succeeded in attracting the attention of two of the Hottentots, who quickly came up, and, at the direction of Woodthorpe, bound the captive's arms behind his back, and fastened his ankles together with raw hide thongs. This accomplished, Woodthorpe signed to the others to withdraw, and then, leisurely lighting his pipe, he seated himself on the ground a few feet from his prisoner.

(*Continued at page* 21.)



The Caffre making for the sleeping camp.



Kite-Flying in China.

KITE-FLYING IN CHINA.

SOME of the amusements of children in Europe are in China the pastimes of grown-up people; and old men may often be seen flying kites, whilst the children look on.

In the matter of kite-flying, however, there is some excuse for the elders taking an interest in the game, as in this they excel all other nations. Their kites are ingeniously constructed of a thin, tough kind of paper, and slips of split bamboo. With these materials they make kites of every conceivable form, dragons and birds being the favourites; but some are in the shape of men and insects, especially dragon-flies. The kites are pierced with holes, covered with vibrating cords; so, as the kite goes up, the air rushing through them makes a loud humming noise.

At a certain season of the year, when the weather is favourable, great numbers of people take part in this amusement. Some of them are big boys, but they are mostly grown-up men, and amongst them may be seen old gentlemen, with grey beards and huge goggle spectacles, earnestly engaged managing their kites, which they send up to a surprising height. The chief fun to the younger men is to try and bring down each other's kites, either by entangling them or dividing the string. Meanwhile the children look on and solemnly discuss the merits of the kites or the skill of their owners.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

(*Concluded from page* 11.)

AND what have ye in the house, Biddy?' was the pedlar's first question. 'Little enough, I am thinking.'

'Little! it's nothing then, not so much as a fly would eat, have I in the house this night.'

'Well, I can help,' said Halloran, and pulling a bag from under his loose coat, he took out a lump of bread, a piece of bacon, and some potatoes. The old woman, roused by the sight of so much good cheer, began to blow up the embers on the hearth and put down the potatoes among them, and busied herself so far to wait upon her guests. The old pedlar, giving a kind look, and now and then a word to Kathleen, sat down on the low stool, resting his hands on his knees. 'Times are sadly changed with you, Biddy Hogan,' at length he said.

'Troth, ye may say so,' she replied with a groan; 'bitter luck have we had in this world, anyhow.'

'And where is the man of the house and the lad Barney?'

At mention of her son the old woman looked up for a moment. 'Barney does not work for my lord now,' said she.

'And why not?'

She hesitated. 'He got into trouble, I don't know the rights of it, and since that he has taken to bad ways, and bitter is the time I have had of it.'

The food was now set on the table. Kathleen, faint from hunger, was first helped by the good-natured pedlar; but just as she was going to taste it, she chanced to see the eyes of the old woman fixed on the morsel in her hand with such a famished look that she instantly held it out to her. The woman started, put out her hand, then drew it back and stared wildly. 'What is it ails ye?' said Kathleen. 'Take it, take it,' she said. 'Eat; sure there is plenty for us all,' and she pressed it upon her kindly.

The old woman eagerly seized it. 'God reward ye,' said she, and she devoured the food with frightful eagerness.

Whilst they were eating, the two Hogans, father and son, came in. They had been setting snares for rabbits on the hills, and were startled and displeased to find folk in the house. The old man gave the pedlar a sulky welcome; the son, with a muttered curse, took his seat in the chimney corner, where, turning his back, he set himself to chop a billet of wood. Halloran looked at them first with astonishment and indignation, which soon changed to pity and sorrow, and he forgave their rudeness. The old pedlar chattered away; he boasted of his success in trade, and showed his almost empty pack. He slapped his pocket in which loose money was heard to jingle. He said that he would have a good breakfast in the morning and threw a shilling on the table to pay for it. Kathleen listened in fear, for she saw looks pass between father and son, and getting up she begged the pedlar to go to rest, as they must be up and away so early next morning. The old woman lighted a lantern and led the way into a sort of loft. There was no chair or table, and here she was left to sleep if she could. Kathleen lay down, and in about a quarter of an hour she heard the pedlar come up. By his heavy breathing she knew he was soon asleep. All was now still, but Kathleen could not sleep. The Hogans came into that side of the loft where the old man lay. She felt certain of their dreadful purpose. There was a struggle, a smothered sound, and all was still. Kathleen did not faint, she knew that to pretend sleep was her only chance of escape. The men soon brought a light close to her face, but she did not even wink. There was a terrible silence, and then whispering; at last she was left alone and in darkness; then indeed she felt ready to die, but still she knew that she must try to keep her senses if she was to save her life. She could not escape through the small window, and it was well for her that she remained quiet, for afterwards she felt sure that the old woman was watching and there was a whispering again outside the door.

'If ye touch her life, Barney, a mother's curse go with ye—enough is done.'

'She will live to hang us all,' he muttered.

'Whisht! the ship is now in the Cove of Cork to carry her off, and have not we got all she had in the world; and did not she take the bit out of her own mouth to put into mine?'

The two men carried away the body of the unfortunate pedlar, whilst the woman watched Kathleen all the time, and after awhile she was again left in darkness. It ended at length, that long, long night of horror. Kathleen lay still, but at last she ventured downstairs. The old woman was just lifting a pot off the fire and she nearly let it drop when Kathleen spoke. She asked for the pedlar, as she had

found his bed empty. The old woman said that he had set out at daybreak, having remembered some other business he had to do before he went on to Cork. Kathleen affected great wonder, and reminded the old woman that he had promised to pay for her breakfast. 'And so he did, and I fetched the milk myself,' and she set down the bowl before Kathleen, watching her closely all the time.

Poor Kathleen could scarcely force herself to touch it—every morsel seemed to choke her. She asked after the husband and son, and she was told that they were gone to cut turf in a bog five miles distant. Kathleen thanked the woman for her breakfast, and asked the nearest way to Cork. The old woman directed her, and she set off. The high road seemed safest, but she knew that the least appearance of mistrust would be her destruction. So she obeyed the old woman, and took a path across the lonely fields. Often she fancied that she heard a footstep, and she expected to see the bad men start up, but she never turned her head, nor went quicker or slower. She went on for a quarter of a mile, and then, sitting on a stile in front of her, she saw a woman in a red cloak. Her heart beat hard, for she was certain that it was the younger man Hogan dressed up, though his face was partly hid by a handkerchief. She walked on firmly, and said, 'A fine day to ye!'

'A fine day,' he whined out, pretending to cough. 'I am almost spent, and I have a bad cold.'

Kathleen tried to pass the stile, but the pretended woman stretched out a great bony hand and seized her gown.

'Have ye nothing to give an old woman?' said the man, in a whining tone.

'Nothing have I in this wide world,' said Kathleen. 'Sure, it was only yesterday I was robbed of all I had but the clothes on my back, and if I had not met charity from others, I must have starved on the wayside by this time.'

'Och! and is there no place hereby where they would give a potato and a cup of water to a poor old woman ready to drop on the road?'

Kathleen pointed to the house she had left, and told her to ask there.

'Sure, they are poor enough; but I wish ye no worse luck than myself had, and that is, a good friend to treat you to a supper and breakfast, too.'

Kathleen turned to the stile, expecting to be seized again with a murderous grasp; but the man, thinking that she did not suspect anything, let her pass. Another mile brought her to the top of the hill, within sight of the high road. She could see people passing along (for it was, though Kathleen did not know it) the first day of Cork Assizes. She wished for the wings of a bird, that she might fly over the space between her and safety. When she had reached the middle of the last field, and hope made her heart beat again, two men burst through the fence at the farther side and came towards her. She dreaded another attack from the Hogans, and tried to meet it, for it *must* be the last. At this moment one of the men, throwing up his arms, ran forward, shouting her name in a voice in which she *could not* be deceived: it *was* her husband. The poor woman—so firm before—now could not move, but stood weak and trembling, gasping for breath. She tried to speak, but no sound came, and when her husband came up to her she fell at his feet in a dead faint. Reilly, much shocked at what he supposed was only the effect of surprise, knelt down and rubbed his wife's temples; his comrade ran for water, which they sprinkled over her. In vain he tried to recover her. At last they carried her to a small inn, not far off. By-and-by she was better, and able to give some account of the horrid events of the night. It happened that a magistrate was riding by, and he stopped at the inn to refresh his horse. He was told that something frightful had been done. He saw Kathleen, and heard her story, but he could hardly believe it, or that it was possible to do and suffer what she had described. However, the police were sent. The body of the poor pedlar was found, and part of his property. The Hogans were discovered and brought to trial. Kathleen's watch was found on the person of Hogan. He refused to answer any questions, but his mother owned that want of food led her to steal Kathleen's bundle, and she did not know her again as the person whom she had robbed until she was offered part of her supper. Kathleen was brought into court by her husband; she was pale and weak. When she spoke of what she suffered in the house and at the stile, the whole court was affected. The jury gave their verdict—death. The miserable wretches were asked in the usual form what they had to say. The old man was mute, and as if without sense. The younger answered sullenly, 'Nothing!' The old woman, staring wildly on her son, tried to speak; her lips moved without a sound, and she fell forward on the bar of the court. Then Kathleen rushed forward, and throwing herself on her knees, and clasping her hands, she begged for mercy.

'Mercy, my Lord Judge: she had mercy on *me!* she only did *their* bidding! As to the bundle and all in it, I give it her with all my soul. The gripe of hunger is hard to bear, and if she had not taken it then, where would I have been now? Sure, they would have killed me for the sake of the watch.'

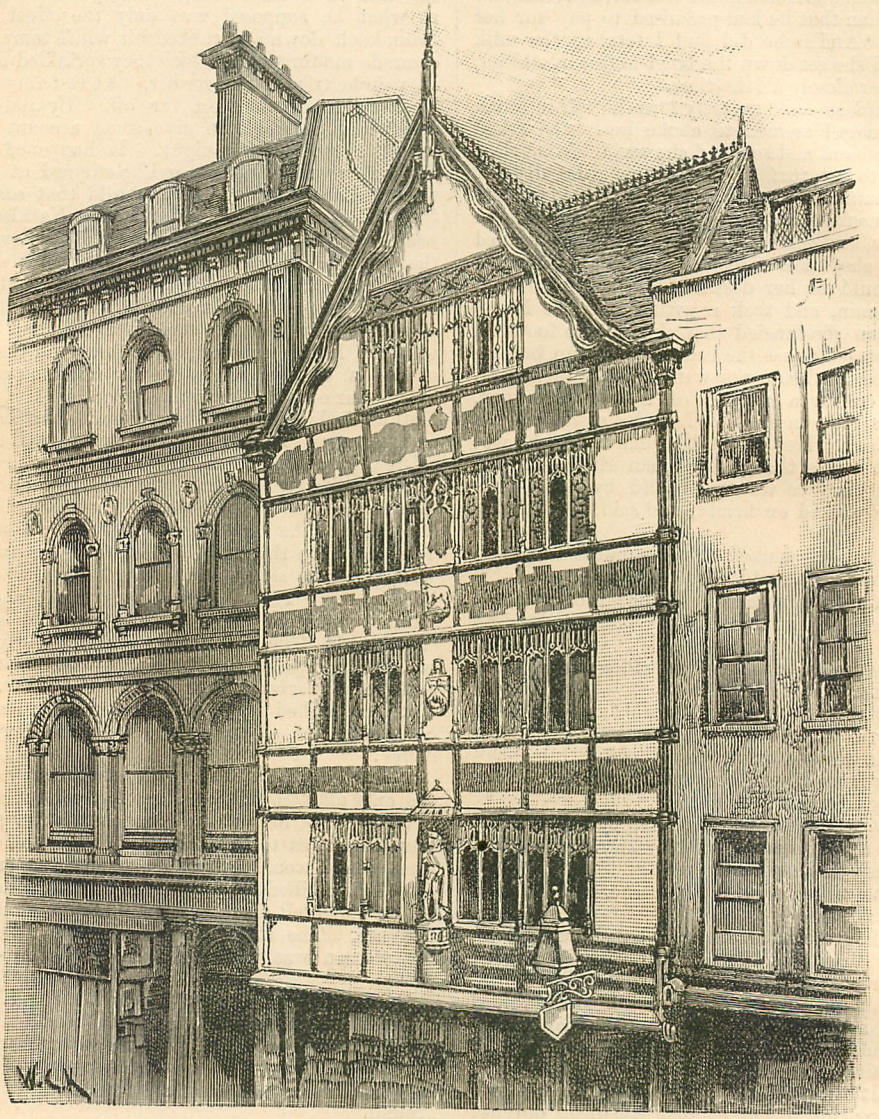
The judge felt all this, but could not change the sentence. The three were doomed to death, but the woman was reprieved, and afterwards transported.

Every one who heard the trial felt for Kathleen. A subscription was raised to pay for Reilly's discharge from the army. The magistrate who first examined Kathleen offered to employ him, and soon he was able to rent a neat cabin, with a good potato-ground.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

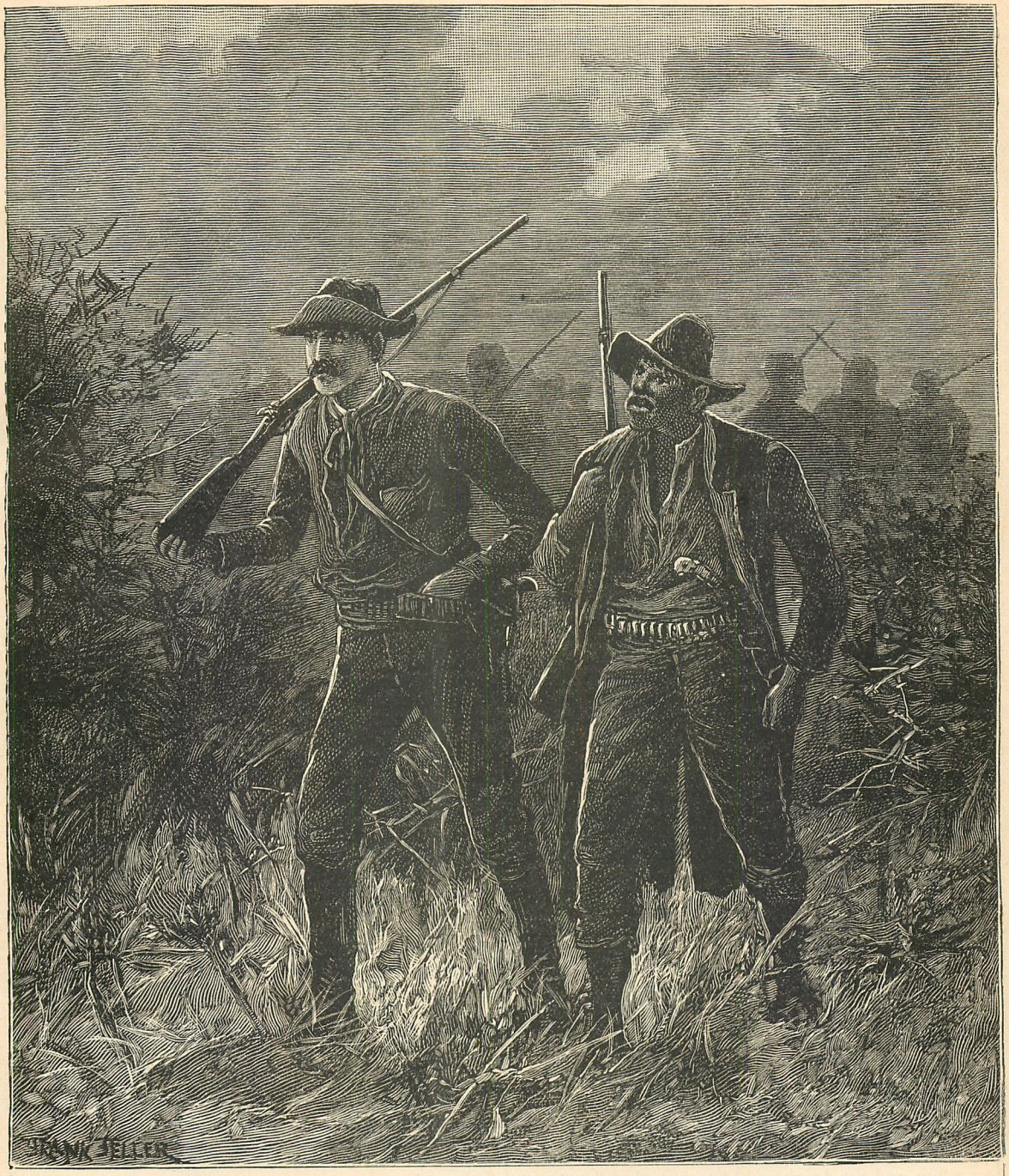
Crosby Hall.

CROSBY HALL is one of those relics of old London which are still to be seen. It is a fine example of the architecture of the fifteenth century. It was built by Sir John Crosby, grocer and wool-stapler, alderman and sheriff of London in A.D. 1461. When Crosby Hall was first built it was held to be the loftiest and most splendid private mansion in



Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street.

London. Here lodged the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III. Here he plotted the murder of his nephews. Here Lady Anne awaited his return from Henry VI.'s funeral, as described in Shakespeare's play of *Richard III.* In 1542 Crosby House was granted by Henry VIII to Antonio Bonvica, a rich Italian merchant. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was used for the reception of Foreign Ambassadors. It afterwards passed into the possession of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London in 1594. His daughter, one of the greatest heiresses in the kingdom, was here married to the Earl of Northampton. In the reign of Charles II. Crosby Hall became a Presbyterian Meeting House. In the course of years it fell into a bad state of repair, but in 1831 it was saved from being pulled down, and was repaired without greatly altering its ancient features. It was then used as a literary institution, but it has recently been much adorned in keeping with its old style, and it is used as a restaurant.



Woodthorpe with his party making for the ford.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 15.)

AFTER a silence of about a quarter of an hour the Caffre, turning, as well as his bonds permitted, towards Woodthorpe, said, 'What are you going to do with me?'

Woodthorpe coolly replied, 'Kill you.'

'No, Inkosi, you must not do that.'

'Why not?'

'The white man only kills in fight. He does not take prisoner and then kill.'

'The Caffres have stolen the white man's horses, they are stealing cattle all over the colony, so they must die when we catch them.'

'Chief, I can tell you where the cattle are that were stolen from the Trêk Farm if you will let me go.'

'I don't want to know. The Trêk Farm cattle are nothing to me.'

Again a long silence ensued. At last the Amakosa warrior spoke again: 'Inkosi, if you will release me I can lead you to where some stolen horses are—very fine horses—buy plenty things with them. I will take you there.'

'Into an ambush of your friends, you mean,' returned Woodthorpe, with a grin. 'The Amakosa takes me for a child.'

'No, no!' said the Caffre, with much apparent earnestness. 'I have seen you kill the buck and the wildebeest; you are not a child, you are a chief.'

'What did you come here to-night for?'

'Only to hunt, Inkosi.'

'To hunt our guns, I suppose you mean. Well, you see, we do not all sleep at one time.'

'Chief, if you will spare my life I will take you to the stolen fine horses I told you of; they are near here. Then, if I have lied, you can still kill me. Is that not fair?'

'I am not a fool. You would lead me, not to the horses, but into a trap where we should all fall, and you would escape. No, I prefer to kill one of the robbers of my friend's horses here at my leisure.'

The Caffre began to think things looked very ugly for his chance of life. In a few minutes he raised his head and spoke. 'Will the white chief go with his men to the place where the horses are, and leave me here? If I have lied, you can still kill me when you return.'

Woodthorpe looked hard at his sable foe, as though he would read his inmost thoughts. He slowly refilled his pipe, and then said, 'I agree; I shall leave two of the Hottentots to keep guard over you, and I will go where you tell me the horses are. If I find you have acted truthfully towards me, you shall go free; if not, you know what you have to expect. You say you know me, if so, you know I never break my word, and never forgive any one for dealing treacherously with me;' and he walked over to give the Hottentots their instructions.

On returning to his prisoner, he said, 'Look! the Hottentots know how to deal with you if you direct me falsely. I shall die by the hands of your friends, but you will die also, and by the hands of the Hottentots whom you hate. You are now going to tell me, truly or not, as you please, whereabouts the stolen horses are. Speak, I am listening.'

The savage had spoken truly when he told Woodthorpe that he knew him. A year before they had met face to face in a border raid with the mounted police, and the Amakosa had measured his length on the ground under the Englishman's fist. On that occasion the Caffres had been worsted, but had received treatment so strictly just from Woodthorpe, who had been in command of the party, that, in spite of themselves, they were forced to admire the man who could fight with a lion's courage one minute, and yet be gentle as a lamb with his prisoners the next. Of course, the Caffre did not wish to betray his people if he could help it, but when it came to a question of losing his own life, or of giving this information by way of ransom, he soon made up his mind on the subject. He determined to tell his captor the truth as to the horses' whereabouts, and so to save his own skin.

'Inkosi, to-night the horses will be crossing the ford by the Kei river on their way into Caffreland. I cannot tell you at what time, but it is still early; you can get there in two hours from now.'

'How many of your people will be with them?' asked Woodthorpe.

'Twelve,' returned the savage.

Woodthorpe thought for a minute before again speaking. Twelve Caffres, and his little force comprised only the six Hottentots—all of whom, however, he could rely on—Taori, the black tracker, and himself, eight; but, then, he reflected that they were all well armed, probably better than the party they were to encounter. The Caffres, moreover, would be hampered by the valuable horses they had in charge, and if he could reach the ford—which he knew well—before his enemies, he foresaw a way of attacking them which promised every chance of success. All this, of course, if—and there was a big 'if' in the case, he thought—his captive was not lying. However, he was quite satisfied that he had succeeded in impressing the man with the idea that he would be put to death immediately any treachery was discovered, and he knew enough of the Caffre character to be quite sure that they are not of the material from which martyrs are made. To save his own life this man would, he felt sure, 'give away' his friends. Therefore it was that Woodthorpe quickly made up his mind to risk the off-chance of the Caffre having outwitted him by giving him directions which would lead him into an ambush, and he resolved to start with his party at once.

At this stage of his reflections, he remembered that two of his men would be wanted to keep guard over the prisoner—that would reduce his little force to six only, all told. However, there was no help for it if he wished to take advantage of the opportunity thrown in his way, so without further hesitation he gave his final directions to the two Hottentots he was leaving behind him, and got ready to move on with the rest.

'If we can get to the ford before the horses are driven down there,' said Woodthorpe to the Australian, 'we shall have the thieves at a disadvantage. It will be just playing their own game; they are very fond of ambuscading near a ford, and waiting till their enemies are in the stream, so that they can then attack them with greater effect. Keep your eyes open, Taori, for spoor. You have been long enough in this country to understand the tracking business.'

The black nodded. Taori was not a man of words. 'Spoor' was all in all to him. So dearly did he love his art that he would have tracked and shot down his own brother in the course of business.

In silence the party went down the kloof, Taori leading, with Woodthorpe in close attendance, and thus they marched swiftly, but without a word, for more than an hour. Suddenly the Australian laid

his hand on the arm of his white companion, and they stopped. Taori closely examined an almost — to the uninitiated eye — imperceptible mark on the ground in front of them. He stooped over, touched it, and finally even knelt down and smelt it! Then, addressing Woodthorpe, he said, 'Black fellow here.'

Accomplished bushman though he was, Woodthorpe could see absolutely no trace.

'I smell him,' added the black.

Now, this is a peculiar thing, that with a keen-scented person a Caffre—and, it may be, many more of the coloured races—can be smelt at some distance, and the spoor leaves a palpable scent, although some hours old. The writer brought home, amongst many other relics, several assegaies from Basutoland, which, bound with raw hide thongs by the natives, retained a strong smell of 'nigger' for many months after reaching England.

The little party went on their way, keeping an even sharper look out than before, each man feeling that the next moment might bring him into the presence of a pitiless enemy. In this way they traversed another two miles, and then came within sight of the river ford indicated by their captive.

At this juncture Woodthorpe decided to leave his men, and go on alone for the purpose of reconnoitring. Having explained his plans to them, and satisfied himself that they were in such a place of concealment that it was unlikely any stray Caffre would be able to discover them, he started on his perilous task.

Nearly an hour passed — very slowly, it may well be imagined, for the anxious watchers — and then their leader again glided into their halting-place.

It appeared that Woodthorpe, soon after leaving his party, was moving stealthily in the direction of the ford, when a low whinny from a horse, evidently some way up the side of the high hill on his left, and well hidden by the brushwood, had attracted his attention, and changing his route he had crawled up to within a few yards of where the whole of the missing horses were standing tethered in an admirable place of concealment. There, on the ground round about them, he counted no less than fourteen Caffres, but he was relieved when he saw that none of them were armed with guns. All, however, carried assegaies. He waited there long enough to satisfy himself that they intended crossing the river at the ford named by the captured Caffre as soon as day broke, and then he made a cautious retreat. He did not get twenty paces when, in the darkness, his foot struck a stone, and the slight noise thereby occasioned caused two or three of the savages, with their habitual suspicion, to spring to their feet, grasping their assegaies. Woodthorpe, however, knowing well that his life hung in the balance, remained as immovable as the stone he had struck, and continued so for nearly five minutes, hardly daring to breathe. By that time the savages' suspicions were lulled, and Woodthorpe, with even greater caution than before, continued his retreat, and finally arrived at the place where his men were hidden without further adventure.

(*Continued at page* 26.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

2.—Riddles.

1. What relation is the door-mat to the scraper?
2. What word in the English language is longer when it is shorter, and longest when it is shortest?
3. Why is a member of Parliament like a shrimp?
4. Why is the letter D like a wedding ring?
5. Why is a miser the most oblivious and vindictive of mortals?
6. Why did Robinson Crusoe suppose his island to be inhabited?
7. Which is the heaviest horse on the road?
8. Why is the letter A valuable to a deaf woman?
9. Name me, and you break me.
10. What sea would make the best bedroom?

[*Answers at page* 55.]

ANSWERS.

1.—1. Carlisle.
2. Inkermann.
3. Tiber.
4. Worcester.
5. Siberia.
6. Douro.
7. Teheran.
8. Liverpool.
9. Tamar.
10. Germany.
11. Andes.
12. Waterloo.
13. Amsterdam.
14. Snowdon.
15. Navarre.
16. Anglesey.

HAPPY IN EXILE.

Rocky Mountain Sheep.



AMONG the great variety of wild sheep known to exist in various parts of the world, none are more interesting than the species which inhabits the Rocky Mountains of North America, and which is the only indigenous American representative of these useful animals. The abode of these sheep is in the most craggy and inaccessible parts of that great mountain chain, where they roam about in little danger, either from the sportsman's gun, or from the attacks of other animals. The flesh of these sheep is of the very best quality; the wool is also very fine. The general colour is brown, although in spring the old rams become almost white.

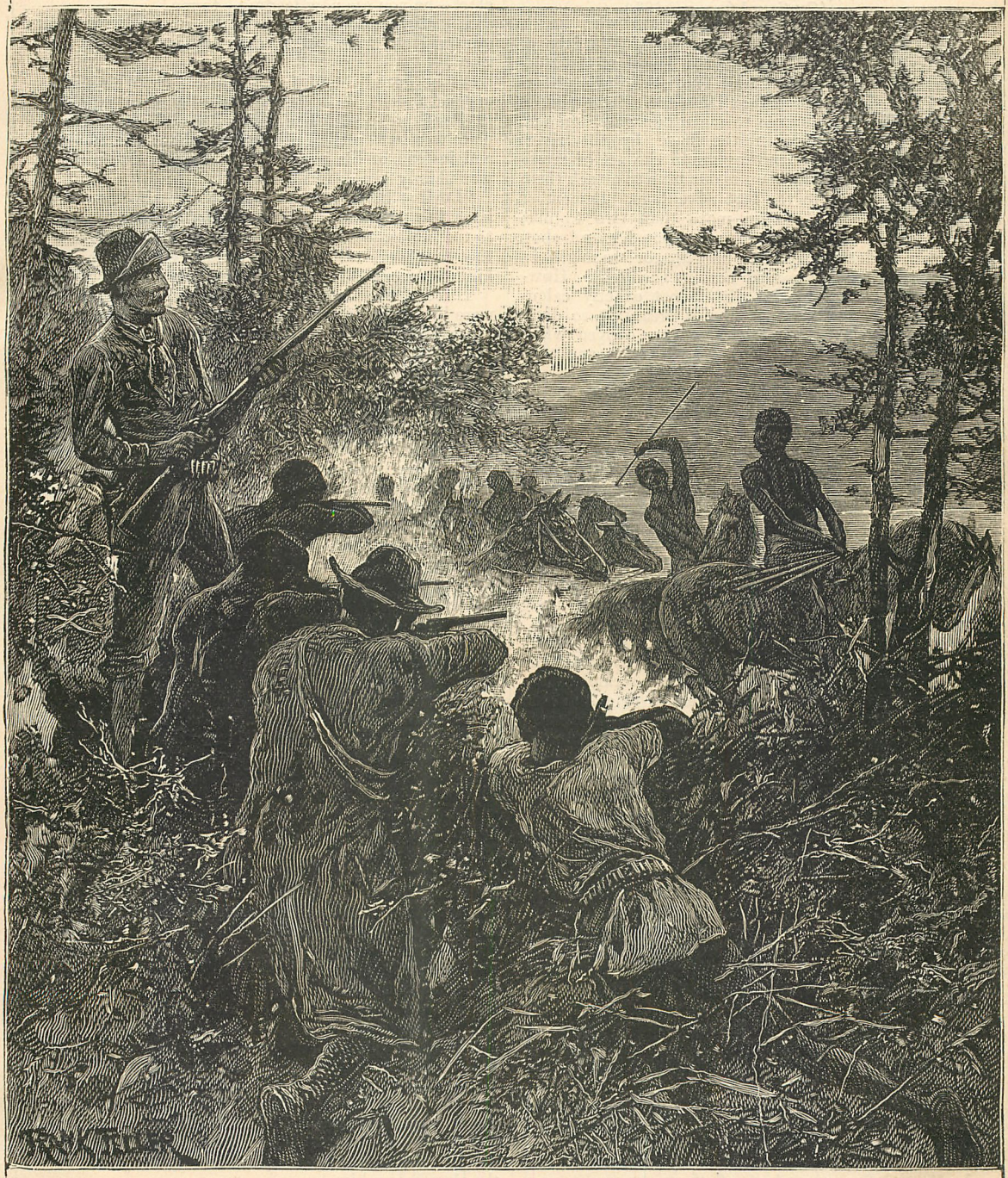
Both male and female of this variety are supplied with horns, although the horns of the latter are much smaller and also less twisted than those of her partner, the horns of the ram being so large, and so much curved downwards and forwards, that, in many cases, the creature is quite unable to feed on level ground. In the Zoological Gardens these sheep are now provided with a suitable domicile, artificially constructed in accordance with their peculiar habits, and in which the animals are not only much happier and healthier than they used to be, but are also much better seen by the public who frequent the gardens.

M.



HAPPY IN EXILE.

Rocky Mountain Sheep in the Zoölogical Gardens.



"Pick your man each of you, but leave the chief to me."

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 23.)

'I KNOW this ford well,' Woodthorpe said, speaking in Dutch to the Hottentots and Taori, who also understood that language. 'Our plan is at once to make our way there and hide in the bush by the river. When they are in the act of crossing, then is our time to attack them to the best advantage. Remember they are more than two to one, and don't waste powder and shot. Thank goodness they have no guns, or we might be likely to come off second best in the fight. However, an assegai in the ribs is not exactly calculated to give one an appetite for breakfast, so don't expose yourselves more than you are obliged when we make the attempt. Now we will start, and take up our position at once.'

'*Bas*, how shall we hide our spoor?' asked one of the most intelligent of the Hottentots.

'Yes,' added Taori, 'how we do that?'

'This is my plan,' returned Woodthorpe. 'We must cross the river at a point I know of, half a mile higher up than the easy ford these thieves will doubtless use, having valuable horses with them; then we will go quietly down on the opposite bank of the stream to the big bushes I have told you of, there we shall hide and wait until they come.'

'*Ja*,' grunted the Hottentots, approvingly, and without any further conversation they all resumed their journey in the direction of the river.

After proceeding swiftly, but in the utmost silence, to the ford known to Woodthorpe, they made the best of their way across. Then they scrambled up the opposite bank, and giving themselves a shake to get rid of some of the water, they again walked on.

Just opposite the larger ford, where they expected the horses to be brought across, there were some thick bushes, mimosa, which gave them a capital hiding-place. Having carefully concealed themselves, they patiently awaited the progress of events.

About an hour before daybreak the sharpest eyes amongst the little party were just able to make out, in the haze hanging around the distant hills, a small moving mass of dark objects, and after a further scrutiny it was seen to be approaching the ford from the opposite side of the river to where they lay concealed. Not a word was spoken for nearly a quarter of an hour, by which time they had satisfied themselves beyond all doubt that the party now nearing them so rapidly was that in charge of the stolen horses. Onward they came until within a hundred yards of the ford, and then, forming up into a sort of irregular single file, they followed their chief down to the water's edge.

Woodthorpe's hand was slightly raised to repress the eagerness of the Hottentots. 'Don't fire until I give the word,' he said, in a low whisper.

Just at this moment his keen eye lighted on the leading Caffre, the chief of the party, who was urging his horse to take the water. In him Woodthorpe recognised his arch-enemy, Umbalele, the murderer of his brother. 'When you fire,' he again whispered, 'pick your man each of you, but leave the chief—he you see now leading—to me.'

The others nodded, and with finger on trigger, and eye fixed on their leader, they eagerly awaited the word.

As he gazed intently at Umbalele from his place of concealment, Woodthorpe's face changed altogether in its expression. The kindly, genial smile gave place to a hard setting of the lines about the mouth, and instead of his pleasant look, a grim, set purpose was plainly visible to all his men.

'Devil as he is,' muttered he to himself, 'he shall have fair play and a chance of life.' Then, turning to the Hottentots and the tracker to satisfy himself that they were all ready, he suddenly rose from his hiding-place, and in ringing tones, said, 'Fire!'

Three of the Caffres dropped at once, five others were hit, more or less, hard, but managed somehow to keep their seats on their horses. Woodthorpe's rifle alone remained undischarged, as he watched for Umbalele to emerge from the river. The surprise had been complete. Contrary to their usual custom, the Caffres had thrown aside all caution when so near their own territory, and had rashly concluded that pursuit of them had been abandoned. The consequence was that they were quite unprepared to resist any attack, and though with loud yells they hurled assegai after assegai at their foes, they soon saw that rapid retreat was the only way to save themselves. Those who were unhurt, therefore, endeavoured to turn their horses' heads in midstream, and make for the bank they had just left. All except Umbalele. He, as an English hunting man would say, 'crammed' his horse at a steep part of the bank he had so nearly reached when the attack was made, and forced him up it. As he emerged from the water, Woodthorpe met him face to face.

I have been told, on the authority of old military officers who have seen much service and faced an enemy in the field over and over again, that the best of men cannot refrain from the use of violent language as they grapple with their foes; so it was this day with Woodthorpe, and he, who had so calmly taken part in many a fierce and bloody frontier fight, lost, for the moment, all control over both language and acts. Absolutely fearless, he yet, with the memory of that hapless murdered brother goading him on, did a thing the madness of which, in calmer moments, he himself would have been the first to blame. Flinging away his rifle, and reckless of the other's assegaies, he leapt forward, caught the savage by the throat, and with a strength which was almost superhuman, he hurled him over the back of his horse into the muddy river below.

Meantime, three of the Caffres who were unhurt had succeeded in making good their escape on horseback. The Hottentots and the black had secured between them eight of the horses, which the former saw to be Major Havering's property, and now Taori came round to take the splendid bay which the chief had been riding. Woodthorpe was still holding the animal by the head as he gazed down at the river below him.

'So far, so good,' he said. 'It's all right I think, Taori.'

'All right, but not for black fellow,' returned Taori, with a grin, as he took the horse's rein from his master.

Even as he turned away, an assegai whizzed through the air behind Woodthorpe, and missing him by almost a hair's breadth, buried its barbed point between the shoulders of the tracker, causing him to fall immediately to the earth.

Turning with lightning speed, Woodthorpe found himself again face to face with Umbalele, who, in the few brief moments during which the Australian had been speaking, had crawled out of the river unperceived, and picking up one of his weapons from the place where they had fallen on the bank, he sent it quivering at his enemy. Before the Caffre could break another to use for stabbing at close quarters, white man and black were locked in a fearful struggle for life.

The Hottentots were scattered in all directions securing the loose horses, and there was small chance of either competitor receiving any help. Each man seemed to realise this, and each strained every nerve to end the conflict in his own favour.

By a desperate effort, Woodthorpe got his right leg behind the legs of his adversary, and then exerting all his strength he tripped the savage up, and both fell heavily to the ground, the white man uppermost. Not for an instant, however, did Umbalele relax his terrible grip. Directly he got a long breath again, Woodthorpe worked his knees up as high as the Caffre's breast, and then, getting one knee on each of the savage's arms, he pinioned them to the ground by the weight of his body, at the same time catching hold of the other's throat with a grasp of iron. Only for a moment did he hold his advantage, for Umbalele contrived to wrench his throat from Woodthorpe's grasp, and then, flying at his hand like a savage dog, he made his great white teeth meet in it. Under the extreme pain, Woodthorpe's grip relaxed, and in an instant, the Caffre had shaken him off and bounded to his feet. Hurt as he was, Woodthorpe was almost as quick, but with a loud derisive 'Ho, ho!' the savage bounded away towards the thick cover of the bush. Unfortunately for himself, when just on the edge of it, he stopped a moment to shake his fist at his foe ere he disappeared from view. In that instant, Woodthorpe's rifle was snatched from the ground and put to his shoulder. As the sharp report rang out, the Caffre's menacing arm dropped useless at his side, and his derisive laugh changed into a groan of pain.

For a snap shot it had been a very successful one. Umbalele's forearm was broken, and with a howl of rage he bounded into the thick underwood and vanished. (*Continued at page* 35.)

THE MAN OF MANY TRADES.

A Fable.

A BOY once went to a village school, and, after remaining there two years, he came home and told his mother that he had learnt all that the master could teach him.

'Well,' replied his mother, 'I know a tinker who needs a boy, you shall go and work for him.'

The boy joyfully went next day, and for a while he seemed pleased with his occupation; but in the course of a couple of years he grew tired of tramping about the country with his master grinding knives and scissors, especially in winter. So one morning he left his master and became apprentice to a tailor.

'Ah! what a delightful change I have made,' thought the youth to himself; 'no more cold hands, tired feet, bitter winds, or driving showers of snow and sleet. Nothing to do but sit down in a warm room and stitch with a needle.'

But before two more years had passed, he found to his cost that things were not so pleasant as they had seemed, for sitting down on a hard board made his limbs ache so much that at times he was hardly able to stand, and in the hot summer-time the room became so heavy with the smell of the cloth that it made him quite faint. Day by day he longed for the fresh air again. Looking out of the window one day with these thoughts in his mind, what should he see coming down the street but a regiment of soldiers with drums beating, colours flying, and their swords flashing brightly in the sunshine.

'This is the life I should like to lead,' said he to himself; so he ran away from the tailor's shop and enlisted. For a time all went well, but he soon found out that a soldier's life was a different one from that which he had imagined, for his fancy had only looked on the bright side of the picture. Instead of being a life of glory as he had thought it, he was now often on the march, without any water, and nothing but a hard biscuit and a piece of bacon for a meal. But this was not all; when he was almost tired to death, after a day's fatigue, he had to mount guard all the night through, instead of having the refreshing sleep which he once enjoyed.

'What a fool I was to enlist!' he thought. But there was no chance of running away now, so he was forced to live this miserable life for seven long years, when he applied for his discharge. He was now free to do as he pleased, so he determined first to pay a visit to his native village. On his journey there, hearing that a farmer needed an extra hand for the harvest, he made his way to the farmhouse and applied for the post.

The farmer, who happened to be a shrewd sort of man, looked at him a moment or two, and then asked him in what work he had been engaged hitherto.

The soldier replied, 'I can turn my hand to almost anything, for I have had experience as a tinker, tailor, soldier.'

'Oh,' said the farmer, 'then you will never do for me, you are far too clever. If you loved work at all, you would not have tried so many trades without sticking to one. I am sure that you would not like a farmer's life, for you are a rolling stone; and as the proverb puts it, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."' So saying, he left the soldier to tramp home to his native village.

MORAL: We must not change our situations because of troubles or disappointments. Every trade and profession in life has its drawbacks; but it has pleasures as well, and we must always remember that there is a silver lining to every cloud.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

London Stone.

THIS is, without doubt, the most venerable monument in the City of London. To all appearance it is but a mere boulder, worn by a thousand blows into a shapeless and insignificant stone. Yet it might boast to have survived more historical changes than are easily named. Camden says, in his *Britannia*, 'The stone called London Stone, from its situation in the longest diameter of the City, I take to be a milary (or milestone) from whence all distances were measured, like that in the Forum.' This is the generally received opinion, so we may consider that it has been an object of interest for the greatest part of 2000 years.

Stow, who wrote previous to the Great Fire of London in 1666, thinks that there was some legend of early Christians connected with it. He writes, 'There is pitched upright a great stone, called London Stone, fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and so strongly set, that if carts do run against it, the wheels be broken and the stone itself unshaken.'

This interesting relic of London in the time of the Roman conquest and rule, is that very stone which the arch-rebel, Jack Cade, struck with his bloody sword when he stormed London Bridge, and the too confident words he said have been registered by Shakespeare:—



London Stone.

CADE: 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign.'—*Second Part of King Henry VI.*, Act iv., Scene 6.

Strype, in his day, describes it as being set in its case, and says that before the Fire it was much worn away—only a mere stump then remaining. 'It is now cased over with a new stone, cut hollow underneath, so as the old stone may be seen, the new one being over it to shelter and defend the old venerable one.'



Christmas Holidays.

The stone, with its case, has been moved from one side of Cannon Street to the other more than once, and, in 1798, would have been altogether lost, but for the praiseworthy interference of Mr. Thomas Malden, the antiquary. It is now set in the outer southern wall of the church of St. Swithin, Cannon Street.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE snow lies thick upon the ground,
The leaves have dropped from off the trees;
Of woodland songs we hear no sound,
For ice-cold is the bitter breeze.

The singing birds are silent now,
With mournful look and drooping wing;
Starving of cold and hunger, how
Can they with mirthful music sing?

But winter has its charms for those
Who live in happy homes. Our boys,
Our girls, who know nor grief nor woes,
Ah! winter has for them its joys:

Its happy Christmas holidays,
When home, so dear, seems dearer yet;
With mother's kiss and father's praise,
Ah! who such joys can e'er forget?

And then the Christmas visit paid
To Granddad in his country home;
Where many a merry boy and maid
Will cry, 'Granddad, we've come, we've come!'

Dear youthful days, how bright they seem
To happy-hearted girl and boy!
In after years they're but a dream,
But still, a dream of love and joy. D. M.

SOME WINTER GUESTS.

JACK FROST is working wonders on every pond and stream, on the grass in the meadows he scatters gems and he hangs the trees with sparkling hoar-frost. He is at work in the air, and snow falls as he passes through the clouds; he is at work on the ground and the worms and grubs and little insects that feed our summer birds are locked up tight in the earth. Winter is here, and even in the temperate countries it is so cold for some tiny birds that they must fly away to warmer lands.

But though the swallows, and cuckoos, and nightingales, the bluebirds and bobolinks, the bee-eaters and hoopoes, and many more of the travelling birds find it too cold to be pleasant in Europe and America, the birds from the Arctic regions are very glad to take shelter in our midst. For there the winter is indeed terrible, and the weather that frightens away our migrants seems quite mild compared to it. So when the short summer is over and the narrow blue streams that ran among the ice fields are sealed up, and snow fields stretch for countless miles, and the Laplanders and Esquimaux take shelter in their dark huts, the great flocks of birds that spend the summer at the North Pole come down to pass the winter with our sparrows and thrushes.

Every year the temperate countries of England, America, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, receive immense numbers of these winter guests. They arrive in the Autumn when our own bird wanderers are leaving, and in the Spring when the sun shines forth with power again up in the far North, and the scrubby grass comes up through the melting snow, and hardy plants begin to sprout, and the myriad insects come forth, they all fly away again to build their nests and rear their young in their northern home.

The beautiful snow buntings, snow flakes, or snow birds, as they are called, may be seen in the north of England and in the United States of America every winter, their white feathering gleaming as they flutter, while their tinkling voices sound like tiny bells.

Two visitors very well known in England, France, and Germany, are the fieldfares and redwings. They flock over the fields in great numbers, feeding on worms and grubs in 'open weather,' and taking to the berried hedgerows in search of hips and haws when a frost sets in.

The siskins are favourite visitors to the British Isles. All through the winter months the woods and river-side willow copses are lively with the quick movements of these little creatures. Any one who likes may see them, for they are so tame. So near will they let you come, you would think you might catch them, but swift as lightning the green birdie darts off if you come too close.

The brambling is one of these Arctic travellers. He is very like his British cousin the chaffinch and some of the larger American finches, but his home is not at all like theirs; he flies northwards in spring to build a lovely white nest against the silvery stem of the birch-trees in Greenland and Lapland.

The shore larks, so common in America, England, and Germany in cold weather, are among the handsomest of our winter visitors, with their lovely yellow throats. Rock larks, the name by which they are known in their summer home, is a far more suitable one than this, for we always see them in stony, rocky places, whether by the sea-shore or inland, and at home in the summer they build their meagre nest always among stones.

Some of the most interesting of these winter visitors are the birds which visit the sea-beaches of temperate lands.

The turnstones, who turn over every possible stone or shell, firmly planting their strong beaks underneath the obstacle and pushing with might and main until over it goes, when they feast on the little insects which have sheltered beneath it. The sanderlings, lovely creatures of delicate grey and purest white, whose true home has not yet been found; probably it is so far up in the Polar Sea that man could not venture there.

Then there are those greedy birds, the hooded crows. Handsome black creatures they are; but 'each one for himself' is their ugly motto, and their only thought in life seems to be to eat as much as possible. They eat carcases of dead animals, slugs, worms, snails, fish. They open shell-fish by taking them up to a great height and dropping them again and again until the shell cracks. Anything and everything will they devour, never satisfied except when on rare occasions in their home on the shores of Norway a stranded whale provides them with a huge meal.

The Arctic tern, those wonderful sea swallows who, living like others of their kind almost entirely on the wing, dash hither and thither over boisterous seas, come from almost as far north as the sanderlings.

There they lay their eggs and sit on the bare ice, for even in the middle of summer there are icebergs in their haunts.

These are some of the most interesting of the winter bird guests who visit temperate lands. If you would form any idea of the vast numbers in which they come, you must think of them in flocks of hundreds of thousands as they are seen when on their way backwards and forwards they pass over the islands of Heligoland and Cockburn Land.

F. A. FULCHER.

HOW ONE MAN GAINED A VICTORY OVER MANY.

HUNDREDS of years ago, the Romans, who were a brave but hard-hearted race, had a cruel national game of which they were very fond. It was played in the Colosseum—a great circular building, containing rows of seats, rising from a space in the midst. There the Romans assembled in great numbers to witness the sport. Kings and noblemen were there; soldiers and their captains, workmen and their masters. And not men only, but women and children helped to fill the seats, and to join that gazing throng, whose eyes were fastened on the space below.

What was the sight which drew together these thousands? It was the spectacle of living men, brave and strong, with stout limbs, and bright, fierce eyes, fighting together to the death. Not for any good cause, not that the weak were helped, or the strong encouraged by these bloody battles. No! It was to please the gazing multitude in the amphitheatre, and to make sport for them, that these brave fighters entered it in their pride and strength, never to leave it alive! These men were called gladiators. All sorts of fights took place between them, and they went on till one was wounded desperately, and then the conqueror looked up to the people, to see if he should kill or spare. If they held up their thumbs the wounded man was left to recover as he could. If their thumbs were turned down, he was to die, and then the death-blow came at once. Sometimes the poor man in his pain and terror, shrunk from the sword, and then the people shouted with scorn, 'Receive the steel!'

This cruel amusement began in heathen times, as you may suppose; but, alas! when Christ had come, and His true religion had been preached in Rome as in other parts of the world, still the old habits prevailed, and the gladiatoral shows went on.

In the year A.D. 403, a Roman general named Stilicho gained a great battle against the Goths. These Goths were a wild, barbarous people, who, about that time had overrun and conquered many countries. At length they had entered Italy, and marched towards Rome. The Emperor, Honorius, was only a boy, but his brave general, Stilicho, went out to meet them, and won a complete victory on Easter Day, A.D. 403. For that time Rome was saved.

In their great joy the chief people among the Romans invited the conqueror to enter the city in triumph. A grand procession took place, and shows and games were held, to do honour to the general. Races on foot, on horseback, and in chariots, were the first sights; then a great hunting of beasts; and, last of all, a fight of men, the gladiator show. The people shouted with joy as the men came on, some in armour, some with only their sharp steel swords. As they were about to begin their deadly struggles, there came a sudden pause in the proceedings. An old man in a plain dress, bare-headed and bare-footed, stepped into their midst. He signed to them to fall back, and called upon the people to cease from this wicked amusement. He begged them not to repay God's mercy in turning away their enemies the Goths, by encouraging murder. Shouts and howls broke in upon his words. The people were mad with anger, and cried, 'On, gladiators!' They thrust aside the meddler, and rushed to the attack. Still he kept his ground, holding them apart, and striving to be heard. 'Down with him,' was the cry of the thousands of sightseers against that single man. The gladiators, enraged with him who was seeking to save their lives, cut him down with their swords. Stones rained upon him from the furious people, and he perished. He lay dead before their eyes. What had they done? Some few knew him, and they told that he had come from the wild parts of Asia, to keep his Easter at Rome. He was one of those holy men who sometimes in those days gave themselves up to prayer and thought, living apart from the world. Too often these 'hermits,' as they were called, lived a useless, though innocent life; striving for their own salvation, but not caring much for the souls of others. It was not so with him of whom our story is told. His spirit had been roused by the sight of thousands flocking to see men kill one another. He had resolved to stop the cruelty or die; and he had died, but not in vain. His work was done. The hearts of the people were touched and startled at the sight of such a death. They felt how great was the wickedness to which they had given themselves up, and from the day that the hermit died in the Colosseum, there was never another fight of gladiators. Both in Rome and in every city of the great Empire, the wicked sport was entirely done away with. One poor, humble, unknown man, whose very name is uncertain, had, as it were, wiped away with his own life an awful crime from the face of God's earth.

GREAT MEN OF LITTLE STATURE.

NELSON was a short, slightly built man; and the caricature history of past years, as contained in the cartoons of *Punch*, did not fail to recognise the small proportions of that famous statesman, Lord John Russell.

Crofton Croker was described by Sir Walter Scott, who breakfasted with him at Lockhart's, as, 'little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of easy manners.' Thomas Gray, the poet, and Flaxman, the sculptor, were short, as also was Douglas Jerrold. Other great men of little stature were the Duke of Wellington and Sir Charles James Napier.



"In this weak piping time of peace."

LITTLE BITS OF SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

GLOSTER: 'Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.'

King Richard III., Act 1, Sc. 1.



Performing his Toilet.

SOCIABLE MONKEYS.



MONKEYS seem to derive much amusement from the manners and customs of civilisation, and in this respect the monkeys of India have a pull over their forest brethren in other parts of the world. In the City of Armadabad these creatures are accounted sacred, and are permitted to work their own sweet will of mischief. Any retaliation is considered sacrilege, and so the dread of man which subdues the animal world in general has no place here, where the monkey reigns lord and master. Many amusing stories are told of their quaint efforts to imitate their betters, of which I will give a specimen.

A lady returning to her bungalow one cool evening, was surprised to catch glimpses of a brush in active use before her looking-glass. She could not see who was wielding it, but she suspected her Ayah or native maid. She entered her apartment very softly, and there saw, perched on a chair before the dressing-table, a large monkey, who was performing his toilet with infinite satisfaction to himself. He used the brush in quite a skilful way, and turned his head from side to side in most grotesque imitation of a human being similarly occupied. After watching for a few moments the lady clapped her hands, when out went Mr. Monkey in one flying leap through the window. The owner of the brush afterwards remembered how a group of monkeys had watched her toilet from the outside, and she found that she had been unconsciously giving a lesson in hair-dressing.

One very hot night an officer and his wife, finding the close air of the house intolerable, had their beds taken up on to the flat roof. They rose early the next morning, and started for their morning ride, but before they got clear of the house, a cloud of bedding was flung from the top—sheets, blankets, pillows, all torn to shreds. A band of monkeys had watched their departure, and swarmed over the house-top delighted with such novel playthings.

Riding out of the city, under the trees, it is quite a common event to get a sharp blow from a stick thrown by a monkey hidden above. They are capital shots, and will follow for long distances, leaping from tree to tree, until they are sure of a good aim.

Holy men devote themselves to feeding the creatures, and one may often see a dirty, gaunt man, clothed in rags, with long matted hair, carrying a basket of food, and surrounded by a great crowd of monkeys. They are very greedy, snatching and tearing bits from each other, the larger and stronger pushing back their weaker brethren, and all keeping up a confused jabber of most inharmonious sounds.

Native servants when dismissed for misconduct sometimes use the monkeys to avenge their grievances. They climb into a neighbouring tree after dark, and toss some handfuls of rice on to the shingle roof. As soon as light dawns, the monkeys spy the coveted luxury, and in a few minutes the roof is covered with the creatures, who strip off every tile, to secure the grains which slip into the interstices. Within half an hour the master wakes to find himself without a roof over his head, and he can take no vengeance on the marauders.

A German missionary to the Santil tribe once told me a story, which shows that even monkeys are not without good qualities.

A large mother monkey sat on a projecting rock nursing her baby. There were a number of other monkeys around, leaping and swinging from rock to rock, but she sat quietly playing with the little one. Presently the baby began to cry, and, like a true nurse, she rose and walked with it up and down on the rock. When it was soothed and began to play again, Mrs. Monkey delighted it by throwing it into the air and catching it. Both mother and child found this fine fun, and she threw it higher and higher. Suddenly, alas! a brown cloud whizzed past them, and the poor baby fell no more into its mother's arms. An eagle had swooped down, and the wee creature had gone to be food for the eaglets in the nest on the cliff far above. The missionary told me that he had seldom seen a more pitiful sight than the despair of poor Mrs. Monkey. She crouched on the ground uttering the most heart-rending cries, and tearing her hair, whilst the whole band of monkeys left their play, and stood round her, crying in a touching way, and showing every sign of sympathy with her in her grief.

HELENA HEATH.

A FATHER GIVING HIS LIFE FOR HIS SON.

DURING the Reign of Terror (between June, 1793, and June, 1794), a young man of the name of Loizerolles, was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal and condemned to death. His father, a venerable, white-haired old man, would not allow himself to be separated from his son, but accompanied him to prison. On the day appointed for his execution the young man, exhausted by the strain upon his nerves, fell asleep in his dungeon, and the father kept watch beside him. Shortly afterwards the jailer, in company with some soldiers, presented himself at the door, holding in his hand a paper containing a list of the unhappy persons who were that day to suffer death. Coming up to the unfortunate condemned ones, he informed them that the last day of their lives had arrived. He then read the names in the list out slowly, one by one. But when he came to the name 'Loizerolles' no one rose to reply to it. A sudden thought took possession of the breast of the aged father, and he replied to the call when it was made the second time. He joined the ranks of the condemned, who were setting out on the sad journey to the scaffold. He did not dare to embrace his son, for fear of awakening him, and arousing the suspicions of the guards; but in a low voice, addressing his companions in captivity, who were looking at him with tearful eyes, he said, 'When he awakes, I entreat you to calm him, and prevent any imprudent despair on his part from rendering my sacrifice useless. I have the right to be obeyed. Tell him that I forbid him to endanger the life which I have a second time given him.' He then went out with the crowd of doomed men, and laying his head upon the scaffold, murmured these last words, 'Lord, watch over and protect my son.'

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from p. 27.*)

'YOU have escaped me to-day, my friend,' said Woodthorpe to himself, as he leisurely reloaded his empty barrel, still smoking from the discharge by which Umbalele's arm had been broken. 'We shall meet again before long, and then perhaps it will be my turn.'

On the whole, however, Woodthorpe had good cause to congratulate himself upon the success of the skirmish. When he rejoined the Hottentots, he had the satisfaction of finding that all the horses but three had been recovered, and that one only of his men was slightly wounded. With poor Taori, however, the case was different. The assegai intended by Umbalele for his white enemy, had struck the Australian heavily, inflicting a severe wound which deprived him of the use of his right hand and arm. Woodthorpe washed it well at the stream, and looked out the quietest horse and easiest goer against the time when they must start on the back trail for Grahamstown. Meanwhile, the black was made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and after his wound had been bound up, he lay down beneath the shadow of some thick mimosa-bushes to rest.

After getting all the horses together, and arranging as to their having 'reins' long enough to enable some of them to be led by the side of the ridden ones—most of the men having to lead two, as well as ride their own horses—Woodthorpe thought that the sooner they started the better, and every mile now that they put between themselves and Caffreland would make it so much the safer for them. Accordingly, Taori was lifted on to an easy-pacing horse, and the party started homewards.

Woodthorpe's first move was to return to where he had left his captive of the previous night; and before the sun shone very high in the heavens they had come in sight of the place. There was the Caffre and there the Hottentots, just where they had been left, the latter still puffing away at their dearly loved pipes, and looking as though they had never even changed their position since he had last seen them. Motioning them away with his hand, Woodthorpe dismounted, and approaching his prisoner, he cut the thongs that bound him and told him he was free. The Caffre rose slowly, stiff with the attitude in which he had been forced to lie all night. Then, turning to his captor and pointing to the horses, he said,—'Inkosi, you see how truly I have spoken. We are no thieves. The Amakosa desire to restore to the white man anything that belongs to him. But for me, you could not have got the horses; and why did I tell you? Because ——'

'You wanted to save your own skin,' broke in Woodthorpe, speaking in the Caffre tongue. 'But don't deceive yourself, my friend; you won't deceive *me*, at all events. You're not a hero; you sold your friends to save yourself, and that's all about it!'

The Caffre looked crest-fallen. He had, somehow or other, got the idea into his head that he was a suffering martyr in a good cause. Woodthorpe's plain speaking seemed, as they say of the dogs, to 'take the curl out of his tail.' Then, an idea coming into his mind, he said, with an air of apparent innocence, 'Which way does the white chief intend to travel?'

A grim smile came over the other's face as he said, 'Whichever way seems the best to himself.'

'Ah, Inkosi, you will be going to Grahamstown?'

'Perhaps.'

'The horses belong near there?'

'Ah! so you know where the horses belong? I thought you knew nothing about the robbery?'

'No; nothing. Only, I thought ——'

'Yes, you thought me a fool, and found I was not. Very well; you can go now, and I don't want to see you again. Good-bye,' said Woodthorpe, wishing to get rid of him and resume his journey. The Caffre made no reply, but gave a furtive glance at the Hottentots to see how many there were in the party and how armed; then stalking off, he was soon lost to view in the broken and uneven country around.

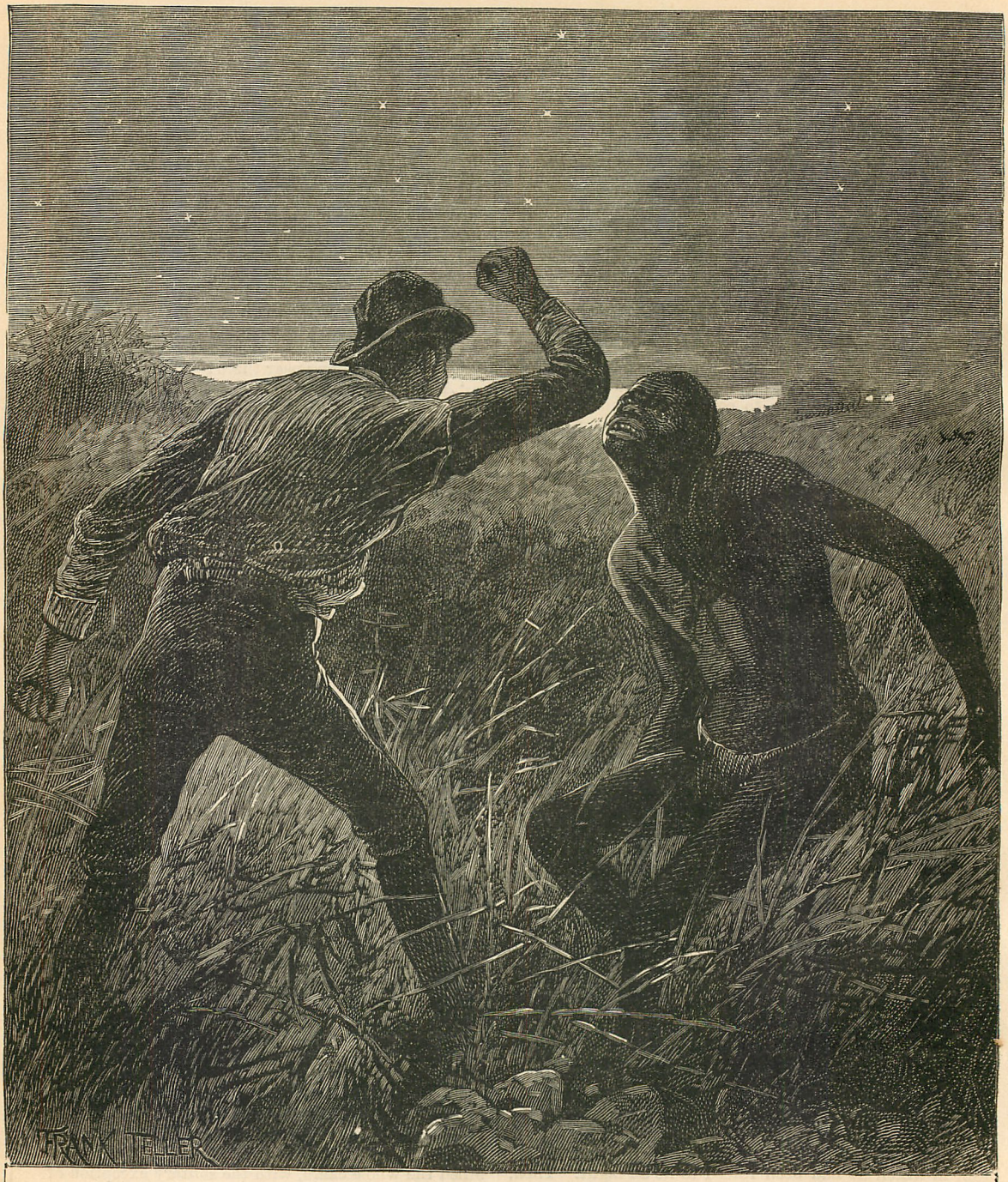
Selecting, as far as possible, those parts of the country least likely to afford cover for a lurking enemy, the little band made the best progress they could, burdened as they were by the wounded tracker. Halting about ten o'clock, and resting for some hours to escape the intense heat of the sun, they resumed their journey late in the afternoon, and camped for night by a kloof near a small stream, bounded on one side by huge boulders. To Woodthorpe's great relief, Taori decidedly improved as the day wore on, and, tough as hickory, like most of his race, he seemed now able to make light of an injury that on a less hardened constitution might have had very serious results. He remained in his usual taciturn state throughout the day, only breaking the silence to ask Woodthorpe one question. Pointing as well as he was able to his wound, he said, 'Who throw assegai, *Bas?*'

'Umbalele, the Chief. He threw it at me, and struck you instead,' replied Woodthorpe.

The black merely nodded his head, but the close observer might have seen, in the momentary glint of his eye, something that did not auger well for Umbalele should the two ever meet again.

The moon rose soon after they had disposed of their simple evening meal of springbok flesh and biscuit, moistened by the running stream beside them. The insect world again chirped, and the denizens of the forest once more awoke to seek their prey. Above all could be heard the loud and monotonous croaking of the bull-frogs, which in time lulled the whole camp, with the solitary exception of the Hottentot sentry, into a profound sleep.

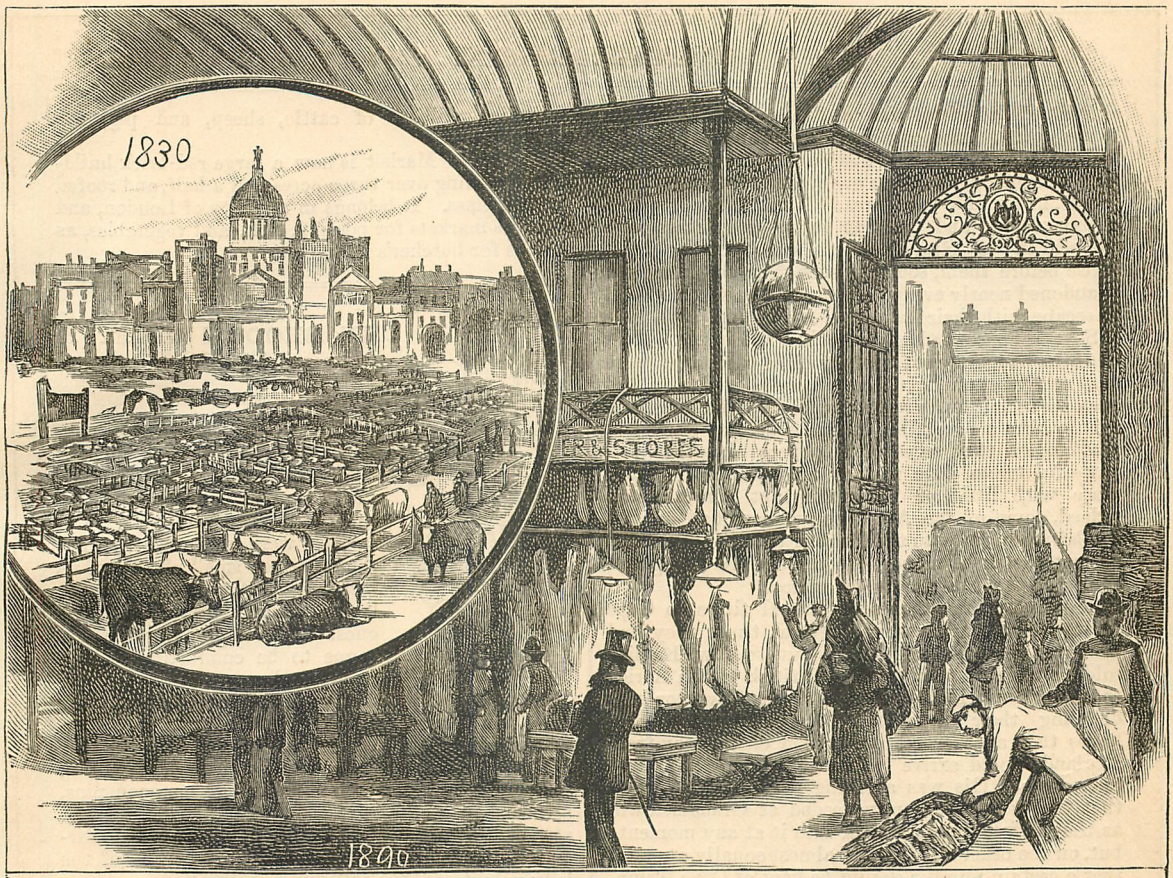
The frogs croaked on, the deer came timidly down from the mountains to drink, all was calm under the dark blue, star-lit canopy of heaven, and yet there must have been something disquieting in the air, for though all was so peaceful, one man alone in the camp could not sleep. Woodthorpe turned restlessly from side to side, but after a fitful doze of an hour's duration, he became painfully awake, and lay



"He fell, gasping for breath."

listening intently to every sound that broke upon the stillness of the night.

A slight rustling from the direction in which the sentry had been placed struck upon his ear. He rose and crept stealthily to the spot from whence it proceeded, looking about to try and discover where the Hottentot was, but in vain. Moving slowly, and with the utmost caution, his foot touched something lying on the ground. He looked closely, and found, to his horror, that he was stooping over the dead body of the man he had placed there on guard but an hour or so previously. Satisfying himself, by placing his hand on the other's breast, that he was quite dead, although still warm, he looked up just in



Old and New Smithfield Market.

time to see a huge Caffre poising his assegai preparatory to hurling it at him. Springing on one side as the weapon came hurtling through the air, he rushed at the savage, and dealt him such a blow in the stomach that he fell, gasping for breath, on the ground. At the same moment Woodthorpe gave his own peculiar shrill whistle, which was almost immediately answered by the Hottentots, who seized their arms and ran in a body to their master. Just then several shots were fired from behind the trees and bushes near the stream at Woodthorpe's party, fortunately without doing any damage, the bullets all passing over their heads. Woodthorpe hastily ordered his men not to waste ammunition, and to fire only when they saw any one plainly enough to get a fair shot. In this way they steadily retreated to where the wounded Australian lay.

In the momentary glimpse Woodthorpe had caught of the man he had deposited on the ground, he recognised his captive of the morning. He had managed to rejoin his friends and put them on the track of Woodthorpe's party, and they had hoped, no doubt, that by silencing the man on watch—the poor fellow had been sprung upon and strangled at a moment when he had been almost dozing—they would manage to carry off the horses again. But for Woodthorpe's vigilance they would have succeeded in their design.

The little knot of watchers waited on the defensive for some time, but the Caffres showed no inclination to attack. Probably they were not in sufficient force to risk a fight in the open, a thing which Caffres always dislike, unless they themselves are in overwhelming numbers. So, patiently awaiting any attack, and ready to sell their lives dearly if needful. Woodthorpe and his men found morning break without any renewal of hostilities.

With the advent of daylight, all fear of further attack for the present was over. They buried the body of the Hottentot who had been killed as well as they could, pulling a large boulder over the place where they laid him. The Caffre, whose 'wind' had been so unceremoniously knocked out of him, had evidently recovered, as there was no trace of him to be found. Searching a little more closely, they came across the assegai which he had thrown at Woodthorpe, and this was carried off as a trophy of war by Jan, one of the 'Totties.'

Starting again, they resumed their journey to Grahamstown, pushing on with renewed speed so as to reach the house of a settler, a friend of Woodthorpe's, at whose place they would be secure from any further attack, and the horses would also be stabled in a safe kraal for the night.

We will now return to the Haverings, who have seen many signs of coming trouble during the time Woodthorpe's expedition has been away. That part,

at least, of Caffreland was 'up,' there could no longer be any doubt. The most impudent robberies of horses and cattle, the most bold and daring raids on farms, and, worse than all, three or four murders of helpless people, had caused widespread alarm. The occupants of unprotected and outlying farms and kraals were coming in to Grahamstown, some driving their cattle before them, some in such fear that they had abandoned nearly everything they possessed, thankful to escape with their lives.

Several houses had been attacked and burnt. Most of them had thatched roofs, which, of course, were very easily set on fire. Large parties of Caffres had been seen constantly in the prohibited territory, and even within a few miles of Grahamstown itself. It was known that some of the more numerous and powerful tribes were moving up towards the latter place with little or no attempt at concealment; indeed, some of the Amakosa warriors had boasted to Caffres friendly to the English that they intended to loot the town as soon as there were enough of them to give a certainty of success.

The authorities had sent several times to Cape Town for the soldiers, and several times they had been promised military help, but so few English soldiers were at that time in British South Africa that they could ill be spared, and the Governor kept delaying their departure for Grahamstown, in hopes that another regiment, then on its way from England, would arrive before he had to send these men away. His was a trying position. He knew that troops were urgently needed at Grahamstown, as the Caffres might swarm into it at any moment; but, on the other hand, it was almost equally essential that a certain number should be kept at Cape Town. Between the two all that he could do was to have a ship in readiness to start up the coast with the redcoats he had with him as soon as the ship bearing the reliefs came in sight of Signal Hill.

(*Continued at page* 42.)

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Smithfield.



IN ancient times, Smithfield was just outside the city walls. It had its green and clump of elm-trees. It was a favourite resort of the citizens. Tournaments, and quintain matches, and other sports were held here. Here, too, public executions took place, and religious martyrs were burnt at the stake. Here, too, a great fair was held from the time of Henry I. to 1855, when it was finally abolished. It was called Bartlemy fair—the word being a corruption of St. Bartholomew, whose priory was nigh at hand, and in early times had some privileges connected with the fair.

In later years the whole of Smithfield was covered with open pens, and it became the Central Cattle Market of London, under the shadow of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, as we see it in the picture of 1830. But in 1855 that market was removed to Copenhagen Fields, Islington, a space of thirty acres, in which millions of cattle, sheep, and pigs are annually sold.

Smithfield Market is now a large red-brick building, extending over three acres and a half, and roofed in with glass. It belongs in the City of London, and includes markets for poultry, fish, and vegetables, as well as for butcher's meat.

THE BROOCH OF FIVE PINS.

Founded on Fact.



EARLY in the present century, when attending a Court ball a Viennese lady dropped a brooch, the loss of which appeared to cause her extreme distress. The saloons were so crowded, that there seemed small chance of its recovery at the time, and the hope of its being found when the guests had departed were too vague to be comforting. By a strange chance, however, the trinket became entangled in the dress of a dancer, and it caught the eye of its owner, who speedily recovered her treasure. It was a peculiar ornament, consisting of a splendid circle of diamonds, surrounding a centre composed of five common pins, arranged in a star. As the loss of the brooch had attracted a good deal of attention, its curious appearance led to much comment, and the husband of the lady volunteered the following explanation.

Many years ago, said he, there were constant feuds between Austria and Hungary. My estates lay on the borders of the two kingdoms, and during an insurrection, which lasted but a short time, I was arrested and carried to Vienna. Here I was thrown into a stone cell, lighted from the roof, and furnished only with a heap of straw to serve for both seat and bed. The surprise and indignation consequent on my unjust arrest, the distress at parting from my wife and family, and the fatigue which I had undergone on my enforced journey to the capital, so stunned me that I was almost unconscious during the first few days of my captivity. When, however, I came to myself, and began to consider my position, I felt overwhelmed with the misfortune which had befallen me.

The unsettled state of the country, the doubtful administration of justice, as well as the knowledge of events, which could not fail to compromise me with the government, forced upon me the conviction that my imprisonment might be a very long affair, also that the dismal cell, and utter lack of employment must have most baneful effects, both upon my mind and body. Vainly I looked about for some object to divert my mind, but the quest was a hopeless one. No promising web suggested a friendly spider in whose proceedings I might find interest. The smooth square stones of my cell were too tightly set to permit of the entrance of a sociable rat or mouse, such as have cheered the loneliness of many a miserable wretch. Again and again I searched my pockets;

my captors had already done this, and my watch, my pencil, my knife, all had gone, as well as a few letters, which had been seized on the chance of their containing evidence against me. Well-nigh despairing, I suddenly felt a twinge of pain. I had pricked my finger with a pin sticking in the under flap of my waistcoat. I drew the pin out, glad of any trifle to divert my mind, and to my great joy I found not only one pin but five. An inspiration seized me. 'Here,' I felt, 'is the means of both securing exercise and retaining reason.' One by one I took the pins and threw them amongst the straw, and then and there I vowed by all that I held most dear, never to lie down to sleep until I had lost and found my five treasures. Day after day, this was my one idea, my sole link between life and vacuity. Many times I almost despaired of accomplishing my task, which was no easy one, but I persevered, and I am confident that without this employment, which needed all my powers of mind and body, I could not have endured my two years of captivity without severe mental loss. One day, whilst pursuing my daily task, I had discovered the third of my pins, when the door of my cell opened, and I was told that I might go out a free man once more. So dear, however, had my only friends become to me, that before availing myself of the permission, I searched for and found the remaining two pins, the turnkeys watching me with a contemptuous pity for the poor lunatic, as they had long deemed me to be. Then, with my treasures I departed. Those pins form, as you see, the centre of the ornament which we feared was lost, and both my wife and I regard this brooch as our most valuable possession. It is to be handed down as an heirloom in our family, to remind our descendants, as long as one survives, of the priceless blessings of health and reason, ensured by their means to the captive owner of the five pins.

HELENA HEATH.

THE NUTMEG.

THIS favourite spice is the kernel of a fruit somewhat resembling a peach. The tree which produces it is allied to the family of laurels: there are no less than forty varieties, but all of them belong to tropical countries. The tree has a handsome appearance, and attains to the height of about twenty-five feet. The leaves are glossy and long-shaped, the fruit is of a firm fleshy consistence, with an indented line, like that on a peach. It is of a golden colour when ripe, at which time it bursts open all along the indented line, revealing the nutmeg within, enveloped in a curious red-coloured network, which is the article known in commerce as mace. The fleshy part of the fruit is often preserved with sugar, and eaten as a sweetmeat. For a long time the Dutch had a complete monopoly of this valuable spice, which was grown on the Banda Isles, but upon the conquest of these islands by the British its culture was spread over China, India, Ceylon, and the West Indian islands. Great Britain is now fully supplied by her own settlements, three hundred thousand pounds weight being about the usual quantity of nutmegs annually imported into this country. D. B.

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

1. FROM the letters which compose the following words, form a proverb which ought to regulate all our dealings with each other:—

   Thebes. City. Shot.
   Pony. Isle.

2. A proverb which indirectly gives a warning against self-conceit may be made from the following words:—

   Literature. Nothing. Signal.
   Glean. Daïs.

3. A proverb which treats of anticipation can be made of the letters composing the following words:—

   Sadness. Breathe. Victor.
   Cone. Whist. Fog.
   Me. C. C.

Illustrated Answers, page 60.

THE BOAT-BILL.



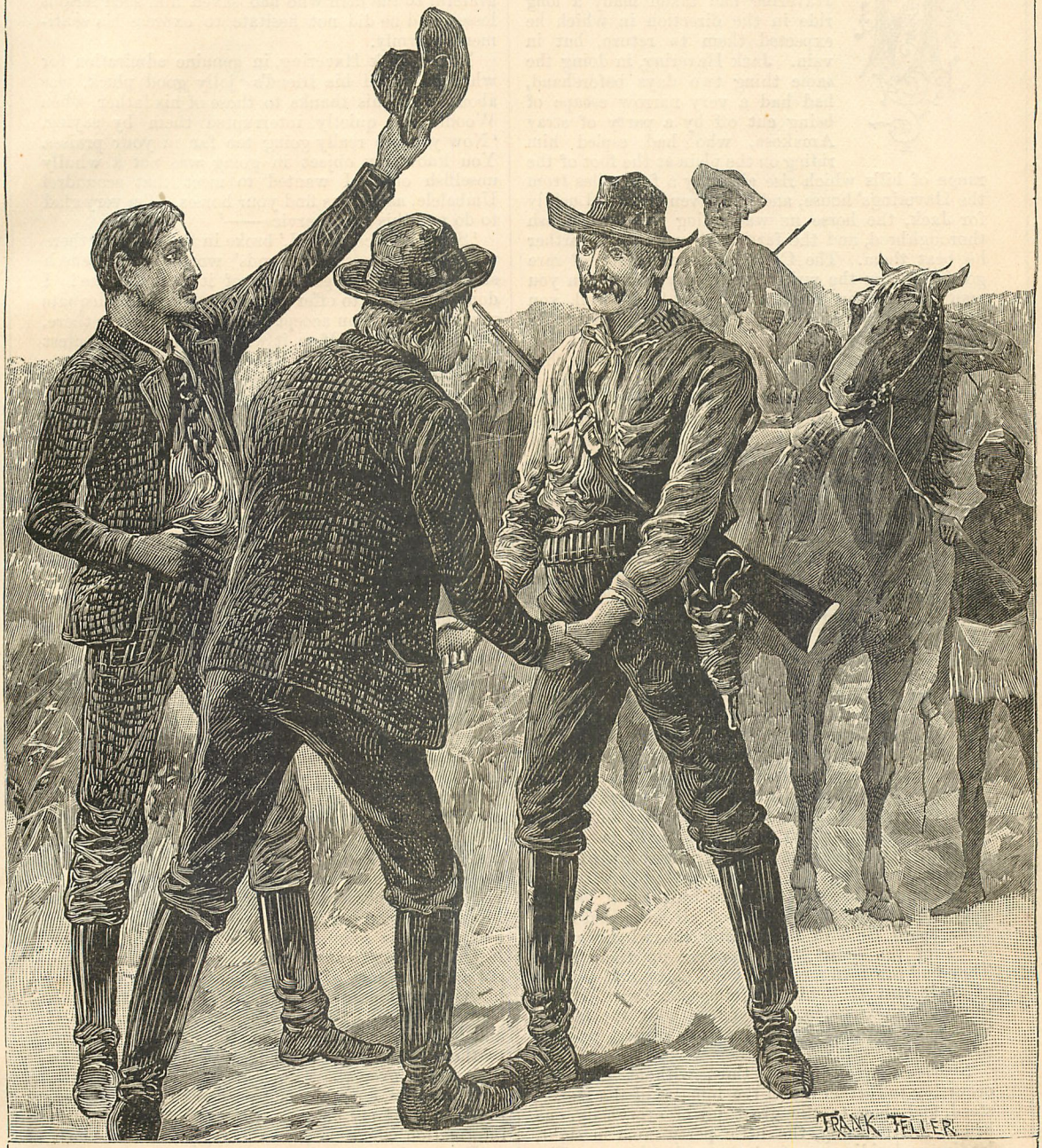
THIS curious bird is generally found near water, haunting the rivers, marshes, and swamps of South America, where it can find ample supplies of food. The Boat-bill is by no means uncommon in Guiana and Brazil; sometimes it frequents the sea-coast, feeding upon the small crabs and various other things which are left by the retiring tide; but its usual places of resort are rivers and inland swamps. Its method of procuring its food resembles that of the kingfisher. It perches upon some branch which overhangs the water, and then pounces upon its prey beneath.

Its appearance is remarkable, especially the head and beak. It is called the Boat-bill from the singular form of its bill, which resembles a boat reversed, having a strong ridge or keel down the middle of the upper mandible, and the sides spread out and bowed. The head of the adult male is adorned with a long full plume of feathers, jet black in colour, pointed and falling over the back of the neck. In the female the elongated feathers are only rudimentary, and are scarcely noticeable; the colour of the neck and breast is a greyish white, the back is grey and dusky red, the tail is white, the sides are blackish-brown, and the bill brown. The legs are short, giving to the bird a rather squat appearance. The size of the Boat-bill is about that of the common hen. Specimens of this bird have been kept in England, and were fed principally upon fish. W. A. C.

A MAN may be great by chance, but never wise and good without taking pains about it.



The Boat-bill.



The Meeting between Major Havering and Woodthorpe.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 38.)

NO tidings had come to hand of Woodthorpe's little party, and Major Havering had taken many a long ride in the direction in which he expected them to return, but in vain. Jack Havering, in doing the same thing two days beforehand, had had a very narrow escape of being cut off by a party of stray Amakosa, who had espied him riding on the plain at the foot of the range of hills which rise abruptly a few miles from the Haverings' house, and had given chase. Luckily for Jack, the horse he was riding was an English thoroughbred, and the farther they went the farther he beat them. The Cape horses are made of rare good stuff, as the writer can testify, but when you want to race an English thoroughbred—well, you must go and get another English thoroughbred to do it with.

The Haverings had had a serious consultation that afternoon as to sending the ladies into Grahamstown while the country continued in this disturbed state. Mrs. Havering was only too willing, for she was thoroughly frightened; but when her husband and son decided to remain at the homestead, like the good wife and mother she was, she said she should stay on with them and take her chance. Then came in the thought of her daughter. What if she were to fall into the hands of the savages? The very thought of it was torture to her mother's heart. The Major, after another talk with his son, apart from the women-folk, came to the conclusion that the latter must go into safer quarters, whilst he himself was equally determined to stay on and defend their property to the best of his ability in the not unlikely event of an attack being made on the place.

A waggon was therefore packed with luggage next morning. 'Dear me! dear me!' said Major Havering, in tones of mild remonstrance, 'what on earth *can* you want with four dress-baskets, two hat-boxes, and I really don't know how many stray parcels? When I was in the army we used to pack up a sandwich and a pair of boots, and think that ample!' Then the horses were brought out ready saddled, and the whole party was escorted into Grahamstown.

And now father and son were back again, looking very sharp after their cattle of all sorts, and using their spare time in barricading the windows and doors of the house, and cleaning up their rifles. They had few men now about the place, half-a-dozen of their best Hottentots having gone with Woodthorpe, whose return, with or without the horses, they most earnestly desired at the earliest possible moment.

Nearly a week passed thus, without anything occurring to further alarm the inmates of the Homestead, and then, to the great joy of everybody, one bright, hot morning, the little party came in sight, leading and riding most of the stolen horses. The meeting between Major Havering and his son on the one side, and Woodthorpe on the other, was marked by hearty congratulation of the intrepid man who, with but a handful of followers, had gone into an enemy's country and snatched their ill-gotten spoils out of their hands, inflicting signal punishment on them at the same time. Major Havering felt deeply grateful to the man who had saved him such serious losses, and he did not hesitate to express his sentiments warmly.

Young Jack Havering, in genuine admiration for what he called his friend's 'jolly good pluck,' was about to add his thanks to those of his father, when Woodthorpe quietly interrupted them by saying, 'Now you are really going too far in your praises. You know my object in going was not a wholly unselfish one. I wanted to meet that scoundrel Umbalele, as well as find your horses. I'm very glad to do you this small service——'

'Small service, indeed,' broke in the Major; 'there was three thousand pounds' worth of horseflesh stolen, and you've got most of it back for me! I don't know how to offer you any proper and adequate reward. Will you accept that chestnut horse there, my dear fellow? If so it will give me the greatest pleasure.'

'Thanks very much, Major, but I really want and deserve no reward,' returned Woodthorpe. 'That old horse Jack has seen me ride about the country—old scarecrow, Jack once called it, I remember,' he added, laughing, 'is all I want in the way of horseflesh. But tell me, are your wife and daughter still here?'

'No, I thought it best to send them into Grahamstown a day or two since. Was I right?'

'You did well, without a doubt.'

'Is it true that the Caffres are really "up?"'

'Quite true,' said Woodthorpe. 'Every man with anything to lose should look to it closely now. The feeling amongst the Caffres is that we are in terror for fear of their invading Grahamstown and starving out the soldiers at Fort Beaufort. They are extremely confident about their own powers and our weakness. They have spies watching the coast closely, and they know that the troops expected so anxiously in Grahamstown have not arrived yet. Yes, there will be trouble, and a good deal of it, with the Amakosa, you may depend on it, Major,' he concluded, as he prepared to take his departure.

Major Havering's face fell. 'Well,' he said, with a sigh, 'all we can do is to make every preparation for giving them a hot reception should they attack us. You are not surely going yet?'

'Yes; if you will lend me a horse, I shall get away now, as soon as possible,' said Woodthorpe, looking at the sun as he spoke. 'The fact is, I have got a curious sort of appointment to keep to-night, in the mountains over there. I am going to meet a Caffre chief, who, for reasons best known to himself and his tribe, has been living in one of the caverns up there for a week or so past, in order to keep a close watch over the country-side. What his little game may be I can't exactly make out. However, that's none of my business. What I want is a little information which no one can supply so well as he.'

'But you're not going there alone and at night, with the country in this disturbed state?' urged Major Havering.

'Yes, Major, I am,' replied the other, smiling. 'If I went accompanied by any one my dusky friend would "suspicion" something, and once rouse a Caffre's suspicions, and it takes a long time to soothe him down and allay them again. Besides, what have I to fear? I go armed, and what is more important still, *ready*. You need not fear for me. I'm so tough I should take a lot of killing.'

'Well, then, if you are really determined, take your pick of the horses. Keep him as long as you like, or, better still, don't bother to return him at all.'

'Thanks, Major, very much. And now, if you'll excuse my running away, I'll make a start, and hope to see you both again before very long. Meantime, good-bye, and keep a sharp look-out.'

It was midnight. There was little to be seen of the moon, but the stars coming out in their myriads, and shedding that brilliant light to be seen nowhere but under the Southern Cross, showed the way to a solitary traveller as he rode across the plains, and through the intervening spaces of bush, towards the foot of the grim-looking mountain which towered above and beyond him, until its top seemed almost lost in the dark blue heavens above. The traveller was evidently no stranger to the locality—he rode straight on, without looking to the one side or the other, until reaching a spur of the mountain, when he dismounted and led his horse over some rough ground, broken by boulders and thick bush, to a kind of copse, in which he securely tethered it. Then he disappeared from view.

A quarter of an hour later, through a strong binocular, one might have discovered the figure of a man ascending the face of the mountain. He had already got up a long way. Then his progress became slower as the ascent grew steeper; anon he disappeared from view behind some giant boulder, only to come into sight again at a greater altitude than he had been before.

And now let us leave the plain where we have been watching the intrepid traveller, and go with him in spirit the rest of his risky journey.

Woodthorpe—for, of course, the reader will have guessed the traveller's name long ere this—toiled resolutely, until he reached a place where the dwarfed trees almost closed over, in a tunnel so dark that directly he entered it he was forced to feel his way along as he went. At the far end of this dismal path there was a sort of cavern. In the entrance of this stood a tall Caffre, who was evidently awaiting the arrival of the white man. He stood, motionless as a statue, until the sound of Woodthorpe's approach struck upon his listening ear. Then, muttering a few words to himself, he started out to meet him.

'My white friend is late,' was the Caffre's greeting as he came face to face with Woodthorpe.

'Yes,' returned the other, 'I was detained, and did not start in time. You have news for me?'

'Yes,' said the Caffre, 'I have news. Let us sit,' and suiting the action to the word he squatted down on the ground, leaning his back against a rock.

The Englishman followed his example. Both then produced pipes, and having lighted them the Caffre said, 'The Amakosa are coming up every day nearer here. They are watching the coast to see if the soldiers come, although they do not believe they are really coming. They are not yet quite determined to attack Grahamstown: they wait to see if they are likely to be strong enough to get into the town and loot it.'

'Are they likely to attack the outlying farms?'

The Caffre nodded.

'They are sure to do that, Inkosi; they will not make the journey from Caffreland to return to their wives and their kraals empty-handed. Besides, the farms are easily burnt and looted. It is the easiest way to get cattle, but there is one way to get many herds at a stroke,' and here the savage laughed at some idea which was evidently running in his brain and giving him great amusement.

Woodthorpe looked curiously at him. Then taking the pipe from his lips he laughed quietly also, and then said, 'I see, your tribe is waiting to find out what the Amakosa are going to do. If they loot and steal cattle and horses you intend to pounce upon them on their return journey, and, at one stroke, revenge yourselves on your enemies and fill your own kraals, and that is the reason you are living up here in secret to watch. Ah! the chief is a cunning fox, but I think I have found out why he runs to earth here.'

At the beginning of Woodthorpe's speech the Caffre slightly started, as he realised that the white man had seen through his plans. Then, reflecting that it was no concern of Woodthorpe's, and that he was not at all likely to interfere with his designs, he resumed his composure of manner and puffed on solemnly at his pipe.

'You don't wish the whites driven out of South Africa yourself, do you, Ingwayo?'

'Yes,' returned the other coolly, 'we all wish it. If all our tribes would join together we might drive all of you into the sea, and the Hottentots also, but we cannot trust any tribe but our own.'

A Caffre always tells you that his particular tribe alone is trustworthy. Tribal hatred has always prevented them from uniting to benefit themselves. Herein, in early times of the colony, lay the safety of the Europeans. There is to this day little concord amongst the various Africanders in and about the Cape Colony. Dutch, English, Boer, and Caffre represent about as much friendliness as a parcel of Kilkenny cats spitting at each other in one cage.

(*Continued at page 52.*)

A ROOKERY.

THE Rook is a well-known British species of the Crow family, often indeed called a crow by unobserving persons. It differs however from the latter bird in many respects, but chiefly in this that, while the crow is a solitary bird, the rook is gregarious and social in its habits, preferring to build its nest in the immediate vicinity of the abodes of men. Rooks' nests, of which seven or eight are often seen on the same tree, are large and untidy, composed of twigs and lined with grass, the same nest serving for several years. This bird is in bad odour with the



A Rookery.

farmer, in spite of the number of noxious insects which it destroys, as it carries off much of his valuable grain, besides devouring eggs and young chickens. But though the farmer does not appreciate the rook, it has from ancient times always been considered to be a fortunate thing for the owner of a property, when a colony of rooks establish themselves among his trees; so long as they remain there, it is supposed by superstitious persons that no misfortune can befall the family.

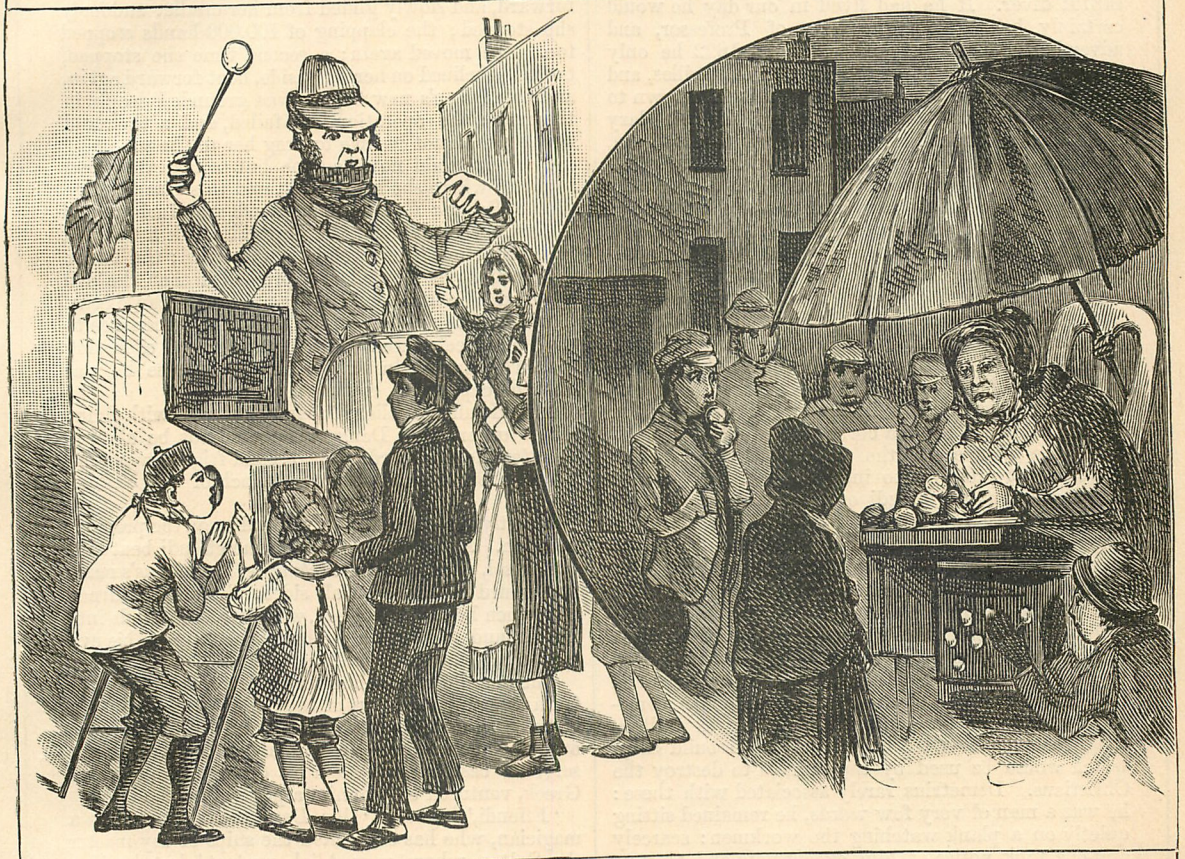
To watch a large rookery during the nesting season is a most amusing occupation; so self-ab-

sorbed are the birds, so ceaseless the caw-cawing and flapping of angry wings, and so impertinent and thievish are their habits, it being no unusual thing to see one bird deliberately carry off and appropriate to its own use the twig which another bird has just placed in its nest. Until quite lately, a large rookery was to be seen in Gray's Inn gardens, London.

D. B. McKean.

the children, 'Now, all you little dears who have got pennies, come to the front, blow your noses, and don't breathe on the glass.'

The old woman shown in the picture used to sit under her old umbrella at the corner of Clare Market, where she did a good business in baked apples or potatoes, according to the season. She has disappeared now, but there are still one or two such old



OLD LONDON ODDITIES.

THE Peep-show disappeared from the London streets some thirty years ago. The box contained ten or twelve highly coloured pictures of startling events. The battle of Waterloo, the earthquake of Madrid, Napoleon crossing the Alps, were favourite scenes. Magnifying glasses were fixed in front and at the sides, so that four juveniles could stare at once. The sloping top was covered with transparent oiled cloth, and the peep-show was lighted up with candles at night. The showman who thumped a drum and played pandean pipes, as we see in the picture, was a cheery sort of man who shouted to women to be seen in the streets. As they become too infirm to sit in the open air the police will not let any successors take their place.

THE GREEK DIVER.

From the French.

IN the year 1822 the island of Chios was the scene of a terrible massacre. In three days it was devastated by the ferocious Kara Ali; the soil was drenched with blood; the yataghans of the Osmanlis struck down alike old men and children.

Very few of the inhabitants escaped from Turkish fury. Those who possessed any fortune had fled in time, towards the Italian or

French shores of the Mediterranean. Marseilles received many of them, but some of these having lost all their property were forced to become porters or water-carriers.

Among them was a Greek named Demetrius Omer. As he was of a silent disposition, all that was known about him was that he had escaped alone, and was very poor; but he had one talent, which enabled him to earn more than the other porters. Demetrius could swim like a fish, and he was a skilful diver. If he had lived in our day he would certainly have taken the title of Professor, and advertised himself far and wide. In 1822 he only showed off his talent in the port of Marseilles, and was content with the coppers which were thrown to him when he came out of the water. He led a lazy life. He was about forty; he had a well-knit figure, dark complexion, long black hair, and black eyes full of fire: his costume was the simplest; it generally consisted of a shirt and a pair of trousers, striped red and white, a silk sash was tied round his loins, and his head was covered with a little Greek fez, ornamented with a gilt tassel; he wore no shoes or stockings, saying that they were only fit for women; he was very abstemious in his food, which consisted of melons, black bread, garlic, and vinegar. A Greek merchant who had settled at Marseilles let him sleep in a corner of his store. In fine weather he swam, dived, and dried himself in the sun; in bad weather he curled himself up in a corner and went to sleep.

In the course of the year 1824 the Turkish Government proposed to increase its navy. Sultan Mahmoud sent an effendi of the naval department, furnished with full powers, to Marseilles. He was charged to have four frigates built, and he set to work with such vigour that by the spring of 1825 two frigates were finished and were very soon to be launched.

The French workmen noticed that the Greek diver took a great interest in the progress of the works; he came daily to the dockyard, where he remained for hours. Others of his fellow-countrymen sometimes came too, and cursed the Turks as well as the French, who were helping them to build ships which would be used by the infidels to destroy the Christians. Demetrius rarely associated with these: he was a man of very few words, he remained sitting quietly on a plank watching the workmen: scarcely any one took notice of him, except now and then to throw him a few coppers.

At last the day came when the first frigate, which had been named the *Sultana Bahri*, was to be launched. Half Marseilles was on foot; a platform had been erected, which was filled by elegant ladies; the *Sultana Bahri* was richly decorated with flags; the effendi was on board, as well as his secretary, his pipe-bearer, and the ship-builder.

All eyes were fixed on the *Sultana Bahri;* the last barriers which separated her from the water consisted of a few blocks of wood, which the carpenters were hastening to remove.

This operation was formerly thought to be so perilous that the galley-slaves were obliged to do it, receiving their pardon if they escaped.

At the first stroke of the hammer, Demetrius, who hitherto had been mixing with the crowd, jumped into the water, and swam straight in the direction which the frigate was to take. A cry of terror arose from all sides, for the vessel had just begun to move, and none doubted but that the diver would be crushed by the keel; but when Demetrius was quite close to the ship he raised his arm, and held it up for a moment in the air, in a threatening attitude, then he threw himself upon his back and swam further off.

The bolts were withdrawn, the blocks knocked away, the carpenters sprang back, the frigate bent forward, and slowly glided from her cradle: suddenly she stopped; the clapping of 100,000 hands stopped too. She moved again; a second time she stopped, then she inclined on her right side, bent forward again, and the Sultan's new frigate was grounded deeply in the mud: the operation had failed, and a thousand horses would not be able to drag her to the sea.

Nothing could now be done but to take the vessel to pieces where she had struck, and this was the fate of the *Sultana Bahri*. The effendi was furious, and the builder in despair; the Marseilles folk attributed this misfortune to the weight of the vessel; the Turks, superstitious as they all are, pretended that the evil eye of the giaour Demetrius was alone the cause of it. If the effendi had been in his native land, then woe to the poor Greek! But there were no means of having a man strangled in France simply because he was thought capable of casting a spell.

The effendi was obliged to content himself with giving severe orders that Demetrius should not be allowed to enter the dockyard. The second frigate was completed a few months after the launch of the *Sultana Bahri*.

Exactly the same thing happened as on the previous occasion. At the moment when the effendi bent over the vessel, naming it the *Achmedie*, Demetrius's name was heard repeated on all sides; the effendi turned pale when he saw the Greek, who lifted his hands into the air and sought, no doubt by the help of his evil eye, to prevent the ship from reaching the sea.

The *Achmedie* failed like her predecessor. There was fresh despair on the part of the builder, and fresh fury in the breast of the effendi; he returned to his hotel, and to slake his rage he was about to have all his servants bastinadoed, when his dragoman, a cunning Greek, ventured to give him a piece of good advice.

'Effendi,' he said, 'this Demetrius is evidently a magician, who has enchanted the ships of my master the Sultan, whom may Allah protect! but he is a Greek, and so he is a rogue: if the effendi, my master, could gain him for his cause, the spell would doubtless be broken.'

'You are all dogs!' said the effendi, with condescension. 'Still, wisdom has spoken by your mouth, so you may bring the diver with the evil eye here.'

Demetrius, informed of this, soon after arrived; but he did not salute the effendi, and kept his fez on his head. The Sultan's envoy felt tempted to open the interview by some severe blows from a stick on the soles of the Greek's feet, but the fear of having to do with magistrates and police, and perhaps, too, the terror with which the diver inspired him, prevented this.

'Dog and slave!' he said, politely, 'why have you enchanted the ships of our lord and master, Sultan Mahmoud?'

'I have not come to swallow insults,' replied the Greek, coldly; 'and if your words are addressed to dogs, open the window and call to them outside: if you wish to speak to a man, who in France is worth quite as much as an effendi, explain yourself.'

'The vessels, slave! the vessels!'

'The two first are embedded in the mud,' said the Greek; 'and the third, thanks to Heaven and to St. George of Cappadocia, will not advance any further.'

'You lie, dog! you lie!' roared the effendi.

'It is you who lie, effendi; and if you insult me again I will smash your jaws!'

As the Turk was alone with the diver, whose iron frame and grinding teeth had a threatening air, he thought it best to lower his tone.

'Can you break the spell which you have thrown over my vessels?'

'All efforts are unavailing for those embedded in the mud.'

'Will the third succeed?'

'If I will it.'

'And the fourth?'

'If I will it.'

'Name your conditions,' said the effendi, a little relieved. 'How many piastres do you want? Will 10,000 be enough for you?'

'I want more,' replied Demetrius, smiling sarcastically.

'More! What rogues these Greeks are! How much more?'

'I want my wife Catinka, who is at Stamboul, carried off from Chios: she is in the harem of Capotar Pacha. I want my three children, Antoine, George, and Eudoxie. When they are all here, and I have besides 20,000 piastres, then your frigates will float, without hindrance, on the sea.'

'Very well,' said the effendi. 'I will send a despatch to Stamboul this very evening. You shall have your wife, your children, and the piastres, in two months from this day. But what guarantee will you give me? A Greek's word is not worth a farthing.'

'You shall have the guarantee of two honourable merchants of Marseilles. You can't give me all I desire,' he added, with a gloomy air; 'you can't restore my old father to me, nor my sisters, nor my youngest child.'

A few weeks after this interview the diver's family were all restored to him; he demanded to be paid in advance, not trusting the effendi's word any more than he had trusted his.

The day of the launch of the third frigate arrived; all Marseilles hastened to the spot.

Demetrius, who during the last three months had had free access to the dockyard, was on board; the last obstacles were removed, and the frigate glided into the sea; everything succeeded admirably; the effendi was delighted, and had no doubt of the diver's influence.

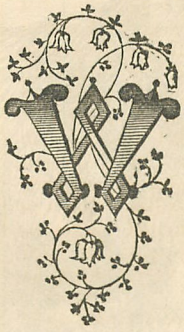
The fourth frigate was equally successful. The effendi giving a grand banquet on this occasion, invited Demetrius to it.

'Extraordinary man!' he said to him, in the presence of all the company, 'what was the spell which you used to prevent the other vessels from entering the sea?'

'It is a very simple matter,' replied the diver. 'Five years ago my father was one of the first ship-builders of Chios, and from my infancy I have been well acquainted with the work. We were rich and happy until Turkish barbarity came to destroy everything. I took refuge in Marseilles, alone, and poor as a beggar; my father had been murdered, my wife and children taken captives. During the construction of the two first frigates I attentively observed each detail of the work, and I noticed several defects which must prevent the ships from gliding into the sea: when, however, I had made a compact with the effendi I communicated with the builders, and I pointed out to them what was deficient; they made alterations and brought their work to perfection. The operation has succeeded admirably this time, and the evil eye is as innocent of the matter as the amber mouthpiece of the effendi's pipe.'

The Turkish officer appeared somewhat vexed at the explanation, and murmured in his beard that all Greeks were thieves.

Demetrius, who had received the 20,000 piastres, gave up the profession of diver, and set up as a ship-builder on his own account. J. F. C.



THE IRISH WOLF-HOUND.

WOLVES, which are still so plentiful in many parts of the continent of Europe, have long since been exterminated in Great Britain. It is hard for us to realise that there was a time when these dangerous animals were so common in wild and unpeopled districts of England, that refuges were erected here and there, to which lonely foot travellers might betake themselves for shelter when hard pressed by hungry wolves.

In the days of King Edgar, criminals were granted a pardon if they could produce a certain number of wolves' paws. We read that some lands in Derbyshire were held on condition that the tenant undertook to kill the wolves. At what date wolves ceased to exist in England, it is impossible now to say, but it is certain that they lingered on in mountainous districts of Scotland to the close of the sixteenth century, and in Ireland to a still later period. The hounds used in the chase of wolves were fleet of foot, strong, and very courageous. When they seized the prey, they held on with a grip which they refused to relax so long as life remained in the victim. The animals known now as wolf-hounds have degenerated from the original type. They are, however, still marked not only by fineness of scent, but by docility and sagacity. The muzzle is not so sharp as in the greyhound, nor is the form so slender. The ears are long and drooping. Some varieties have rough and some have smooth hair. The rough-haired dogs attach themselves most closely to man; indeed, to own one of those intelligent animals is to possess a friend whose fidelity may be counted on as long as it has life. K.



Irish Wolf-Hound.



A Chinese Baby Boy.

PIGTAILS.

I DARE say you think the Chinese a funny sort of people, with long pigtails, little eyes, and thick-soled shoes, and who are mostly engaged in the tea trade. They certainly have small eyes, or rather narrow ones, and they do wear very thick, white soles to their shoes; but as for their pigtails, they have only worn those for the last two hundred years, and, as our own great-grandfathers wore them, it is not so surprising that the Chinese should do so. And we are not only indebted to these odd-looking folk for the refreshing cup of tea, but the process of silk-weaving and the cultivation of silkworms originated with them; and they invented printing, the mariner's compass, and gunpowder—though this last can scarcely be considered a blessing.

In ancient times the Chinese wore a very different and much more graceful dress than they do now, and their long hair was tied in a knot on the crown of their heads, and covered by a peculiar cap or head-dress; but when the Manchu Tartars, after a long war, obtained possession of the empire in the year 1644, they imposed their own costume on the people, and obliged them to shave their heads and wear a pigtail, in the Tartar mode. This was no doubt done to make the Chinese look like their conquerors. The Chinese far outnumbered the Tartars, a fact which might have been dangerously apparent if they had retained their own dress. The pigtail, which is in reality a Tartar fashion, is now identified with the whole Chinese race, with the exception of a few mountain tribes who have preserved their independence, and still wear their hair in the ancient manner.

Even Chinese baby boys have their little heads partly shaved, and the hair left in three or more little tufts; but as soon as the hair is long enough, the fond mother plaits it into a little pigtail; and from that time the boy has his head shaved in the same manner as his father's, and his lengthening tail is the pride of his mother's heart, and she takes the greatest delight in combing and dressing it.

The Chinese pride themselves on the length of their pigtails, and men of rank may be seen with them hanging down to their heels. If their own hair is not sufficient to make an imposing tail such as befits their position in life, they lengthen it with black silk.

One of the greatest indignities that can be inflicted on a Chinaman is to cut off his pigtail, yet the appendage serves various purposes which are neither dignified nor pleasant to the owner thereof. If a prisoner is brought before a magistrate, the warder drags him into the hall of justice by his pigtail. If a thief is pursued, he is often caught by his pigtail, so those of the lower classes who think that it may prove a too convenient handle, usually wear the ornament twisted round their heads.

A. R.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

PINS.

WHAT becomes of the pins? is one of the standing minor problems of life. About twenty-five tons are produced every week, from year's end to year's end. They are all used once or twice, or perhaps thrice, and then lost; and where they all go to is a puzzle. There must be somewhere, deep in the bowels of the earth, a last resting-place for pins, old hats, tins, bottles, and such-like things.

It is fortunate for Birmingham that pins have so short a life, or the market would quickly become overstocked, and many people would be thrown out of work. Formerly the trade was scattered. Gloucester was, for example, until about the year 1840, one of the principal seats of the industry, but now most pins are made in the capital of the Midlands.

The factories which produce them are the noisiest places imaginable. Once upon a time such places must have been veritable hives of industry. In the times we mean—in the days of our grandfathers—it took about eighteen persons to make a pin. It was one man's duty to draw the wire, another's to straighten it, a third's to cut it into lengths, a fourth's to point it, and a fifth's to grind it at the other end ready to receive the head, which was made by two or three hands. Putting on the head was the next operation, and this was a distinct division of labour; and whitening the pins, which followed, was another. Lastly, the pins were put into paper by girls. Thus about eighteen people joined in the making of a pin. Nowadays the factories have no human interest. One little machine does all the work.

On entering a place where pins are made, the visitor sees a row of these wonderful machines, drawing in wire off a coil at one end and throwing out perfect pins at the other, at the rate of three hundred a minute. They do this with hardly any attention. One man, with a boy or two, can look after a dozen of them; and all they have to do is to provide fresh coils of wire from time to time. The pin-maker is really one of the most marvellous pieces of mechanism in the world.

Let us see if we can understand how it works. It draws in the wire through pegs, first of all, which has the effect of straightening it. When this has travelled a little way, two grippers close upon it, holding it fast, while a little iron fist gives it three sharp blows on the end, thus forming the head of the pin. This is an important process, because it necessarily does away with the annoyance caused in former days by the head slipping off. The old-fashioned pins, in fact, consisted of two pieces, while those made at present are without join. Next a cutting arrangement comes into action, and, as the two grippers open, cuts off the pin, which falls into a sloping iron trough. At the bottom of this is an opening, which allows the

shaft of the pin to fall through, but not the head. By the force of gravity and the shaking of the machine, the pin travels along until it gets between various wheels, or, rather, revolving files, rough first and smooth afterwards. These gradually grind the point until, when discharged at the other end of the machine, it is sharp enough for use.

Such, then, is how pins are made. Afterwards they are put into paper ready for the market, by what is called the 'sticking machine.' This American invention is so difficult to describe that we shall only say that it does its work with unfailing regularity and accuracy.

These machines, which were only perfected after an immense outlay of time and money—who would think, for instance, that some twenty patents had to be taken out for fastening the head on a pin before the present method was hit upon?—have quite altered the trade. At one time between four and five thousand people were engaged in making pins, and some of them earned good wages. An experienced pointer made on an average 3*l.* a-week. In those days, too, it was customary to employ criminals and paupers in gaols and workhouses to stick heads on pins. To-day, owing to the perfect machinery in use, there are not one thousand persons in the trade.

But if mechanical appliances have injured the pin industry, they have made the little articles very cheap, and so the public at large have benefited.

In the fourteenth century makers were allowed to sell pins in their shops only on the 1st and 2nd of January, and they were so expensive that husbands made their wives a certain allowance in order that they might buy them.

Hence originated the phrase 'pin-money,' which means a sum given to a lady for her own personal use—'pocket-money,' as we now say. Five centuries later, when our fathers were boys, the hawkers used to shout:—

'Ten row a penny, O!
Isn't that a many, O?
Silver heads, golden points,
Ten row a penny, O!'

And certainly they were 'a many, O!' But at the present time no thrifty housewife would buy pins at that rate. She requires, and can get, twenty or more rows for her penny. W.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

The Roman Walls of Old London.

IT is hard to believe that the London city in our time, with its roads and streets branching out on all sides, was formerly shut in by high and strong walls. We know that it was so, not only from history and books, but also from time to time pieces of these old walls have been discovered hidden in other walls.

Our illustration shows a portion of this ancient defence, which has given the name of London Wall to the street where it was found, and where it is still to be seen. When excavations are being made for building, remains of these Roman walls are still found, generally at a great depth, for Roman London was far below that of 1892; indeed, according to position, it is reckoned to lie from twenty to fifty feet under the present level of the city. It would not be easy to build a wall round London as it is now, but the London of the olden time was not too large to be enclosed with walls.

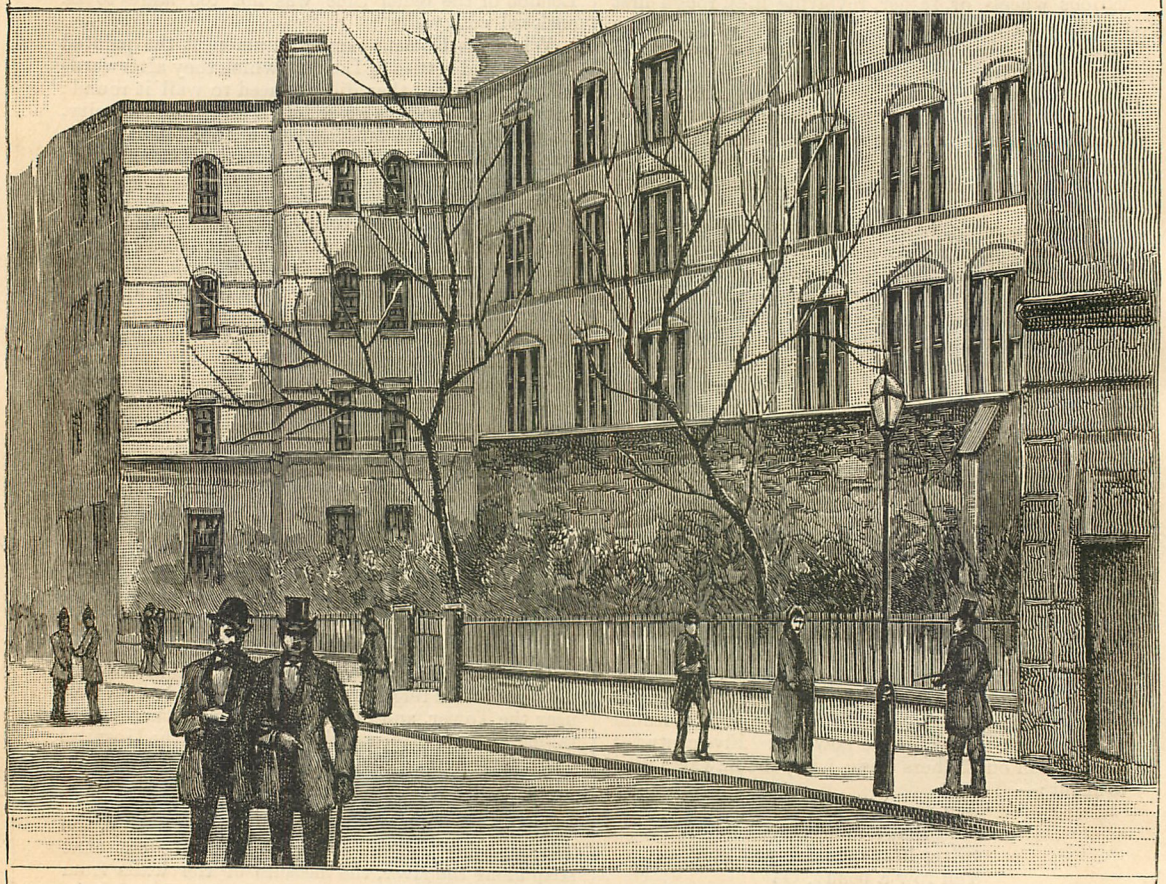
When the Romans came first amongst the painted Britons, and settled in London, which they afterwards called 'Augusta,' they did not need to wall it round; but when it began to grow into a large and rich city, when many Roman families had a home in it, there was need that it should be protected. Evidently the oldest part of London was between the Tower and where the Bank of England now is. A Roman palace is said to have been on that spot. There have been found in Eastcheap, Lothbury, and other places, beautiful pavements of 'tesselated' work, evidently belonging to villas; also there have been dug up many vases, bowls, cups, rings, lamps, and household articles valuable or curious. Many things show that the Romans at one time had good reason to guard their treasures and their homes from enemies, and they did their work well, for the fragments which remain show how strong their walls of bricks and tiles were.

One thing is very remarkable about the walls of London—Saxons, Danes, and Normans raised them higher or repaired them, but the line of the Roman walls remained till London ceased to be walled in. All through the years the city was of the size the Romans made it at first; afterwards, however, they had outside what were called 'liberties;' these were marked by bars. One of these was the well-known structure, now removed, called Temple Bar. Stow tells us a story about a change which the Londoners did make in the reign of John; they broke down a part near the Tower, and carried the wall farther north, taking away a garden which belonged to the Hospital of St. Catherine. He adds that the poor monks were badly treated, for they had no payment in return given them.

The city walls had rather the shape of a bow, the Thames being like the string; and leaving out that strip along the river, the measure of the walls from end to end was a little more than two miles, that is, from the Tower to Ludgate, which was certainly one of the oldest gates. Beyond this, even till the reign of George I., the river of Fleet flowed down from Holborn.

Dowgate was a very ancient gate, for Watling Street, which led to Dover from London, sloped down to the river here, and as far back as Roman days there was a ferry across. Cripplegate is said to have been the third old gate, for here the road called Hermin Street went north. Cripplegate got its odd name from the fact that close to it at one time cripples used to stand and beg.

In after years other gates were made—we count up five more, which are Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Aldersgate, and Newgate, the name of which suggests that it was the last of the gates. The Danes damaged the wall sadly when they besieged London in A.D. 839; afterwards the Saxons repaired it. Of the Norman kings, Henry III. spent much money in improving and raising the city walls. It is said that they were from twenty to thirty feet high. One of the famous watch towers along the walls was



Part of Old Roman Wall, London Wall.

the Barbican; it was well furnished with loopholes, and a guard of archers was kept here. When the great fire of London broke out it burnt the houses close up to the city wall, from Cripplegate to Baynard Castle, a famous tower near the river. During the later years of the reign of Charles II. most of the city wall was removed, but several of the gates were left for many years longer.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 43.)

ABOUT a week following the interview between Woodthorpe and his Caffre friend, Woodthorpe received an intimation from an emissary of the Caffre, that if he would again repair to the trysting-place in the mountains in the night-time, he would have important news for him. Woodthorpe, as may be imagined, was not slow to take the hint, and that same night he was again toiling up the face of the mountain. The chief again met him as before, and the two remained in earnest talk for the space of an hour or more.

On leaving his companion Woodthorpe's first act, after descending to the plain and remounting his horse, was to strike the nearest track for Major Havering's house. Urging his half-bred Arab—a regular Cape production—to his best speed, he pushed on till the trees surrounding the homestead were in sight. Then he pulled up and did the rest of the journey at a sauntering pace, as though he had no special object in getting there without loss of time.

Jack Havering came out to give him a cheery welcome. 'So glad you've come to look us up, my dear fellow,' he began; 'you see we're all right, and up to now the Caffres haven't eaten us. But come in. Here, Jan,' calling to one of the Hottentots, 'come and take Mr. Woodthorpe's horse to the stables. I say, old man, I didn't notice how done he was. Have you ridden him fast, or far?'

'Both, my dear boy. Let us come in. I want to see your father as soon as possible;' and having dismounted from his almost exhausted steed, he took



Woodthorpe in hot haste for Major Havering's house.

young Jack by the arm, and led him out of earshot of the Hottentots.

By this time the master of the house had been told of the arrival of his friend, and came out to greet him. 'And what news do you bring, Woodthorpe? Is there any chance of things quieting down soon, do you think?'

'The reason of my coming to you in this hot haste—because, although I strolled up to the house indifferently, to put any lurking spy off his guard, I have ridden all the rest of the way as hard as I could get my horse to lay legs to the ground—is that I have just had positive information from a source I can thoroughly rely upon, that the homestead is to be

attacked to-night. We had better not tell the "Totties" just yet. Quite time enough for that after the sun has set. If any scouts the Caffres may have watching the place see the "Totties" gazing about, these fellows may send for more of their men if they think we are prepared for them. I would not be a bit surprised to hear to-morrow that they had attacked and looted—or tried to loot, as the case may be—three or four of such outlying places as yours, so as to be ready for a rapid move up into Caffreland with one large body of cattle and a whole lot of stolen property. If they do attack several places at one time for this purpose, they will not appear in such strong force as they would with only one robbery on hand at a time. I believe we can give a good account of them if the house is well barricaded, if those bushes yonder are cut down so as not to give them any cover, and if they do not come in too big numbers.'

'The colony ought to send us a few soldiers, it really ought,' said the Major.

'Unless I have been very much misinformed there will only be a mere handful of soldiers to defend Grahamstown itself, if it is attacked,' answered Woodthorpe. 'No, in this instance it must be a case of every man for himself and God for us all.'

'Well,' said the Major, 'we'll do the best we can to make things warm for the rascals when they come. Thank Heaven, my wife and daughter are in comparative safety. Jack is a man, and will be of the utmost service to us here. What are you going to do yourself? If anything I could say or do would induce you to stay with us here——'

'Not only will I stay, Major, if you like, but we shall probably be further reinforced, and by a very useful kind of man to have. I mean that Taori, the black tracker, who I employed in my little trip to recover the stolen horses, is coming out here either to-day or to-morrow—I sincerely hope and think it will be to-day—in order to see me. I told him I should be here either to-day or to-morrow, about mid-day. He is a cool, clear-headed man, and if his wound is healed so far as to leave him tolerably sound in wind and limb, I had rather have him than half-a-dozen ordinary men in any fighting against Caffres.'

'I'm awfully glad at all events that you will be here yourself, Woodthorpe,' said young Jack; 'you seem to understand these fellows' little games so well, and to be down to all their artful moves, and that knowledge alone must be half the battle in bush fighting.'

'I intended,' continued Woodthorpe, modestly ignoring Jack's compliments, 'I intended coming out here to see you to-morrow anyhow; but, of course, directly I heard this important news, you may be sure I didn't let the grass grow under my feet, nor my horse's either, poor old chap,' he added with a laugh, 'before coming to give you the earliest warning I could. And now, just take me round the place, and let us have a good look at the defences.'

At about four o'clock in the afternoon the little white garrison at the Homestead had the delight of seeing Taori leisurely cantering across the *veldt* towards them, and a few minutes later the black was listening to Woodthorpe's relation of his important news. Taori heard everything in silence, and then, taking in the whole situation of the house and its surroundings at one eagle glance, he touched his master on the arm and said, looking at the same time towards the bushes nearest them, 'Must burn them. Black fellow hide and shoot from there.'

'Exactly so,' assented Woodthorpe, 'they shall be cleared. We don't want—in fact we cannot afford—to throw away a single chance. If they manage to set fire to this thatched roof it's about all up with us. We shall be smoked out, have to make a bolt of it, and probably get shot like rabbits as we go.'

'But how could they get near enough to set fire to the roof?' asked Jack. 'We could shoot down any supply of them if they tried to get as close to the house as that.'

'A Caffre, Jack, is a wily bird, and there are more ways of killing a cat than by hanging him,' returned Woodthorpe. 'What is to prevent one of them fixing an oiled rag to an assegai, and then throwing it on to the thatch of the house? Not much difficulty in that, is there?'

'I didn't think of that,' said Jack. 'No, that would be very awkward indeed.'

'You're very lucky in one way, Major; the stables are so near the house that getting hold of the horses without your knowledge, seems hardly possible even for such expert thieves as those we shall have to deal with.'

'No,' replied the gentleman addressed, 'and as they really form by far the most valuable part of my property here I am very anxious about them.'

The rest of the day was busily passed by the people at the homestead in clearing away the dangerous bushes, and in making the barricades of doors and windows even more secure than they had been before. Mattresses and heavy articles of furniture were piled against all the lower windows, of which, fortunately, there were very few, considering the size of the house; and all the doors were backed by heavy chests, so that, should a rush be attempted, the mere breaking down of a door or window would by no means leave the coast clear for the invaders.

The Australian alone took little or no part in these preparations. He asked Woodthorpe for some tobacco, and then, when he had lighted his pipe, he looked up from where he had squatted himself on the ground and said, 'Umbalele people likely come to-night?'

'I think it nearly certain that his tribe are our expected visitors, Taori. Whether Umbalele himself has got over that crack in the arm he got from me, or not, I don't know. If he has, no doubt he will pay us a visit.'

'I want to pay Umbalele something, too,' remarked the black, calmly, but with a look on his face full of meaning to Woodthorpe, who knew him so well.

It was one of those hot, airless nights, that are often felt near an African forest. The moon just showed herself above the distant range of hills, and the darkness was hardly relieved by the light of a single star. More than an hour had passed since the last light visible from the windows of the homestead had been extinguished, and the whole household was apparently sunk in slumber.

Suddenly the croaking of the frogs, which had been going on in its usual monotonous fashion since the setting of the sun, grew louder. A moment later and at least twenty dusky forms could be seen swiftly advancing on the house from the direction of the stables.

(*Continued at page* 58.)

THE GUARDIAN WOLF AND HIS RELATIONS.

A Fable.

IN the East there once lived a shepherd. Strange to say, he did not keep a dog to guard his sheep, but a large wolf, which he had reared from a tiny cub. This animal was exceedingly fond of his master, and he was also a good guardian of the flock. One day, whilst watching the sheep, the wolf happened to see four animals about the same size as himself. They came forward to greet him as if he had been an old acquaintance. The guardian wolf responded to their greetings, not suspecting any evil intentions on their part, and he invited them to visit him in the evening, so that he might give them a nice supper. The animals (they were fierce wild wolves, which lived in the forest) agreed to this, and they went away promising to come at the time appointed. The guardian wolf then told the shepherd that he had asked some relations as he thought, who were friends of his, to come and spend the evening with him.

'Oh,' said the shepherd you may have my free permission to enjoy yourselves. It so happens that I wish to go to the town to-night myself, so you and your friends must guard the flock in my absence, and I will cook and get ready four tender lambs for your feast. So saying, the kind-hearted shepherd left the wolf and his sheep. When the evening drew nigh the other wolves appeared, and for a time seemed quiet and well-behaved. But presently when the lambs were brought to them for supper, and they were asked to make themselves at home, they got up, sprang upon the guardian wolf and killed him. They then entered the sheep-fold and began to satisfy their ravenous appetites, killing and devouring as many of the flock as they could, and ended by carrying away many of the best lambs. When the shepherd returned home late at night all seemed quiet, so he slept in his tent as though nothing had happened; but early the next morning he came to the sheep-fold, and the dreadful sight that met his gaze made him turn pale. He wrung his hands in despair, exclaiming, 'What a fool I was to trust my sheep to the guardianship of wolves! I ought to have known that enemies are never to be trusted. My own wolf was faithful to his charge, for I see he is lying dead on the ground, but it does not follow that I ought to have trusted his relations. I am rightly punished for my folly.'

From this fable we may learn that we must not judge the morals of any society by the example of one solitary individual. H. Berkeley Score.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

3.—Arithmetical Puzzles.

1. A bill of 3*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* was paid in half-crowns and florins, and the whole number of coins was 28. How many coins were there of each kind?

2. Find two consecutive numbers, of which the half and the fifth of the first added together shall be equal to the third and the fourth of the second added together.

[*Answers at page* 75.]

ANSWERS.

2.—1. A step farther (father).
2. Short.
3. Because he has M.P. at the end of his name.
4. Because *we* could not be *wed* without it.
5. Because he is always for getting, and never for giving.
6. Because he saw a heavy swell upon the beach and a little cove running inland.
7. A led (lead) horse.
8. Because it makes her hear.
9. Silence.
10. Adriatic (a dry attic).

HAPPY IN EXILE.

Crocodiles.

THE Crocodile is the largest of known reptiles. It is lizard-like in form, and its mouth presents a very formidable appearance. Each jaw has a single row of large, strong, conical teeth. It preys on fish and on warm-blooded animals, which may go to the river to drink. Some of the larger crocodiles do not scruple to attack man, pursuing him on land, or, if having seized him in the river, they drag him into the deeper water, and hold him under till he is drowned.

The neck of the crocodile is very stiff, which makes it very difficult for the unwieldy creature to turn: therefore, should a man be pursued by one of these animals, he may escape if he can be cool enough to turn swiftly from side to side.

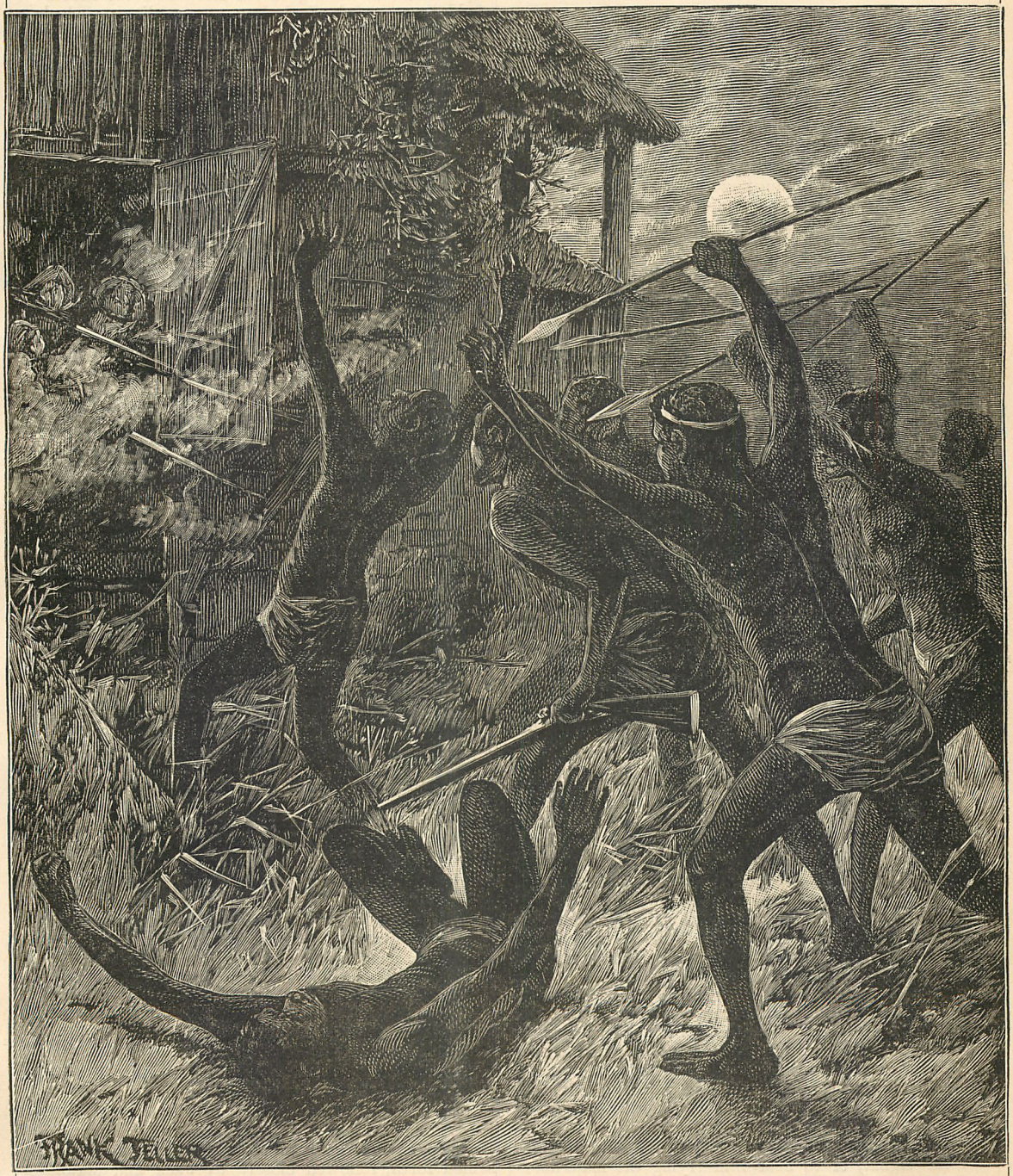
Crocodiles are found in fresh water and estuaries, but only in the warmest parts of the world. They are divided into three classes, Gavials, Crocodiles, Alligators. The crocodile (alligator) of tropical America, is perhaps the fiercest and most dangerous. Like the other species, they are so protected by their mailed plates, that, they are not easily killed except by a shot, or a blow over the eye. A strong kind of leather is prepared from the skin of the alligator, which is used for making saddles, and for various ornamental purposes.

At the present time, alligator hunting, in the dismal swamps of Louisiana, gives employment to a large number of men who make their living by selling crocodile skins The flesh of the alligator is eaten by the Negroes. The eggs of this creature, and also of the true crocodile, are buried in the sand or mud, and hatched by the heat of the sun; the female, however, seems to watch near them, that she may attend to the family when they appear. It is said that Negroes will not rob an alligator's nest, as they believe that one of the eggs contains a bell, which rings and summons the mother to the help of her young. M.



HAPPY IN EXILE.

Crocodiles in the Zoölogical Gardens.



"The Caffres were met by a sharp volley."

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page 55.*)

LET us now go back a few minutes in point of time, and look in at some curious proceedings taking place in the stables themselves.

Inside there was not a sign or trace of any human being. The horses munched and champed their food, stamping now and again, and sometimes lashing out a hind leg, as one of the troublesome horse-flies settled upon and stung their flanks. Except for this, all was quiet.

Outside, although they tried to avoid it, it was impossible to keep some sounds from being heard, for a party of Caffres were forcing an entrance through the mud wall. They had found that without making too much noise, they would not be able to break open either of the stable doors, which were clamped with metal and bolted. Their object was to steal the horses and get away safely, and if possible without attracting the attention of the inmates of the house. If they could get hold of the horses which Woodthorpe had wrested from them down by the Kei river, they would not run the risk of attacking the homestead. They knew that the inmates would be likely to make a desperate resistance, and instead of loot they might find themselves rewarded by a plentiful supply of bullets for their nefarious doings.

After some time the mud of the walls gave way, and a hole was made just large enough to admit the body of a man, with a little squeezing in this case, as the Amakosa are mostly big, stalwart fellows. A short conversation took place in low tones between the Caffres, and then a warrior, with the intention of silently forcing the main door open from the inside, crept stealthily through the hole.

As his head and shoulders were thrust into the stable he took a cautious look round. Nothing suspicious met his gaze, only the horses quietly munching their food, the usual stable implements, and a bundle of old horse-rugs lying about close to the hole by which he was making good his entry. The savage chief—for this was none other than the ferocious Umbalele—then quickly drew the whole of his body through the opening. The next moment from out of the bundle of horse-rugs a pair of iron hands grasped his throat, and the face of the black tracker was almost thrust into his own!

So completely had the Caffre been taken by surprise, that, in the first moment, he could not utter a sound; in the next, Taori's fingers had closed, in a fatal grip, round his throat, and silenced him for ever.

All this had taken place so rapidly, that the Caffres waiting at the outside of the stables had not the slightest suspicion that all was not well with their chief, and they waited patiently for him to give some signal, or to hear him trying the main door from within.

The Australian stood over the body of the man he had slain until he was quite satisfied that his breathing had ceased; then, quick as light, he rushed up the ladder leading to the loft where the horses' fodder was stored, climbed on to some litter, pushed up the skylight, and, an instant later, stood upon the roof. Advancing to the edge, and calling derisively to the Caffres below him, he shouted, 'You wait for Umbalele? You wait for your chief? Go in, then, and find him! Ah! yah! Umbalele!' and, with a hideous, mocking laugh, and regardless of the assegaies that flew past him, he leaped on to the roof of another outbuilding, ran along it with the agility of a cat, and thence sprang at the branch of a tree, from which at length he gained the shelter of the house itself.

But very few moments sufficed to show the Caffres what had happened to their chief. With a savage yell of rage they turned from the stables, and, throwing off all further attempt at secrecy, they advanced at a run upon the house.

Although all the lights had been long since extinguished, the little garrison inside the house, as may well be imagined, had remained on the watch in anxious expectation of attack. When, therefore, the Caffres loomed out from the darkness, rapidly approaching the house, they were met by a sharp volley from the windows, from the effects of which four of the number measured their length on the ground.

This, however, only checked them for a moment. Separating more widely apart so as to make it more difficult for the defenders to hit them, they rushed boldly on to the house, and attacked at the same moment a window and the main entrance door. They found, however, that these had both been well secured, and, guessing that the same would be the case with them all, they rapidly retreated out of range of the hot fusillade, losing one more of their force as they went. They got under cover of an outhouse, and there consulted as to their best and safest course.

Then it was that the expedient which Woodthorpe had feared was resolved upon. Quickly obtaining some material, and attaching it to a long assegai, it was ignited and hurled at the thatched roof. It, however, fell short, dropping very near to the dry, sun-baked woodwork of the veranda. In an instant Woodthorpe dashed outside and trampled the torch under foot. Another moment, and he was once more safe within the shelter of the house.

So quickly had this been accomplished, that the Caffres, taken by surprise, had not fired a shot at the bold Englishman. Now, however, they rapidly set about preparing another flaming brand which should be more effectual than the first.

Directly Woodthorpe regained the house, he called out to those within it, 'Follow me, all of you! if we stop here another minute the place will be burnt over our heads. Our only chance now is to drive these black fellows off. At all events, we'll try. Four or five of them are done for already, and I think we shall find ourselves a match for the rest. Now, are you all ready? Yes? Then come on!' And, so saying, he quickly opened the door and sallied forth, followed closely by Jack and Major Havering, the tracker, and the Hottentots, all with their rifles ready cocked.

Just as they emerged from the house a Caffre was

advancing with a burning piece of rag, probably rubbed over with gunpowder, attached to an assegai. In the act of hurling it at the roof, the crack of Woodthorpe's rifle rang out, and the savage dropped dead.

Then half-a-dozen shots were fired in rapid succession by the attacking party, one of which, unfortunately, struck a Hottentot, who had incautiously exposed himself in order to get a better sight of his adversaries. He fell, mortally wounded. 'Now,' cried Woodthorpe, 'all together! Fire!' And the report of his own rifle mingled with the crisp rattle of the others, as a deadly volley was poured into the dark mass of the savages.

The effect was magical. At once grasping the hopelessness of the situation, the survivors of the Caffre party broke and ran. In less than another minute they had disappeared in the darkness, leaving no trace behind except the dead warriors, whose lives had been thus uselessly sacrificed.

And now let us explain, before going any further in our story, what had led Taori to hide himself in the stables, and why he should have correctly expected that his enemy, Umbalele, who had inflicted a wound on him, not in fair fight, but from behind, some little time previously, would be the first to enter the stables.

Umbalele, though a really brave man, was a braggart, and he had boasted to a Caffre, some time before this, that he had been the first man of his tribe to enter the stables of the Trêk farm, and nearly all the others whose cattle and horses had been stolen recently. Why Umbalele should have thought it so great a deed to be the first to enter the premises on these thieving expeditions, will be understood by those who have had experience of the Caffre mind. Being a singularly vain people—with a vanity, however, which in no wise interferes with their personal valour—the Caffres were always trying each to outdo the other, and to take some prominent part in these nefarious exploits which would give them pre-eminence over the rest. The Caffre to whom Umbalele had made this boasting assertion had reported his words to the chief with whom Woodthorpe had held his two midnight conferences. In the course of their conversation the latter became aware of this, and repeated it to the Australian, who had acted on the hint, as we have seen.

(*Continued at page* 66.)

LIONS.

WHEN we are young there is probably no animal regarded by us with more admiration and awe than the Lion. Although we may never have seen one, yet pictures have made their form familiar to us. The lion has been called the king of the forest, and the king of beasts. His attributes have passed into proverbs. We say 'as bold as a lion;' and a little child who had never entered a menagerie or Zoological Gardens, compared the loud snoring of her nurse to the roaring of a lion! And yet, it is said that, except during violent storms, or in darkness, or under pressure of hunger, the lion is a timid animal. The agile and fiercer leopard is more feared by the people of Southern Africa. The tiger, too, is nearly the lion's equal in strength, and certainly surpasses him in ferocity.

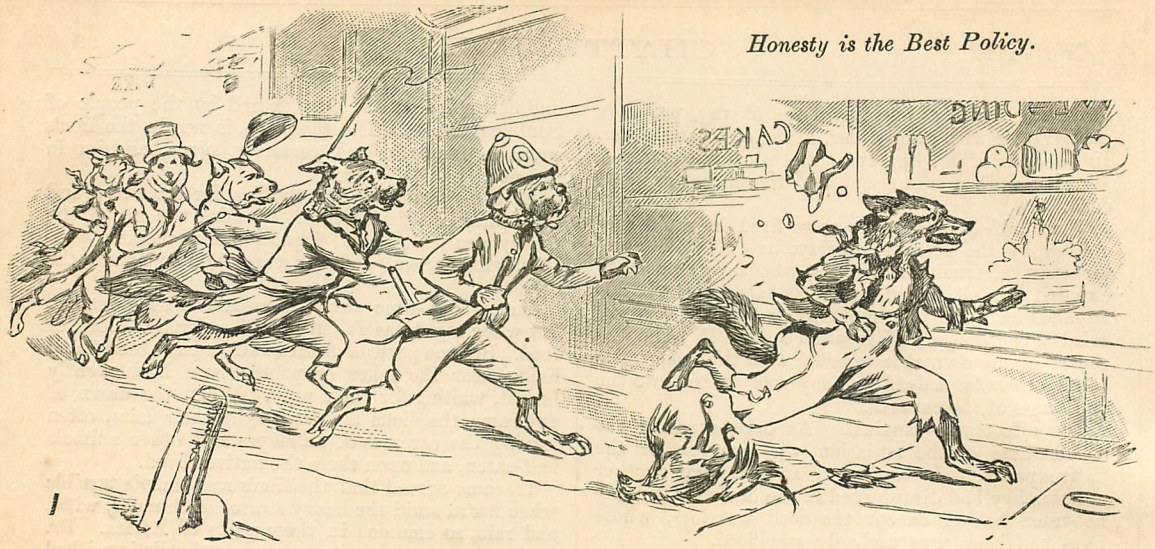
All these animals belong to the order *Carnivora*, and the family *Felidæ*, or cats. Besides the above, the family also includes the jaguar, puma, cheetah, panther, lynx, caracal, and our very familiar friend, the cat.

During day-time the lion remains in his retreat, but when night has fallen he sallies forth to look for food. In some parts of Africa natives have been found living near the lakes or pools where lions nightly lurked, waiting for their prey. When the dawn of day came, the lions always sought their lairs, often leaving the carcases of antelopes and other animals half-eaten, and upon these the natives lived.

It seems agreed that the lion's roar sounds terrible when heard amid the heavy storms of thunder, wind, and rain, so common in those parts of Africa. Dr. Livingstone says that its roar cannot be distinguished from the cry of the ostrich. The natives say that they can remark a difference between the commencement of the two roars. But as the lion is usually heard by day and the ostrich by night it is generally easy to say from which the noise comes. The great missionary traveller had many encounters with the king of beasts. He usually found that when met in the day-time it tried to avoid hostilities. If no attack was made upon it, it would stand still for a moment, then turn slowly around and walk away, looking at the same time over one shoulder, as though to make certain that no violence was intended. When it had gone some paces, a trot took the place of the walk; and when it thought itself out of sight, it would bound away at full speed. But this is not always the termination of a meeting between the lion and armed men. Dr. Livingstone himself nearly lost his life in an attack upon one. He thus describes the encounter:—

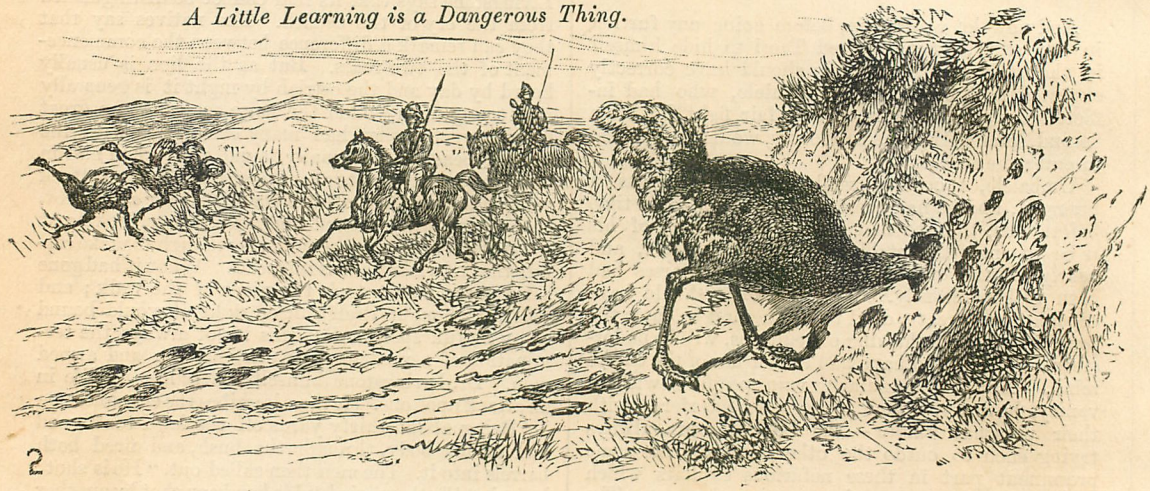
'Being about thirty yards off the foe I took good aim at his body, through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot! he is shot!" others cried, "He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him!" I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people, said, "Stop a little till I load again." When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting and looking half-round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor, similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, or feeling of terror. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but do not feel the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake took away fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all the animals killed by the carnivora, and if so, is a merciful provision by our beneficent Creator, for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve

Honesty is the Best Policy.



1

A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing.



2



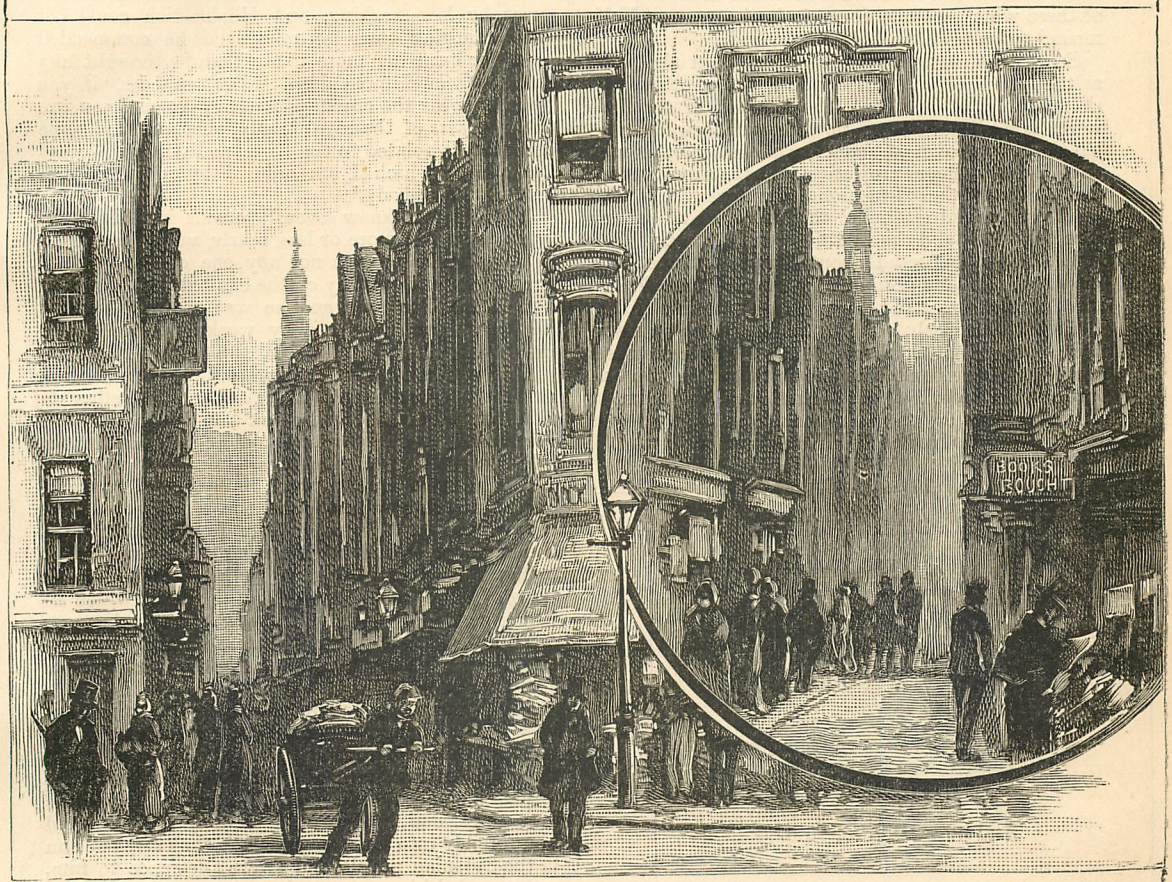
3

Coming Events cast their Shadows before.

myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalove, who was trying to shoot him at the distance of fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The lion at once left me, and, attacking Mebalove, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalove. He left Mebalove, and caught this man by the shoulder; but at that moment the bullets he had received had taken effect, and he fell down dead. Besides crushing the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds in the upper part of my arm.'

Some naturalists have represented the lion as a solitary animal, seeking no society, and only tolerating that of his wife and offspring for a time. But a very successful lion-hunter, Gordon Cumming, says that on many occasions he saw three or four lions hunting together. Once after shooting three rhinoceroses, he took up his position in a hole near a fountain. After night had fallen he saw, moving about the spot where the carcases were lying, a number of animals, which afterwards proved to be six lions, twelve or fifteen hyenas, and several jackals.

The strength of the lion can scarcely be estimated. One blow from the paw has been known to fracture a man's skull, or dash an ox to the ground. The Rev. J. G. Wood once saw a lion 'with a wave of the paw' dash his partner, a full-grown lioness, from one end of the cage to the other. A. R. B.



Booksellers' Row, looking East and West.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Booksellers' Row and its Neighbourhood.

THERE still remain, near St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand, several of the narrow, winding streets which belong to a very different time to the present. Some of them, like Booksellers' Row, have been altered and improved, but courts and alleys, not pleasant to the eye, the ear, or the nose, still exist not very far off from these churches.

The old name of Booksellers' Row was 'Holywell Street;' but the new name is suitable, for it has

numerous book-shops and stalls. In the olden time there were many wells and springs about London, of great use to the people; they were not all called 'holy wells.' Near St. Clement's Church, however, there was a well which was named after the saint; it may have been one of those wells of mineral water which people drank to cure diseases. Holywell Street got its name from this St. Clement's Well. At one time most of the shops in this street had those swinging signs which were then common about London; two of these which are mentioned in books were a 'Half-moon,' and a 'Golden Balls.'

Some fixed signs might have been seen also, such as the figure of an Indian queen placed above the shop of a dealer in silks. The last left of the signs was a lion's head. Even nowadays Holywell Street has the old narrowness, and a few of the ancient fronts, with low first-floors projecting over the shops, yet remain. Some of the old-fashioned shops were built with what was called a 'bulk,' that is, a heavy canopy over the doors, and the first-floor was set back.

When we first read about Holywell Street, the shops were mostly occupied by mercers and dealers in clothes, new or old. By degrees the booksellers established themselves there, and have kept possession; not only Booksellers' Row, but several streets near, are famous for their book-stalls, where you can turn over all sorts of old books, and buy them at all prices from a penny upwards. But Paternoster Row is now the real booksellers' row of London.

P.

GOOD ADVICE.

IF you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:—
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid:—
'Myself' and 'I,'
And 'mine' and 'my,'
And how 'I do' or 'did.'

A GARDENER MADE A KING.

WHEN Alexander deposed Strato, King of Sidon, he bade his favourite, Hephæstion, choose a king from among his friends. Hephæstion chanced to be lodging at the time with two young men, who were brothers, and members of one of the best families in the city of Sidon. Hephæstion thought that one of these well-mannered youths would make a good sort of king; or, as they were so amiable, and so greatly attached to one another, they might jointly rule, as was sometimes done; but, when Alexander's favourite mentioned his choice to the brothers, they at once refused the proffered honour. 'We cannot accept the dignity you so kindly propose to confer on us,' said they, 'because it is contrary to our laws that any one should occupy the throne of Sidon unless he has the blood royal in his veins.'

Hephæstion thought that his master's power, which had conquered Sidon and deposed her king, was strong enough to change an old law like that; but his arguments could not shake the resolve of the brothers. They, at least, would not make themselves great by law-breaking, and Hephæstion could not help admiring their scruples, and he commended them for behaving more nobly than he thought any one else would have done. 'But,' said he, 'if you will not wear the crown yourselves, because you are not members of the royal family, you must find some one who is related to the King, and who will accept the honour which I am ordered by my master to confer on somebody.'

The brothers knew several persons in Sidon who were connected more or less nearly with the King's family, but there was not any one of them whom they thought so worthy of the exalted post as a man named Abdolonymus, and he was now so poor that he had to earn his bread by working in a garden outside the city wall.

Hephæstion listened in surprise; but, as he admired the brothers' prudence, he raised no objection to Abdolonymus on the score of his being so poor. He bade them go and apprise him of the good fortune which was about to befall him.

The brothers at once went in search of the gardener, carrying with them the royal robes and crown; and in his garden they found him, with a hoe in his hand and hard at work. How astonished he must have been when the brothers saluted him as King of Sidon, and showed him the regalia which he had to put on. 'And,' said the brothers, 'when you are quietly seated on the throne, remember to practise those virtues which have made you worthy of sitting on it.'

Abdolonymus looked from one to the other as if he were a man in a dream, and then, half angry and half amused at their joke, he said that he wondered they were not ashamed of making game of him on so serious a subject. They assured him that they were in earnest, and, taking hold of him, they dragged him forcibly into his cottage, where they arrayed him in the Sidonian purple and swore allegiance to him, and then led him away to the palace.

This strange event soon became the talk of the town; and, while all the people of the lower and middle classes were greatly pleased at the poor gardener's elevation, the proud nobility and the rich merchants resented it as an insult that they should have to bow to a man who but yesterday worked for his bread in a garden.

These discontented subjects showed their contempt for their new King; but Alexander, who had heard of Hephæstion's choice, was much amused, especially when he understood that the Sidonian grandees were indignant. He resolved to make the malcontents understand that their new King was at least honoured by Alexander; so he sent for Abdolonymus, anp took care that every one in Sidon should hear of it. When Abdolonymus came, Alexander looked at him

a long while, and then he said: 'Abdolonymus, thou hast a princely air, and, but for the traces of labour on thy hands, thou mightest well have been born in a palace; but tell me, how didst thou bear thy poverty, from which but yesterday thou wert released?'

Abdolonymus considered a while, and then he made this noble reply: 'O King, I bore my poverty with patience, and even with happiness, for I was contented, I was honest, and I was at peace. I pray that I may bear the weight of this crown with equal fortitude. These hands,' continued he, holding them aloft, 'have procured me all I desired; and, whilst I possessed nothing, I wanted nothing.'

This answer affected the heart of Alexander so much that he ever after respected the gardener-king, and, in order that he might have enough to maintain his dignity, the conqueror furnished his palace very sumptuously, and added a province to his dominions. G. S. O.

TOLL-BAR OR GATE.

BY the old laws of our land the repair of all roads fell on the parishes through which they passed. When the parish, however, was a small one and yet lay on the road which led from one large city to another, it was manifestly unfair that such small parish should be asked to keep in repair a road for the endless carriages and horses which were daily passing along it for purposes of their own.

In these circumstances, such roads were placed under the management of trustees, who were empowered to take tolls from those who passed along the road, in order to save the parishes from a charge too heavy for them. The railways, of course, largely changed this state of things, and after much agitation in England on the question of toll-bar abolition, it was fixed in the year 1867 that the maintenance of all roads should be provided for by a rate levied on the adjacent districts. Since then toll-bars are things of the past.

Many strange stories are on record of the experiences of men who have been in charge of toll-bars in lonely situations. The following may be given as a specimen.

It was three o'clock on a miserable wintry morning that the gate-keeper of a certain wild district in Scotland was roused from his sleep by loud and impatient cries of 'Gate! gate!' accompanied by the snorting and stamping of a horse. The gate-keeper, lantern in hand, peered cautiously all round before he opened the gate; he had a considerable sum of money in the house, and more than once he had been attacked through the night by men, who were only too willing to relieve him of his gold. This particular night was very dark, and all that he could make out was a high dogcart in which sat three men, one of them apparently ill, or intoxicated, as his companions, one on each side, seemed to be supporting him lest he should fall.

'How long are we to be kept here?' cried one of the men; 'open the gate this instant unless you like a taste of cold steel in your ribs.'

'Hush, hush!' whispered his companion, 'why make a row?'

Then his voice fell to a lower whisper still, so that the gate-keeper could not distinguish what was said. He opened the gate as he was bound to do, while the more impatient of the travellers threw a coin to him, and then smartly struck his horse, urging it to full speed. But the horse swerved, the wheel came in contact with the gate, and the hat of the sick man fell to the ground, revealing a face which struck the gate-keeper with horror. 'Heaven and earth,' he said to himself, 'as sure as I stand on my feet that is the face of a dead man.'

Ere these thoughts, however, had quite presented themselves to his mind, the dogcart with its strange occupants had gone on its way at a rate which promised to bring the journey very shortly to a disastrous conclusion.

The gate-keeper, after groping about for the coin, which, however, he could not find, retired to his cottage, pondering over the scene which had just passed.

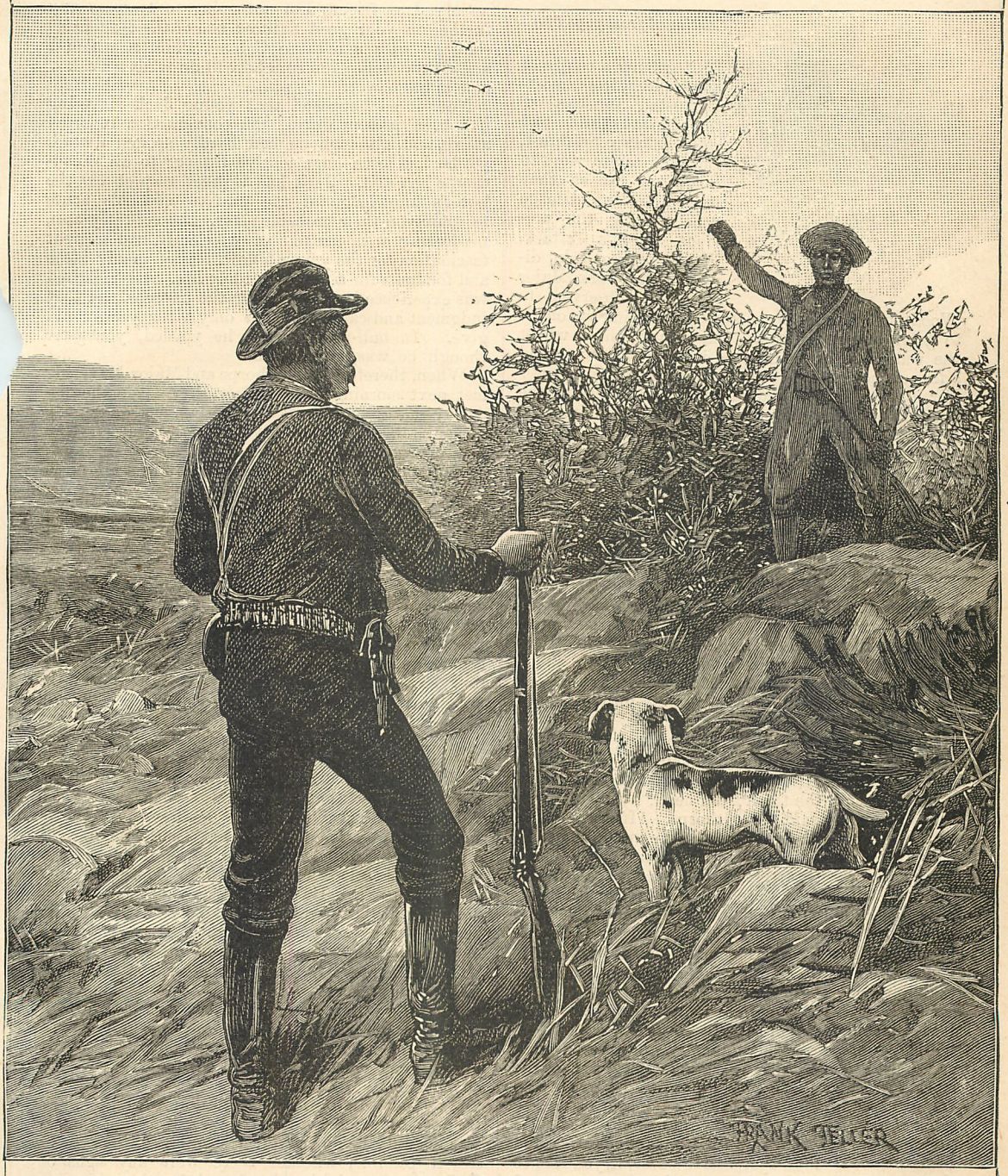
'We are sure to hear more of this to-morrow,' he said to himself. 'What could it be? A duel most likely, or a murder. But why should they carry off the dead man?'

Not being able to come to any conclusion on the matter, the gate-keeper once more sought his couch and was undisturbed till daylight, when he once more rose to look for his lost sixpence. He found the money this time, but it was not a sixpence, it was a half-sovereign. The man shook his head, 'Men don't throw about half-sovereigns like that,' he said to himself, 'unless they are in a very particular hurry indeed. Well, well, I'm sure to hear something before long.' And so he did.

The morning hours had scarcely passed, when the toll-bar was visited by a policeman who informed the gate-keeper that a neighbouring churchyard had been desecrated, several graves having been opened, and the corpse of a man carried away. Here we must explain to our readers that all this took place in that terrible time when (there being no provision made by law for the study of anatomy) medical teachers were compelled to purchase bodies, or 'subjects' as they were called, from any one who offered them for sale, as without these medical students could not pursue their education. This horrible traffic soon led to murder, and many a helpless and friendless creature was done to death in order to keep up the supply. Body-snatching as it was called has been long a thing of the past, proper provision having been made for the wants of the medical schools, but at this present time there exists in the city of Edinburgh an ancient churchyard in which there are many family burial-places, all of them securely fenced round with iron bars and covered over with the same, these being originally placed there in order that the dead bodies beneath might not be disturbed. In the same churchyard there stands a tower in which for many months during that sad time a watchman was placed every night with a view to still greater security. Let us be thankful that we live in better times, when all such horrors have passed away for ever. D.



The Toll Bar.



Taori discovers traces of Jack.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 59.)

AFTER getting a couple of hours' sleep, the almost-exhausted inmates of the Homestead had eaten a hasty breakfast, and then set to work to repair, as far as they were able, the damage done during the previous night's attack. Whilst engaged in directing this work, Major Havering observed to Woodthorpe, 'Frankly, now, do you think we ought to get into Grahamstown and remain there whilst the war lasts, or should we, in your opinion, stand a fair chance of resisting any ordinary attack here? For every reason I should prefer not to leave the place unless I am obliged. What do you advise me to do, Woodthorpe?'

The latter looked critically round at the house; then he shook his head, and answered, 'The place isn't tenable, Major. That thatched roof alone is such a source of weakness, that if everything else were perfectly impregnable — and you, as an old artillery soldier, know it isn't, although it is well fenced up for an impromptu affair—the fact that the place is so easily burnt is fatal. The only course that is likely to be safe is to take yourselves and all your most valued possessions to the immediate neighbourhood of Grahamstown.'

'Why do you say "likely to be safe?"'

'Well, because I don't think it by any means certain that you will now get safely into Grahamstown with your belongings.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed Major Havering in astonishment. 'Do you really mean to say that you think it possible that Caffres would attack us in broad daylight going into the town from here?'

'Why not?' said Woodthorpe. 'If they are in sufficient force—that is generally the first, almost the only thing these fellows think about. We know there are several parties of them near here, and in their present excited state, when they are indulging in visions of unlimited plunder, and even of sweeping us out of their country altogether, you may depend upon it, if they see their chance, your worldly goods and chattels will be no more safe from their clutches than any one else's.'

'If that is your opinion—and you know that I value your opinion highly in these matters—it will be best to face the unpleasant business at once, and make a move with the most valuable part of the stock, especially the blood-horses, as soon as we can. Do you think the authorities could spare us a few soldiers to safeguard the party into the town?'

'They are very hard up for troops themselves, and I know have none to spare. However, if you like to chance your request being refused, a mounted messenger might be sent in to ask,' replied Woodthorpe, doubtfully. 'It is rather too late to start now, but to-morrow at daybreak I'll go, if you will lend me a horse that can gallop.'

'My dear friend, I'm not going to trespass any further on your good nature; one of the Hottentots shall go with a note to Colonel Phillips, whom I know very well. I'm sure he will do what we ask if it is in his power.'

Now it so happened that young Jack Havering had been present during the conversation reported above, and, although he had hardly spoken a word, yet he had been an attentive listener to all Woodthorpe had said. Jack had a great respect for the latter's knowledge of the natives and his acute reasoning on their probable plans. His accuracy also, in dealing with matters of woodcraft, had a great fascination for the young fellow, full of manly ideas and fondness for a rough, outdoor life. All he lacked was experience in the ways of the savages, and that judgment and caution which only riper years could give. In bull-dog courage he yielded, youngster though he was, to no man.

When, therefore, Woodthorpe and Major Havering met next morning at breakfast, they made the discovery that Master Jack was missing, and, on inquiry at the stable, it turned out that before daybreak he had ordered his favourite horse to be saddled, countermanded the order to the Hottentot who was to have ridden to Grahamstown, and who was nothing loth to be relieved of a highly risky business; and leaving a message for his father that he would be out there again the next day, cantered gaily off.

Major Havering, although secretly pleased with the spirit his lad had shown in coolly undertaking so dangerous a mission, yet could not conceal his fears for his personal safety. He fidgeted about for some time, but at last he took Woodthorpe into his confidence, and said, 'I am afraid my poor boy may be running himself into great danger by this act. Is there anything, do you think, we could do to——'

'I know what you want to say, Major Havering,' interrupted the other, 'and I only wish to goodness Jack had consulted us before going off like this. Of course, he knew that we should both have opposed him, and that is the reason he went without saying anything about it. I'll just see Taori, and have a talk to him.' And he went out of the room with a very troubled look on his face. Woodthorpe was very fond of Jack Havering. The young fellow was honest, straightforward, and kindly-hearted. His very rashness endeared him to a man who, like himself, had the greatest admiration for true British pluck. Therefore it was, that instead of consoling himself with some such reflection as is expressed in the trite words, 'Oh, I dare say he'll get through the affair all right!' he at once set about the business of seeing what he could do to avert any harmful consequences likely to accrue from the lad's adventure.

As the result of his consultation with the black tracker, he quickly came to the conclusion that it was his duty to go out on a scouting expedition to see, if possible, whether there were any signs of Caffres in the neighbourhood, and for this object no one could be so useful to him as the Australian, who, indeed, would have followed him anywhere. Ten

minutes after this resolution was formed, the two men, well armed, together with Woodthorpe's faithful dog, left the Homestead, to follow on the track in the direction of Grahamstown.

To the Australian, the task of following the spoor of Jack Havering's horse was mere child's play for the first three or four miles; then, as the ground got interspersed with stones and boulders, their progress became somewhat slower, until at length they came to a thicket—merely a big clump of mimosa bushes—close by which the track ran. Here the black, who was walking a few paces in front of Woodthorpe, suddenly paused, and then, dropping on his knees, began a most minute examination of the ground before him. After a time he rose, and, going at right angles to the main track, he examined the stony parts leading away to the high hills on the right. Then he remained a minute or two in deep thought, till a flash of intelligence suddenly passed over his features. The marks he had been so carefully inspecting were now, to him, an open book.

In his quaint, broken language, he informed his master that a 'white fellow' had been there riding a 'white fellow's' horse. [The difference in the hoof-marks between a shod and an unshod horse, of course, would enable him to see this.] That the horse had gone, and that 'plenty black fellows' had been there on the spot, that a struggle had taken place, and that both white and black fellows had gone up into the hills.

Woodthorpe was entirely mystified. If poor young Jack had been attacked, surely he would either have escaped—in which case there would have been the hoof-marks to show—or have been killed, when there would have been some traces of blood, and certainly no mark of his feet going in company with the blacks to the hills. What could possibly have induced him to go up into the hills? and yet he entertained small doubt that it was, indeed, his unfortunate friend, as the continuity of the horse's footmarks, from the Homestead to the spot on which they were then standing, had been practically unbroken.

Whilst he was thus turning over the situation in his mind, Taori had been diligently searching the ground all round, and now returned to him in triumph, with the broken bow of a gold watch and the torn end of a necktie. The latter Woodthorpe recognised at once as Jack's property, and there was now no longer any room for doubt.

But what had become of him? Why had he gone up in company with the Caffres to the hills? Then a light broke in upon him. Contrary to their usual custom, they had spared his life, and, for some purpose which he could not guess, taken him away as a prisoner with them.

What was their object? For what earthly purpose could they have taken the lad captive? Why did they not kill him? These were the questions which Woodthorpe put to himself ceaselessly, and always with the same result—thorough mystification. When he asked Taori if he could suggest any reason, the latter worthy shook his head.

Then Woodthorpe thought out the situation, resolutely putting away from him the thought of his poor young friend's danger as being calculated to disturb his calculations, and bring him, perhaps, to a false conclusion.

There was no trace of the horse; if he had been shot, his body would be lying there; if he had broken loose, they would probably have met him on his way back to his own stable; if he had been stolen by the Caffres, they would find his hoof-marks in conjunction with the spoor of human feet which Taori had so clearly pointed out. Then he looked at the black, and said, 'Taori, that horse must be here.'

The tracker nodded; then, slowly rising from the ground where he had been squatting, he took a long cast round the place, just as a huntsman would do with his pack at fault on the scent of a fox. Then he came nearer where Woodthorpe sat, still moving in an ever-decreasing series of circles, until, at a rough heap of boulders, he made a sudden stop. Beckoning to his master, he pointed through a chink formed by two huge rocky pieces of stone that had evidently been lately disturbed; there, after his eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom within, Woodthorpe could distinctly make out the form of a dead horse!

By dint of tremendous exertions, the two men managed to pull away a small boulder, thus forming a vacant space, through which the tracker thrust his spare, agile form. With laborious care he minutely searched around the carcass of the horse for anything that could give them the slightest assistance in their quest, but in vain. The horse's bridle was gone, but the saddle still remained, the latter being of no use to a Caffre, who always rides bare-back. Satisfied that nothing more was to be learned here, Taori squeezed himself out through the aperture once more, and rejoined his companion in silence.

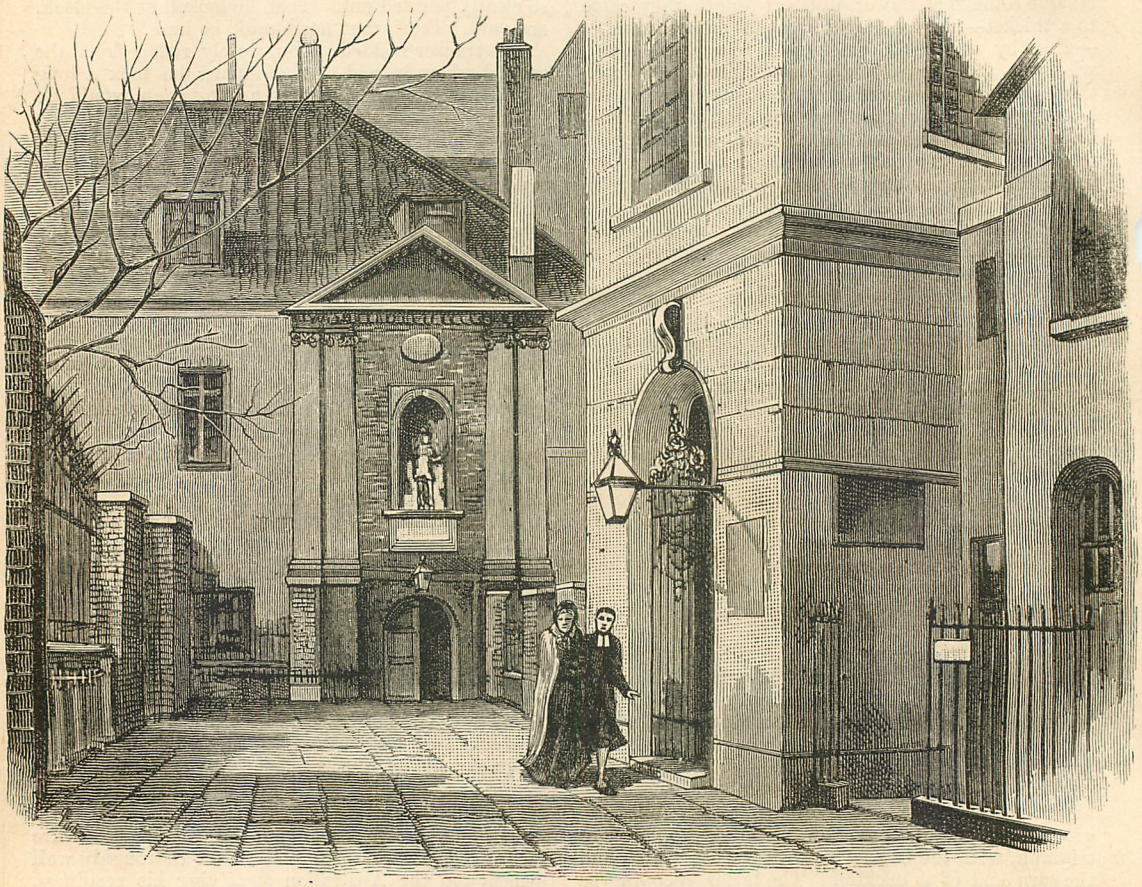
Five minutes later, and Woodthorpe's mind was made up. Without wasting the precious moments by going some five miles back to the Homestead to acquaint Major Havering with his projected movements, or to tell him what he thought had happened to his son, he determined to start at once on the trail of Jack and his captors. The fact that he was accompanied by the tracker was greatly in his favour, as, in addition to his skill in following a spoor, the black was a man of desperate ferocity in a fight, and one who cordially hated the whole Caffre race. They were, fortunately, both thoroughly well armed, and the Australian signifying his readiness, the two men who had stood shoulder to shoulder in half-a-dozen desperate conflicts at once plunged into the scrubby bush, intent upon the work in hand, and thinking not one whit upon the extremely hazardous nature of their enterprise. Woodthorpe, having once made up his mind that he could best serve his friend by starting out immediately in the endeavour to follow him, embarked on the affair with the determination of carrying it out to the best of his ability, come weal, come woe, and the fact that he might pay for his temerity, and his stern resolve to do what he conceived to be his duty, with his life, did not influence him one way or the other. The fact that it *was* his duty was sufficient for him! He left the rest to Providence, and with the fullest faith. As to the Australian, he had that curious, dog-like fidelity to his master, so often seen in the black races. He went because his master went; no better reason,

he thought, could possibly exist. In fact, Woodthorpe's two followers, Taori and the dog, Monkey, acted precisely on the same principle, and, wherever he was, there would his two companions be, as long as he chose to have them with him.

(*Continued at page 74.*)

the good minister, Richard Baxter, upon whose tomb no more fitting epitaph could be inscribed than the title of his own book, *The Saint's Rest.*

A large gallery at the west end of the church is set apart for the use of the 'little bare-headed men in blue petticoats and yellow stockings,' the boys of



Christ Church, Newgate Street.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Christ Church, Newgate Street.

CHRIST CHURCH within Newgate' was founded by King Henry VIII. on the site of a dissolved priory. The priory church was used as a parish church until it was swept away by the Great Fire of 1666. It was rebuilt from the design of Sir Christopher Wren between 1687 and 1704. The Christ Church of to-day is not half as large as the old church. The steeple is 153 feet high.

Here, 'where queens have rested and murderers mouldered,' lies, near the Holy Table, the body of Christ's Hospital. At Christ Church are preached every year the 'Spital Sermons,' and it was on their first appearance at the Spital that the children of the Hospital wore the blue costume by which they have since been distinguished.

These sermons originated in an old custom by which some learned divine was appointed yearly to preach at St. Paul's Cross, on Good Friday, on the subject of our Blessed Lord's Passion. On the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following, three other appointed preachers discoursed in turn upon the Resurrection, at the Pulpit Cross and in 'the Spital' (Spitalfields). On Low Sunday, a fifth sermon was given, when the preacher passed judgment upon the merits of those who had preceded him. At these sermons the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were present,



PEN MAKING.

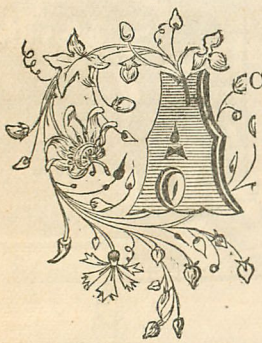
1. Raising or shaping. 2. Annealing. 3. Cutting out blanks. 4. Slitting. 5. Rolling the Steel. 6. Stamping.

ladies also on the Monday taking part in the procession. At the close of each day's solemnity, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs gave a dinner-party, the guests being such of their friends among the Aldermen as had come to hear the sermon.

In 1594, it became necessary to rebuild the Pulpit Cross, and a gallery was erected at the same time for the use of the Bluecoat Boys, who then as now attended these Spital Sermons. During the Commonwealth, the pulpit was destroyed, and the sermons were given up until after the Restoration. Then they were revived at the church of Saint Bride, in Fleet Street. Since 1797, they have been delivered at Christ Church. They are now only two in number, and are preached upon the Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday of every year. The Lord Mayor and Corporation, the Governors of the Royal Hospitals, and the Bluecoat Boys still attend. It is a pretty sight to see the boys marching in procession, each one bearing upon his left shoulder the glad Easter message: '*He is risen!*'

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

PENS.



A CELEBRATED poet tells us that nothing is new. The assertion seems very true of metallic pens. It appears as certain as anything of the sort can well be, that they were known as far back as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and that they were made in large numbers in Birmingham more than a hundred years ago. It was, however, not until 1823 or 1824 that steel pens began to be made by a cheap process and to take the place of the old-fashioned quill. If that process had not been invented, what a flock of geese we should require now! For it is said that fifteen million pens are made in Birmingham every week, and that fifteen tons of steel are used in their making.

To watch how pens are turned out is very interesting. First of all sheets of steel have to be rolled, and as pens are weighed and not counted—a gross being considered to weigh so much—it is clear that those sheets must be of an even thinness. For this reason every part of the steel is measured with very great care, and faulty pieces are rejected. The steel which is all right is cut into strips as broad as two pens, put together, are long.

These strips are given to women and girls called 'cutters,' who sit before presses. The steel is placed over a little hole, and at the swing of a handle down comes a punch, passing clean through the metal, falling into a hole, and pushing the pen blank through. The pieces of steel thus made are taken to another room, and there the hole at the nib is cut out with a second press, just like the first.

The third process, called 'annealing,' is for the purpose of making the steel soft, so that it will not crack or break. It is very simple. The pens are put into a furnace until they become a dull red, and are then taken out and allowed to cool gradually.

Women afterwards take these pens and with wonderful quickness put them under a heavy steel stamp, worked by the foot. This is the stage when the pen receives the name of the maker and all other particulars which may appear on it. Next the pens are bent by yet another press to the shape in which they reach the user, and after that they are again put in a furnace and heated to a dull red. On being taken out they are thrown into oil, and this sudden cooling has the effect of making them so brittle that they may be snapped in two as easily as a piece of glass.

As this process makes the pens very greasy and dirty, the next thing done is to boil them in soda and water, after which they are white and clean. They are then placed in an iron cylinder which goes round and round over a number of gas jets. In this the pens are kept until they turn a dark blue from the effects of heat, and then they are removed. Now the pens are still hard, but they can be bent without breaking. They are, in fact, what is called 'tempered.'

Another cleaning follows. The pens are mixed with wet cinders—or something which looks like that—and churned by machinery in an iron barrel until they become white. When they have been treated in the same way with a fine dry substance they are as bright as silver.

Yet another trifling process comes next, and then we reach what used to be the great secret of pen making. It was done in locked and darkened rooms. The workpeople were bound by oath not to tell. No visitor, not even royalty itself, was allowed to see it. And what is this carefully hidden secret? Merely slitting the pen from the hole (made at the second stage of its journey through the works) to the point.

Simply speaking, the tool which does this consists of a pair of scissors nicely fixed in a press. Each pen is held between two square blades of steel. These, coming together, cut the pen exactly in the middle of the point.

Now the pens are finished ready for use. But some undergo two or three further processes to make them look bright and smart, or to colour them brown or blue, or to make them plated with copper or gilt. Who would think that a pen passed through so many hands and took so much care and skill to make? Yet pens are made with such quickness that they can be sold at very low prices. In Birmingham some kinds have been bought at as little as 1½*d.* a gross. That means that about fifty have been sold for a halfpenny. Only about fifty years ago steel pens not so good as these cost one shilling each. The change has been brought about by improved machinery and by the number of pens which can now be made. Figures prove that more steel is used up for making pens than for swords and guns all over the world.

W.

IF you want to be miserable, look within.
If you want to be distracted, look around.
If you want to be happy, look up.

BOAS AND PYTHONS.

THE title of boa constrictor is applied to several species of serpents who have not venomous fangs, but kill their prey by coiling round and squeezing it to death, the force employed being so great that the bones of the victim—a goat, deer, or even an ox—are heard to snap like pieces of twig. The true boa is a native of Southern and Tropical America. It reaches a large size, often exceeding twenty feet in length. Its dilating powers are really wonderful; the body stretches to a degree which seems absolutely incredible, while the shape of the animal swallowed can often be traced on the skin, as the crushed victim passes through the widely distended jaws and down the gullet. It has been said that before swallowing its prey the boa covers it with saliva, but this is now known to be a mistake, indeed the very narrow and slender forked tongue of the serpent would be about the worst possible instrument for such a purpose. The real truth seems to be that in the act of swallowing a very large amount of saliva is secreted and poured upon the victim, so lubricating it as to aid it in its passage down the throat. After a meal of this kind, the reptile becomes quite torpid, and is easily killed by a single blow.

The anaconda, or water boa, an equally celebrated serpent, is also a native of Tropical America, where it frequents the lakes and swamps produced by the periodical inundations of large rivers. It preys upon fish, and those animals that come to quench their thirst. It lurks under cover of the water, and while the unsuspecting animal is drinking, it suddenly makes a dart at the nose, and holds on with such a terrible grip, that it seldom fails to secure the terrified creature. The colour of this serpent is a rich brown; two rows of large black spots run along the back, while each side is decorated with light golden rings edged with black.

The rock serpent of Natal is another snake which kills its prey in a like manner with the boas. It also attains to a great length. A well-known sportsman is said to have killed one which measured twenty-one feet.

The serpents known as pythons are remarkable for their habit of depositing the eggs together, and coiling their bodies around them so as to form a large conical heap. They are inhabitants of Asia, India being their chosen home, where they are said to attack and overcome the dreaded tiger himself. Judging from the size and strength of this reptile, this may be possible.

Pythons live well in captivity. It is on record that one which had lived for years in the Zoological Gardens in the same apartment with an equally large relative of his own, was found one morning to be the sole tenant of the cage. For a time the keeper was puzzled to account for this; but the swollen appearance of the reptile betrayed him; he had devoured his friend during the night! It was, however, his last meal, as in a few months this voracious creature died. D. B.

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

4. FORM a proverb from which we may learn that it is not always desirable to look too closely at any (an?) object, from the following letters:—

Sentiment.	Descent.
Clan.	Hand.

5. From the letters contained in the following words a proverb may be formed which indirectly warns against too much self-reliance:—

Drone.	Thaw.	Bone.
Tree.	East.	Hat.

6. From the letters of the following words make a proverb which tells how courage may sometimes be rewarded:—

Rover.	Sheath.	Fred.
Brute.	Nave.	Tin.
Be.		C. C.

Illustrated Answers, page 83.

THE HOOPOE.

THIS bird is well known in many parts of the world; its history may be traced far back into the shadowy past. It was familiar to the Greeks as the Epops, and to the Romans as Upupa. It is now called by the Italians 'Bubbola,' most likely from the peculiarity of its cry. The Hoopoe is common in Egypt. It is also met with in the East Indies, and M. Savi asserts that it is known in America. The only European species is a summer bird of passage on the Continent, where it travels northward as far as Sweden. It never breeds in the British Isles, though it occasionally visits our shores. In his *Natural History of Selborne*, Mr. White observes, 'The most unusual birds I ever observed in these parts, were a pair of Hoopoes, which came several years ago in the summer, and frequented an ornamental piece of ground which joins my garden. For several weeks they used to march about in a stately manner, feeding on the walks many times in the day. They seemed disposed to breed there, but they were frightened and persecuted by idle boys, who would never let them be at rest.'

The appearance of the Hoopoe is somewhat remarkable; its beak is long and slender, finely pointed, the nostrils open and longitudinal in form. The tongue is forked and capable of being extended so as to enable it to reach the juices of flowers. The arched, fan-like crest is formed by two parallel rows of long feathers, of a ruddy buff colour, tipped with black; the feathers of the crest can be elevated or depressed at pleasure, in a slow and graceful manner. The tail is long and has a bar of white crossing it, as shown in the illustration. The bird generally remains concealed among the trees, but it constantly utters the syllable *bu, bu, bu,* with such a strong penetrating voice, that it may be heard at a great distance.

Although the Hoopoe lives and builds in the woods, it may frequently be seen in search of insects



The Hoopoe.

and other kinds of food, in fields, pastures, and even gardens. Mr. Gould mentions that in New Zealand he found them abounding on the hills around Port Nicholson. They feed on insects and fruits, and are very fearless, approaching so closely to strangers as to be easily taken.

W. A. C.



An unexpected attack.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from p.* 68.)

AND now let us return to tell our readers what befell young Jack Havering on that eventful morning, when he started upon his perilous ride into Grahamstown.

As the sun rose in all its semi-tropical glory, the young fellow rode fearlessly forth, and keeping a bright look-out around him for anything in the shape of Caffres, he put his good horse into a steady canter across the veldt, and on by the side of the waggon track, leading to his destination.

When about three-quarters of an hour's easy ride from his starting-place, he pulled his horse up into a walk, and began to think whether, after all, he had not done rather an unkind thing, in thus coming off alone, without giving his father any chance of arguing him out of it. He feared that Major Havering would have an anxious time until his return; then his thoughts took another direction, and he felt delighted at the idea of seeing his mother and sister again within a few hours. Naturally, he had missed them both greatly, and the house felt very empty indeed without them. He wondered, too, how they were getting on, and what they did to amuse themselves in the almost beleaguered town. He felt also the pleasure that always accompanies the bearing of welcome tidings, for he knew how pleased they would be to hear that Major Havering and himself were about to come into the town to join them.

Suddenly his horse gave a wild leap into the air, almost unseating him, and, at the same moment, two puffs of white smoke, accompanied by the crackle of musketry fire, announced the presence of an enemy in the bushes to the right of him. Drawing a pistol, he rapidly looked down to see if his horse was hit, and as he did so, three more shots were fired, one of which penetrated the poor brute's right lung, and he dropped like a stone.

With a yell of triumph, at least a dozen dusky warriors, assegai in hand, ready to throw, advanced at a rapid pace to where horse and rider lay stretched on the ground. However, as the foremost savage approached, young Jack, half dazed by the fall, struggled to his feet. As he realised the loss of the good horse he had loved so well, Jack ground his teeth in rage, and he dealt the first Caffre such a blow on the jaw as to lay him flat on his back, with his heels in the air. The next man paused, not much liking that kind of fighting; but as Jack turned to pick up the pistol which had been jerked out of his hand as the horse fell, two or three Caffres together made a rush at him, and in an instant the young fellow was overpowered and helpless.

Then ensued a short, but earnest colloquy between the savages as to the expediency or otherwise of killing him; most of them being in favour of so doing, whilst one in especial, who seemed to hold some sort of authority amongst the rest, argued that they might, by saving their captive alive, be enabled to effect an exchange of prisoners with the military authorities at Grahamstown. The fact of the matter was that a well-known chief of the Amakosa had been taken prisoner a fortnight beforehand, and was at that time in 'durance vile' in Grahamstown. This band of Caffres thought that, by sparing his life, they might give up Jack Havering on condition of receiving back their captured chief in exchange. This being so, they determined upon taking the young fellow, securely bound, into the bush with them, until such time as they had a chance of driving a bargain with the authorities.

Jack's feelings, as he was dragged away towards the hills, with his horse shot, his people in absolute ignorance of his fate, and with his own arms tied tightly behind his back, cannot be described. He had seen the care with which his captors had dragged the body of the horse out of sight, and done their best to efface any marks that could be of assistance in the event of an attempt at pursuit, and his heart sank within him as he realised what a poor chance of rescue there would be even should his friends, by any lucky chance, hear what had befallen him. His knowledge of the Caffre tongue was too slight to enable him to understand from their conversation what their motive could be in so running counter to their almost universal custom of killing, and never taking prisoners. Then he tried hard to remember whether Caffres ever tortured their captives, or whether that horrible practice was confined to North American Indians. He could not think; all he could do was to try and 'keep up his pecker,' as he said to himself—be as cheery as possible under such very adverse circumstances, and accept whatever fate was in store for him with the calmness and bravery of a clear conscience and a Christian spirit.

Steadily they marched on nearly all the day, under the burning African sun, till, towards the evening, a halt was made for food and rest. Satisfied that escape was impossible, they permitted Jack to go to a little streamlet and bathe his hot head and sunburnt face. Then they gave him some mealies to eat, and prepared to make a big repast themselves, as some consolation for the labours of a long day.

Whilst eating his mealies, Jack, you may be sure, was carefully thinking over his unpleasant situation, and discussing with himself the chances of escape. When he looked round on the party of stalwart savages in whose midst he was, his heart sank within him. Then he thought, with great bitterness of spirit that he would not even be missed for two days; that would give such a start that, even if his friends knew in which direction to begin a pursuit, they would never be able, even with the most desperate exertions of which men were capable, to make up for the precious time then lost. Two days start! Where would they not get to in that space of time?

That night he slept soundly, in spite of the strange surroundings. Nature will not be denied for long, and though troubles and worries, danger and tribulation, may keep one awake a certain length of time, yet that length has its limits, and even the occupants of the condemned cell in a prison mostly sleep for

some hours during the night before their execution. The next day was almost a repetition of the previous one, with this exception—that they did not cover so much ground, as, in addition to the hills, up which they had to climb, being steeper, and more thickly sprinkled with rough stones, the savages moved more leisurely, evidently thinking themselves now quite safe from pursuit.

When they camped again for the night, they held a further consultation amongst themselves as to what should be done with their prisoner, and after much talk, and not a little dissension between the conflicting parties, it was finally settled that, unless within a month they got a chance of exchanging him for their captured chief, he should be put to death.

Jack, wholly unconscious of what fate was in store for him, and sorrowing chiefly for the sufferings of his people, which he knew would be very severe, had tried two or three times, whilst tramping along, to drop an article of his belongings to serve as guide to any pursuing party. At first he dropped, apparently by accident, his handkerchief, but his sharp-eyed, suspicious guardians immediately picked it up and confiscated it. Then he threw away his hat, but this was also at once picked up, and replaced on his head, with a thump. At last he managed to knock up against a dwarf tree, snapping a branch off, and thus showing the way they had taken; then he contrived, unseen by any one, to drop part of his broken gold watch chain on to the lower twigs of a thorn bush. This he knew, if only it were seen by anybody following their spoor, would tell them who it was that was being thus dragged prisoner away.

Late that afternoon, they reached a rocky, stony bit of ground, with boulders so massive that a sort of cave had been formed by half-a-dozen of them, which lay close together. Just outside this they all lay down, in order to pass the sultry African night.

With a heart much less hopeful than it had been twenty-four hours before, Jack Havering said his prayers, like the good, brave lad he was, and committing himself and all his loved ones to the care of God, he laid him down to get what sleep he could.

(*Continued at page* 84.)

PARROTS NOT THE ONLY MIMICS.

WHILE resting after climbing to a kestrel's nest,' writes a correspondent of the *Zoologist*, 'I heard, as I thought, the note of a kestrel just behind me, but on turning round I saw that the note was produced by a starling. The bird then began whistling the ordinary notes of its own species, but soon these were changed for the twitter of the swallow, and then for the call of the partridge. The reproduction of the different birds' notes was perfect. The starling was close to me the whole time, so that I could easily see that it sang all the notes.

'I have many times,' he continues, 'noticed a starling imitate the notes of one single other species, but never before heard it "take off" so many birds in such quick succession.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

4.—ACROSTIC.

Subject.

A CHRISTIAN name borne by all of the following persons:—

1. A warlike king of Scotland, who saved his country from great danger.

2. A king of France, more famed for charity and benevolence than for wisdom and strength of character.

3. The eldest son of a king of England who ruled over another country.

4. A well-known Scottish poet.

5 and 6. Two noblemen, favourites of a queen.

7. A great English poet who lived and died in the course of the present century.

8. A celebrated English Statesman, who flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Letters.

1. A great Roman general, who distinguished himself in the Persian wars.

2. A famous Latin poet.

3. A town in Cork, situated upon a bay of the same name.

4. The first king who ruled over all England.

5. An ancient city in France, where the kings were formerly crowned.

6. A river between England and Scotland. C. C.

[*Answers at page* 99.]

ANSWERS.

3.—1. 11 half-crowns, 17 florins. 2. 5 and 6.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

THE sun had set behind yon hills,
Across the dreary moor,
When, weary and lame, a poor boy came
Up to a farmer's door.
'Can you tell me,' said he, 'if any there be
That will give me employ,
To plough and sow, reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy?

'My father is dead—and mother is left
With her five children small,
And, what is worse for my mother still,
I'm the biggest of them all:
Though little I be, I fear no work,
If you will me employ,
To plough and sow, reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

'And if you will not me employ,
One favour I will ask,
To shelter me till break of day
From this night's bitter blast.
And at break of day I'll trudge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ,
To plough and sow, reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.'



"In course of time he grew a man." By W. H. J. Boot.

The farmer's wife cries, 'Try the lad,
Let him no further seek:'
'Oh, yes, dear father,' the daughter cries,
While tears run down her cheek;
'For those that will work, it's hard to want,
And wander for employ;
Don't turn him away, but let him stay,
And be your farmer's boy.'

In course of time he grew a man;
The good old farmer died,
And left the lad the farm he had,
And his daughter to his bride.
Now the lad a sturdy farmer is,
And oft he thinks with joy,
On the lucky day he came that way,
To be a farmer's boy.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Newgate Prison.

DOES not this grim old edifice look every inch a prison? It reminds one of those oft-quoted words of Dante: 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!'

How many scenes of horror have been enacted within and around these walls! The front of Newgate was the place of execution in London from 1783 to 1868, in which latter year an Act was passed directing that in future executions should take place within the walls of prisons.

Strong as Newgate is and was, some have escaped from it. The most notable escape on record is that of Jack Sheppard, in 1724. Jack was a young London carpenter, who was condemned to death for stealing some cloth from a draper in the Strand. He got out of Newgate twice, the second time in a very daring fashion. Only a few nights after his second escape, he committed another robbery, and two nights after that, being foolish enough to get drunk with his mother in the neighbourhood of his old haunts, he was captured, and thrown again into Newgate, this time to escape no more. Jack was hung at Tyburn, after having had his portrait painted in prison by Sir James Thornhill. His adventures caused a great sensation; Harrison Ainsworth has made him the hero of a novel.

Another memorable lodger in Newgate was Dr Dodd, who, in 1777, before he was hanged for forgery, preached his own funeral sermon.



Newgate Prison.

Newgate is an ancient place. Stow reckons that it was the fifth principal gate on the city-wall. It was first built about the reign of Henry I. or Stephen. and was used as a prison as early as the reign of King John.

It has suffered many changes. Once it was rebuilt by Sir Richard Whittington, the 'Dick Whittington' of nursery fame. A statue of him, accompanied by his famous cat, was placed in a niche upon the wall.

After the Great Fire, Newgate had to be restored, and the task was entrusted to Sir Christopher Wren, who must have been very busy in those days. The

present structure was designed in 1770, by George Dance, R.A. The first stone was laid in May of that year; but in 1780, before the work was completed, Newgate was attacked, broken open, and burnt to the ground by Lord George Gordon's rioters. Charles Dickens describes this incident in his *Barnaby Rudge*.

Thirteen years after his followers had destroyed the prison, Lord George Gordon himself died in Newgate, having been imprisoned for a libel upon the Queen of France.

Lord George died of the gaol fever, which used to be terribly prevalent. The condition of old Newgate was deplorable. The good Quaker lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, and her followers, did much for the poor prisoners of Newgate, especially for the women, whom they taught to read and knit. Newgate is now used only as a temporary House of Detention for prisoners awaiting trial, who are conveyed by an underground passage into the dock at the Old Bailey.

LORD RAGLAN'S ARM.

LORD RAGLAN lost his arm by a stray shot, which shattered his elbow, as he was riding with the Duke of Wellington and General Alava from the bloody field of Waterloo. Even when his arm was cut off, not a groan, not a sigh, came from him, the only words he said being, 'Hallo! don't carry away that arm till I have taken off my ring.' The ring, which had occupied more of his thoughts than the pain, was the gift of his wife, and in the midst of his sufferings his whole care was for her. The morning after the amputation he began practising writing with his left hand. When he got back to England he refused to let a groom accompany him in his rides, because, he said, he must learn to open the gates for himself. He was fond of sport, carried a double-barrelled gun, and with only one arm he was such an excellent shot, that his performances excited admiration even in the pheasant covers of Norfolk.

TRAPPING A GRIZZLY BEAR.

I HAVE always had a fancy for the bear tribe, they are such comical animals. They look as if they really enjoyed amusing their little friends. London children know that huge, yellowish creature at the Zoo who stands on his head, and the quaint little black bears that are so clever at catching buns, and the big brown bears that climb the pole in the pit, as well as the solemn white bear that shakes his head as if he was always saying 'No, no' to everybody. Many country children have seen the brown bears that Frenchmen lead about with chains, and, probably, you may have fed them with biscuit and bread, and laughed to see them sit up and beg, or dance round and round and turn head over heels. These creatures look so good and obedient that we can hardly fancy how dangerous and savage many of them are in their wild state.

I am going to tell you a story about a bear which I heard in the Rocky Mountains. The grizzly is larger and much more ferocious than any other of the tribe. A farmer residing near our ranch found out that a grizzly bear was living not far off, and, moreover, that Mr. Bruin was feeding at his expense. One night the bear would kill a cow and eat it, another night a horse, and as to poor little calves, it took several to make his supper. Nor was he contented with the tame animals, but he would prowl round the traps and take out the deer and other creatures which the farmer intended for his own dinner. After a time the farmer sent to the nearest big town, which was a long way off across the mountains, for a very large iron trap. It weighed three hundred pounds, and was fastened to a tree which was cut down on purpose. Then the farmer shot an elk, which is a very large kind of deer, and put it for a bait into the trap.

The next morning he went cautiously to look, and to his great delight he saw Mr. Bruin, caught by a fore-paw, devouring the elk.

Then the farmer went round to call his few neighbours together, and when they had armed themselves with guns and knives, off they started to kill the bear. But imagine how surprised they were on reaching the place to find no tree, no trap, no bear, and only the bones of the poor elk. The prisoner had finished his breakfast and departed, taking the trap with him.

Up a steep, wooded mountain the hunters went, guided by the crushed bushes and grass. On and on they climbed until they came to the top, where the trees ceased. There, with his back to the rock, sat up the big bear on his hind legs, swinging the trap in his front paws. He was evidently much puzzled at his new plaything, from which he could not get free. Poor Mr. Bruin, that elk was his last meal, and though he had managed to get up the mountain so cleverly, only his thick, warm coat ever came down again!

HELENA HEATH.

A CHATTERBOX IN WOOD.

By J. R. S. CLIFFORD, Author of 'Insect Lights and Sounds,' &c.

TWO little boys once paid a visit to an old house in a country village, and went to bed rather tired the first day, for they had been having a long ramble in the evening over the fields. When you are tired you cannot always get off to sleep quickly, not even if you are a boy. They had been lying a short time awake, when one said to the other, 'There must be a watch somewhere in the room, don't you hear it ticking? they didn't tell us about it.' They both listened, and heard the tick! tick! keep on regularly, so they looked on the mantelpiece, the table, and other places, but there was neither watch nor clock to be seen. There was a chest of drawers in the room, so one of the boys put his ear to this, for he thought a watch might be shut up in a drawer, but it did not seem as if the noise came from this chest. Like boys, they were curious to find out—they wandered over the room, and yet they could not tell where the ticking was; indeed, sometimes they heard it plainly in one part of the room, and soon after the tick sounded in another part. Some of the ticks

seemed to be much louder than others, and though they generally came as regular as the tick of a watch is, now and then there would be a silence for several minutes. At last, the elder of the two said it could not be the tick of a real watch, because that would not stop and then go on again if nobody touched it, and the best thing they could do was to go off to sleep, which soon they did.

Next morning, at breakfast, they remembered about this ticking, and asked their uncle about it. He told them that the noise was made by a tiny beetle, or the grub of a beetle, living in old wood, and he took them up again into the room where they had slept, showed them the wainscot in which some of these insects were hidden; he also pointed out to them the round holes which the beetles had made when they were full-grown, and wanted to come out for a walk.

This rather common beetle, which haunts old houses both in town and country, was the cause of many foolish fancies years ago, and, even now, there are people who give themselves a fright when they hear its ticking noise come from the walls or floors. It has sometimes been called the 'Death-watch,' but its proper name is the *Anobium* beetle, and it has many brothers—one of them is the 'book-worm,' which runs tracks or galleries through the paper of old books and their covers too, spoiling sometimes handsome or rare volumes. The tick! tick! of the death-watch has been supposed to foretell that somebody is going to die in the house where it is heard, and persons have so frightened themselves about it that they became really ill. In houses where it is heard for weeks and weeks, as sometimes happens, people get used to it, though even then they often do not find out what is the cause of the tick. This beetle is a little brown creature, with strong jaws, and its claws are black, shaped rather like those of a mole. It begins life, as do other beetles, in the form of a long-bodied grub, and both grub and beetle live hidden in wood, which they bore through easily, and also eat. Some people think the death-watches make this noise to find out if they are near the outside of the wood, and some say it is a call from one beetle to another, when they wish to meet. Either way, it would show that beetles have ears, or something by which they can notice sounds. The tick of the death-watch is more often heard in the night than by day, and it may be loud enough to be heard eight yards off from where the insect is.

How does this beetle tick? Well, it makes the peculiar noise by knocking its head against the wood, so that it must have a strong head, and cannot have headaches. A gentleman saw one do this through a hole in the wood; it lifted up the head and front pair of legs, then swung itself forward by the aid of the middle pair. He found that one of them could, when he chose, give as many as 160 ticks in one minute, but it did not keep on long; this was beating a watch or a clock. Going slower, though regularly, he noticed several of them could make 450 or 500 ticks without taking a rest. Generally one or two beetles are heard at one time, but it has happened that four, five, or six have been caught in the act of ticking, quite a sort of chorus of death-watches.

HARRY HOLT'S START IN LIFE.

'PLEASE, ma'am, have you any work for me to do? I could weed your garden. My father was a gardener, ma'am.'

The woman to whom those words were addressed ceased for a moment from her work of budding roses, and looked kindly in the face of the young applicant for employment, a boy of about eleven years old, but poorly dressed, and presenting altogether a very neglected appearance.

'Is your father dead then, my boy?' she asked. 'Or how is it that you are wandering about in search of work at your age?'

'My father died six months ago, ma'am,' replied the lad; 'and then my mother had to go into hospital. While she was there, I lived with a neighbour, a shoemaker, and went on errands for him, always thinking that mother would soon be home again. But . . . . she never came back, ma'am; she died in hospital, and I am now alone in the world.'

'Poor boy,' replied his new friend. 'I wonder how I can help him,' thought Mrs. Roper to herself. 'He looks honest, but, oh, so poor! But why did you leave your kind neighbour?' she said aloud. 'Was he not willing to keep you any longer?'

'He has gone to New York, ma'am, to join his brother there. If he could have taken me with him, I should have been so glad, for he was always kind to me.'

Mrs. Roper now sat down on a garden chair, and began to consider over the matter. She was a young widow, with two small children, whom she maintained upon the proceeds of her poultry yard and her vegetable garden, her only helper being an old woman, who had been her nurse in more prosperous days. 'This boy might be most useful to me,' thought she to herself, 'if only he is honest, obedient, and truthful; but if he should prove tricky or deceitful, I could not have him in the house; he would corrupt my own children. But, might I not try him? What is your name, my boy?' she asked.

'Harry Holt, ma'am,' he replied. 'It was my father's name before me.'

'Well, Harry,' she said, 'you may stay here for to-day. You may weed this onion bed, and after that you shall have some dinner. Now, do the work as well as you can, and you will find me to be a true friend.'

Then Harry fell to work at once, and did his appointed task so neatly and quickly, that when his kind employer led him into her tidy kitchen, where her children sat at dinner, she could not but bestow a word of praise upon the orphan boy. 'You have done very well, Harry,' she said, as she gave him a plateful of food. 'If you give me satisfaction, I will keep you for a while. I require a lad like you to help in the garden work and with the poultry. But, Harry, all your future depends upon yourself; if



Harry Holt's start in life.

you are idle, or impudent, or untruthful, or disobedient, you will be dismissed at the end of the week, and without a character. But I hope that you may do well, and remain with me for a long time.'

Twelve years after this, Harry was still in Mrs. Roper's service; but he was now a smart young gardener and a married man, living in a cottage of his own, with everything comfortable about him. 'I shall always owe you a debt of gratitude, ma'am,' he said one day to Mrs. Roper. 'It is not every one who would have taken a ragged boy as you so kindly did. You have indeed been the making of me.'

Well, Mrs. Roper had indeed been kind; but her kindness would have availed nothing unless Harry had been steady and obedient, for there is nothing so true as this, that where God has given health and strength to fight the battle of life, it is the honest and steady boy who finds himself victorious. B.



A Queer Salute.

A QUEER SALUTE.

IN different parts of the world people have various ways of saluting or showing respect to each other, and the mode of doing this in one country would sometimes not be understood in another. Europeans generally show respect by bowing, and taking off their hats; but in the East, though the natives bow profoundly, raise their hands to their foreheads, kneel, or even prostrate themselves before high personages, they never remove their head-dress, whether it be turban, hat, or cap. Even the custom of showing kindness or affection by kissing is not universal; many African tribes never kiss, and do not understand the meaning of it. If any one offered to kiss a little Somali girl, she would think that he was going to eat her.

The New Zealanders, and the inhabitants of some of the islands in the Pacific Ocean, greet each other by rubbing their noses together, which seems to us very funny; and the natives of Tahiti show respect to a superior by removing their upper garments from their shoulders. Here, if one man takes off his coat to another it is certainly not to show respect for him.

But the strangest of all modes of salutation is that practised by the Tibetians. Though Tibet forms a part of the Chinese empire, and is governed by officials sent from Peking, the natives have never adopted any of the Chinese fashions, except that some of them plait their long black hair into a tail. The Chinese manner of saluting is by bending the body and joining the closed hands together, and raising them to the forehead, whilst to the Emperor, or in their temples, they go down on their knees and strike their foreheads against the ground; but when two Tibetians meet, they bow, scratch their ears, and put out their tongues.

In other countries it would not exactly be thought respectful to poke out your tongue at any one, but it is so in Tibet, so widely do national customs and ideas of courtesy differ.

The Abbé Huc, who in 1844 made an expedition from Peking to Tibet, where he resided for a considerable time, gives an amusing account of this strange mode of salutation, and when he found himself in a room full of Tibetians 'all lolling out their tongues in the most polite manner,' he had some difficulty in preserving his gravity. But he got used to it, and as he was disguised as a lama, or Buddhist priest, he went through the ceremony with due solemnity.

A. R.

A LITTLE HERO.

(A REAL ADVENTURE.)

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY, Author of the 'Lads of Lundy,' &c.

YOU who live in England, broad and bonny, and only read of the giant strife that goes on between your ships and the wide ocean, can scarcely understand how much to be dreaded are the seemingly small dangers which assail the Shetlanders dwelling in solitary islets, and continually requiring to cross the channels which divide those deep, sea-girdled homes. Those narrow belts of water are fathoms deep, and are generally bounded by rocks, between whose iron sides that mighty pulse of sea sweeps with terrific force in one never-ending tumult.

It was on a fair summer morning that a boat was launched on Bloo Mull Sound to cross from Yell to Unst. The boat was small, and her crew consisted of two young men, an old cripple, and his son, a boy of thirteen.

The wind was fair, the bit of sea to be travelled was not more than a mile in width, and the waves were rolling with an unusually placid motion. Lightly flew the tiny boat across the Sound, and pleasantly the fishers conversed about one thing and another. Soon the half of the way was left behind, and then a slight change in the wind, as well as the turning of the tide, obliged them to 'set of the sail' anew.

It was a foolish thing to start at a time when the tide was changing, it was yet more foolish to have little or no ballast aboard.

Just as the sail was being hauled up, a passing gust caught it at the moment when the boat was dipping between two 'choppy' waves; and, in one brief instant, the snow-white canvas lay among the surf like a bright bird's plumage when drenched by the storm.

Soon the boat's keel turned up, and the boy was clinging to it, having caught on after being thrown into the water. He did not cry out as most boys would have done, but he looked quickly around for his comrades. The agonised face of one of them was turned to him for one moment, and then the tide, sweeping down the Sound, carried the man away.

Just then a smothered groan reached Ole's ear, and, looking round, he saw his poor, decrepit father feebly clutching at the stern of the boat. But the old hands were unable for the task, and the man must have perished but for the intrepid action of his boy.

Careless of self, Ole' edged his way along the keel till he reached his father, and, stretching out his hand, he grasped hold of him, determined to perish rather than let go that hold.

Old John was almost senseless, and quite unable to assist himself; the boat was drifting rapidly down the Sound, and if she was not soon espied from the land and succour sent, all hope must vanish.

The boy might well have saved his own life, for the young, warm blood in his veins held vigour enough to sustain him for hours, so that while the boat floated he would have held on—probably he would have been picked up by some one of the many fishing-boats scattered over those seas. But the weight of a senseless man hanging on his arm made his task a fearful one; yet the more tired he grew the more closely did Ole' clasp his helpless parent, quite determined to live or die with him.

Can you guess what gave the gallant boy strength for so much? It was the thought of his mother and the petition she had been explaining to him the night before—'Deliver us from evil.'

He repeated the words over and over, thinking, as

he did so, of the soft eyes at home, the soft voice which had taught him, so short a time before, to pray in those words to the Father in Heaven, Who is ever near to those in trouble.

God was surely near the boy, and heard the whispered prayer. Perhaps one of His ministering spirits was hovering over the sea 'strengthening his hands in the Lord;' and so Ole' held on to life and the boat.

Minutes that were as hours sped on, and the hot summer sun rose above the hills of Unst, and looked from his high place beyond the eastern clouds upon the tiny speck among the surges, and upon the boy who was as surely guided and as safely guarded as the sun in his strength, and by the same Hand.

In Unst a woman was busily setting her cottage to rights, against the return of her man from the fishing.

The weather had been very fine for some days, and there was not a fisherman on land in that locality. A pause in her labours caused Girzie to rest by the door, and look out on the sea. The Shetland women instinctively turn to the sea, and gaze over it.

With her hand across her brow, Girzie scanned the bright waves in search of a sail she knew. Ah! what is that which is drifting past, scarce a quarter of a mile from her home by the shore? Sometimes it pauses on the crest of a billow; sometimes it dips lowly, as if to its death, amid the broken waves.

A short, eager scrutiny served to convince Girzie that the object which had fixed her attention was a boat—a boat with human beings clinging to it. And at the moment a clear, young voice was heard crying for aid, for Ole' had seen that he was being carried close to the land, and if not rescued at that place they must drift into a wide and very dangerous channel, where the boat must be broken amid sunken rocks.

A hurried call from Girzie brought a neighbour to her side, and a hurried consultation resulted in the two women going to the rescue in a rickety old boat, left on shore as the worn war-horse reposes in the stable, while the younger and fresher steeds go forth to the combat.

Ole' was saved, and his father too, and the good mother at home never knew how nearly she had lost both until Ole's own lips narrated the adventure to her.

There was a sad, sad part to the story too, and if I had not wished to tell you it exactly as it happened, I would have saved all the men. Alas! the white sail of that unfortunate boat was the shroud of one of her crew. He had become entangled among the tackling, and he was found in the boat, drowned. The other man, as I told you, was swept away by the current. Very few of the Shetland fishers can swim, therefore it seldom happens that a man escapes when an accident of the kind occurs.

It is not always strength and manhood and the pride of life that survive disaster. The frail old man, upheld by a lad's tender power, and the boy, 'in faith believing,' were borne up by the strong Hand which never fails the trusting heart; and so Ole's mother thanks God for her boy who did his duty so well and bravely.

THE NEST THE BIRDS BUILT,

NOT 'THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.'

THIS is the nest the birds built.

This is the egg that lay in the nest the birds built.

This is the twig that screened the egg, that lay in the nest the birds built.

This is the branch that supported the twig, that screened the egg, that lay in the nest the birds built.

This is the tree that nourished the branch, that supported the twig, that screened the egg, that lay in the nest the birds built.

This boy is he who climbed the tree, that nourished the branch, that supported the twig, that screened the egg, that lay in the nest the birds built.

This is the man who caught the boy, that climbed the tree, that nourished the branch, that supported the twig, that screened the egg, that lay in the nest the birds built.

This is the stick, so supple and thick, that was used by the man, who caught the boy, that climbed the tree, that nourished the branch, that supported the twig, that screened the egg, that lay in the nest the birds built.

This is the whacking, so tingling and quick, applied by the stick, so supple and thick, that was used by the man, who caught the boy, that climbed the tree, that nourished the branch, that supported the twig, that screened the egg, that lay in the nest the birds built.

This is the face of nest-robbing Dick, who received the whacking, so tingling and quick, applied by the stick, so supple and thick, that was used by the man, who caught the boy, that climbed the tree, that nourished the branch, that supported the twig, that screened the egg, that lay in the nest the birds built.

OLD LONDON SIGNS.

THE streets of London two hundred years ago must have looked very quaint with the medley of sign-boards jutting out from the houses. There are old engravings dated 1710, and even later, which show what such City streets as Cheapside or Leadenhall Street looked like in those days. The centre of the picture gives some idea of it. Nowadays few shops have a sign, but then it was common to read on the title-page of a book, 'printed at the sign of the lamb in St. Paul's Churchyard.' 'The lamb' or 'golden fleece,' as it was sometimes called, is still seen here and there, but it is now the sign of the woollen merchant, not of the bookseller. The druggist's sign of the 'pestle and mortar,' first known about in 1600, is still common in country towns, so is the striped pole and brass basin of the barber, though it is not now used by the surgeons, as it was in old times. In those days 'letting off blood' was a favourite remedy; the brass basin with a piece scooped out of the rim

was placed against the arm where the vein was opened. The pole, generally a broomstick, was tightly grasped by the patient, and this made the blood flow more freely; the red stripes round the pole are meant to represent the blood. The 'black horse' was the sign of Barnett's Bank in Lombard Street.

Of the other signs shown in the picture, 'the Ape' was the sign of a tavern in the Barbican, and 'the Leathern Bottle' of one only recently pulled down in



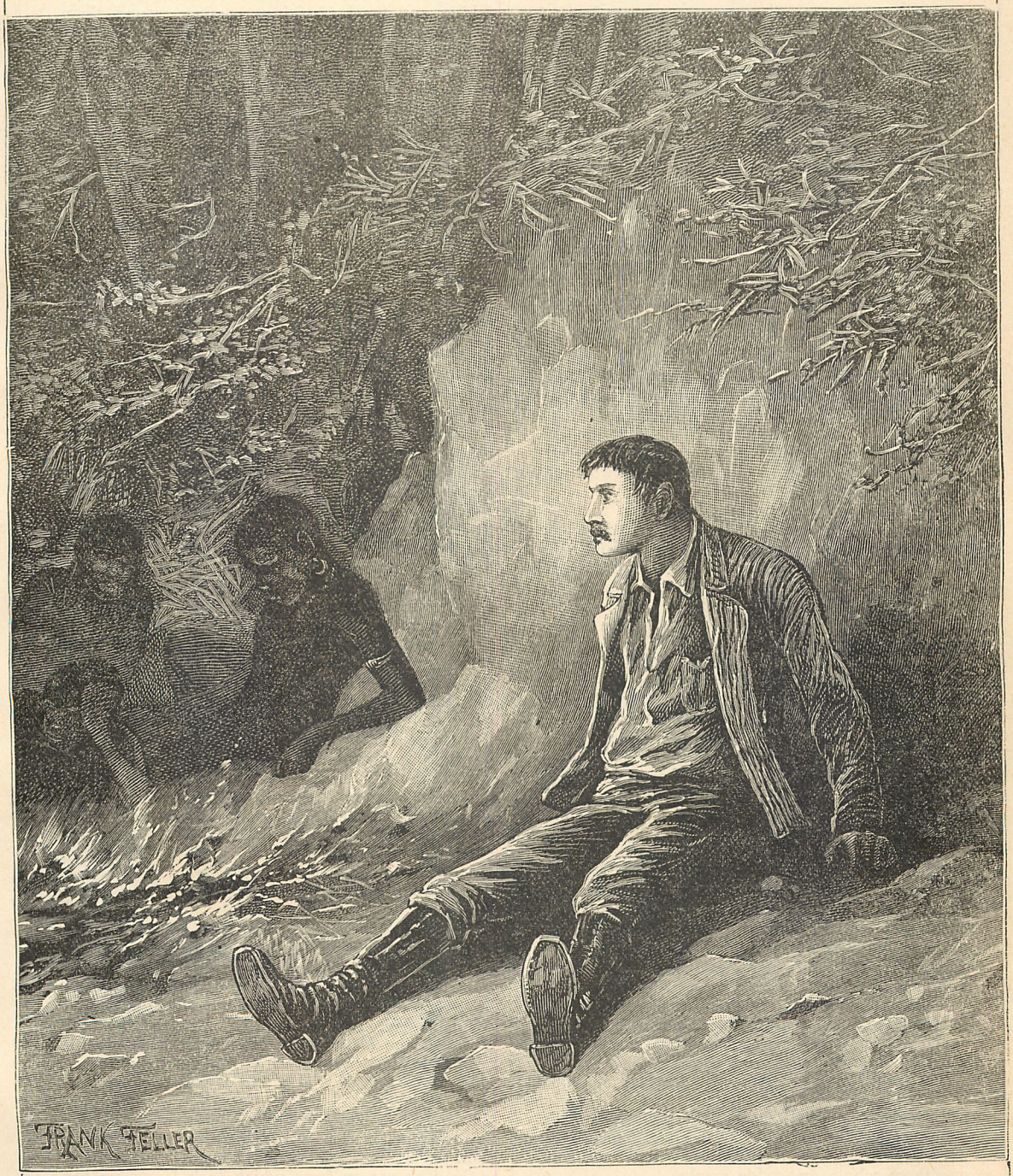
Leather Lane, Holborn. The carving of Whittington and his Cat was dug up at Gloucester, where the Whittingtons had a country house, but it is now to be seen in the Guildhall Museum.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page 75.*)

HAD poor young Jack, in his difficult and dangerous position, known that, within two or three hours of his horse being shot under him, such past-masters in bush life as Woodthorpe and the black tracker were on the same spot; had he known that, without hesitation, they had, like bloodhounds, laid themselves out upon his trail, we can well imagine that his drooping spirits would have revived. But though he himself was, perforce, in utter ignorance, his two allies were not far off. Both men of iron constitution, and equally iron will, cool, daring, and resolute, the Caffre party, although numbering about five or six to one, would hardly have slept so soundly or felt so comfortable had they known that these two were so closely following on their heels. Taori's black, beady eyes had caught sight of the broken watch-chain, which he picked up and showed to Woodthorpe, 'as though,' with an air of contempt, as if he was thinking within himself, 'it was necessary to leave things about to help him (Taori), who had been the terror of all absconding wrong-doers in Queensland!'

We have mentioned that Woodthorpe was, on this occasion, accompanied by his dog. The animal deserves more than a passing word, as his intelligence was of that remarkable order which manifests itself, not in jumping through hoops, or begging for biscuits, but in a subdued appreciation of every turn of its master's head, every expression of his eye. Monkey, as he was called, was certainly no beauty. He was a



Jack Havering a close prisoner.

Spanish brindled bulldog; he never barked, and only bit when he guessed his master's wishes lay in that direction. His absolute silence and cat-like tread made him an invaluable companion on Woodthorpe's many bush journeys and expeditions. Every trick that could be made really useful on such excursions,

Monkey had been taught; every other his master had eschewed, as tending to hamper his memory for the rest.

Just before sunset on the second evening after Jack Havering's capture, the black tracker, turning to his master, said, 'Spoor very warm now. Soon see them I think; not more than a mile ahead of us.'

'Then we'll just take a sleep, Taori,' replied he. 'We don't want to get any nearer to them until some time after he,' pointing with his finger to the great red orb, now setting in the west, 'has gone to rest. Unluckily we dare not light a fire to cook anything'—within the first hour of the pursuit, Woodthorpe had shot a springbok, and they had lived on it since, and still had enough to form a meal—'so we must go to bed hungry,' and with these words he lay down, and in a very few minutes was sound asleep.

Taori did not trouble about cooking, so drawing his curved knife from his belt, he cut a strip of lean flesh from the springbok, and quietly ate it raw. Then he, too, after taking a long and careful look round, threw himself on the ground, and for the space of two hours or so slept the sleep of the just.

When he awoke, Woodthorpe had just begun to give signs of rousing from sleep, and in two minutes more he was broad awake.

A brief conversation ensued between them as to their plan of action, and amongst other things it was agreed that a little farther on the dog should be left, as, although naturally as silent as they themselves, yet the least noise, such even, for instance, as a sneeze, to which we all know dog nature is as prone as human, might betray them, and bring on themselves and the captive instant death. This arranged, they set out on the final stage of their now most dangerous journey without another word.

They had gone something less than half a mile over the rough mountainous track, when Woodthorpe, turning a look, full of meaning, on Monkey's unlovely visage, beckoned him to a place beside a tuft of brown herbage, and said, 'Lie there, doggie; wait,' and Monkey, curling himself up, prepared to stop there, if needs be, for a fortnight, unless his master should call him before the expiration of that time.

Then, on again as before, but using, if possible, even more precaution; and now they creep up a sharper hillock than usual, and the black's quick eye at once catches a glimpse of some thin red streaks of fire on the far side of a tangled thicket. He silently grasps Woodthorpe's arm, and they both remain intently watching.

Half an hour passes, and no word is spoken between the black and the white man. Their eyes are never taken off the small camp fire, which now begins to burn down low.

Then they move very gently forward again, and come into sight of the gorged and tired warriors, lolling about in a half sleepy condition, and smoking lazily. In their midst, Woodthorpe catches sight of Jack Havering, his bonds loosed, and he, the only one there who seems wide awake.

It is just as the two men would have had it; nothing could have been more favourable to their designs. Getting a little nearer, and watching his opportunity when the Caffres were none of them apparently taking any heed of things passing around them, Woodthorpe softly gave a cry in imitation of the noise made by the *Inkans* (monkeys). Jack had half-a-dozen of these curious little fellows running about the stables at home, and Woodthorpe calculated that the familiar cry, coming upon his ear in his loneliness, would cause him to raise his head. By the fast expiring light of the fire, Woodthorpe saw that he did so, looking all around to see whence the noise came. He repeated it, and to his unspeakable delight, Jack gave an answering cough.

One of the Caffres raised himself suspiciously, and glared hard through the gloom at Jack, but that discreet young man had promptly dropped his head between his hands, and affected to be dozing. Nevertheless, the savage rose to his feet and walked a circuit of the camp, poking his long assegai into the bushes as he passed. However, he did not go nearly so far as the thicket in which our friends lay concealed, and after this performance of the duties of sentinel, the fellow returned to his comrades, and between hearty kicks, and a series of prods with the wooden end of his assegai, he managed to rouse them up. They consulted together, and then evidently thought it better that they should all retire to the shelter of the narrow-mouthed cave for the night. Perhaps the chance of their being surprised, and fired upon as they lay asleep on the ground, led them to this determination—perhaps they thought it would be cooler; anyhow, Woodthorpe, from his place of concealment, watched them all creep into that shelter with very mixed feelings in his mind.

It would be far harder for Jack to get out of the cave than it would have been for him merely to get up and creep away from the open ground, where they had all been lying. That was a difficulty. On the other hand, if the captive could manage to get out of the place, Woodthorpe thought he saw a way to dispose of the Caffres, so as to prevent their pursuing, and probably murdering, them.

Half the battle, however, was won. Jack knew that friends were at hand, and that he must endeavour to join them. Therefore it was that, Woodthorpe having fetched Taori up to his hiding-place, both men sat quietly down to wait for the result of the attempt at escape which they were pretty confident young Havering would make some time during the night.

The period for action arrived quicker than either of them had expected. About an hour and a half from the taking up of their position, a slight noise from the mouth of the cave arrested their attention. Their ears were strained to catch the least sound. After the lapse of five minutes or so, they heard it repeated, and began, with cat-like tread, to advance towards it, until within a few yards of the entrance. Then from out of the pitch darkness came Jack Havering.

Even as he silently grasped Woodthorpe's hand, a guttural exclamation in the Caffre tongue caused Taori to dash forward, without a moment's hesitation, to the dark cavern from which Jack Havering had but just then escaped. The black, speaking rapidly (and, of course, in their own language), and addressing himself to the Caffres within, threatened to

shoot the first man whose head showed at the cave's mouth; and as the aperture was a narrow one—so narrow, in fact, that it had been a matter of some difficulty for the biggest men amongst them to enter it at all—the savages were fairly caught, like rats in a trap. They had muskets, it is true, as well as their assegaies; but as may well be imagined, these were of little use to them when it was impossible for any one inside the cave to see out and take aim. They were, at once, furious and powerless.

Then a hurried consultation took place within, and once again they thought they would only have to bide their time in order to be even with the foe that had at present outwitted them. They were as three or four to one, they were equally well armed; how, then, could Woodthorpe and his two companions—for through a very thin crack in the rock they could see that there were no more of them—how they wished that that crack were big enough to thrust the barrel of a rifle through!—hope to get away? Directly they moved off from their present vantage point, the whole force of Caffres would rush out upon them, and the shooting of the three would be a very easy task.

(*Continued at page* 94.)

THE HEDGEHOG AND THE FOX.

A Fable.

A HEDGEHOG, who was highly thought of among his own kindred for his great learning, was very desirous of becoming even more famous. So he determined to see the world, and then return to educate and enlighten the whole race of hedgehogs. His mind being filled with this one project, he would address any animal whom he met, and inquire the best way to attain this object. None of the beasts or insects took the trouble to concern themselves about the matter, for the idea of a hedgehog seeing the world was in itself simply ridiculous.

However a crafty fox, who was addressed one day in the usual way, replied, 'I shall be only too delighted to give you the information you desire. I am myself going to pay a visit to one of my distant relations, so now get ready, and come along with me.' The hedgehog could hardly believe its ears, so delightful the prospect seemed.

But it was no dream, for the artful fox said, 'No time like the present. Let us start at once.' So after bidding his kindred a hasty farewell, the hedgehog joined the fox, and the two travellers trudged on their way. The fox was indeed kind, for he told many stories, of which he was himself the hero, to beguile away the time.

By noon, they had reached the foot of a hill which to the hedgehog seemed to tower to the skies. Here they stopped for a while to rest and have some food.

Then they started again, and at last reached the top. Here the fox said, 'Now, my dear fellow, just come and see what a magnificent view there is from where we are. You will be able to have your first experience of the world, and I can assure you that it will be a good one.'

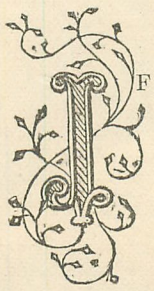
He then graciously helped the hedgehog up from his seat, and pointed out to him the many objects of interest. But would you believe that when the hedgehog was gazing intently upon the far distant scene, the dastardly fox pushed against him with his whole force, and sent him tumbling down over the cliff. He then descended slowly, and made a supper off the hedgehog's carcass.

MORAL: We should not venture upon hazardous undertakings of which we have no knowledge, for there are plenty of cunning rogues who are always on the look-out to entrap the unwary or the inexperienced.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

HAPPY IN EXILE.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



IF this huge and most ungainly animal could not have been made happy in exile, it would have been better far not to attempt to keep him at all, as he needs abundant space, abundance of water, and abundance of suitable food. But all these needed comforts have been secured for his use in the Zoological Gardens, where he may be seen any day enjoying a siesta with many feathered visitants around him, fearlessly picking up the grain which may have fallen from his huge jaws.

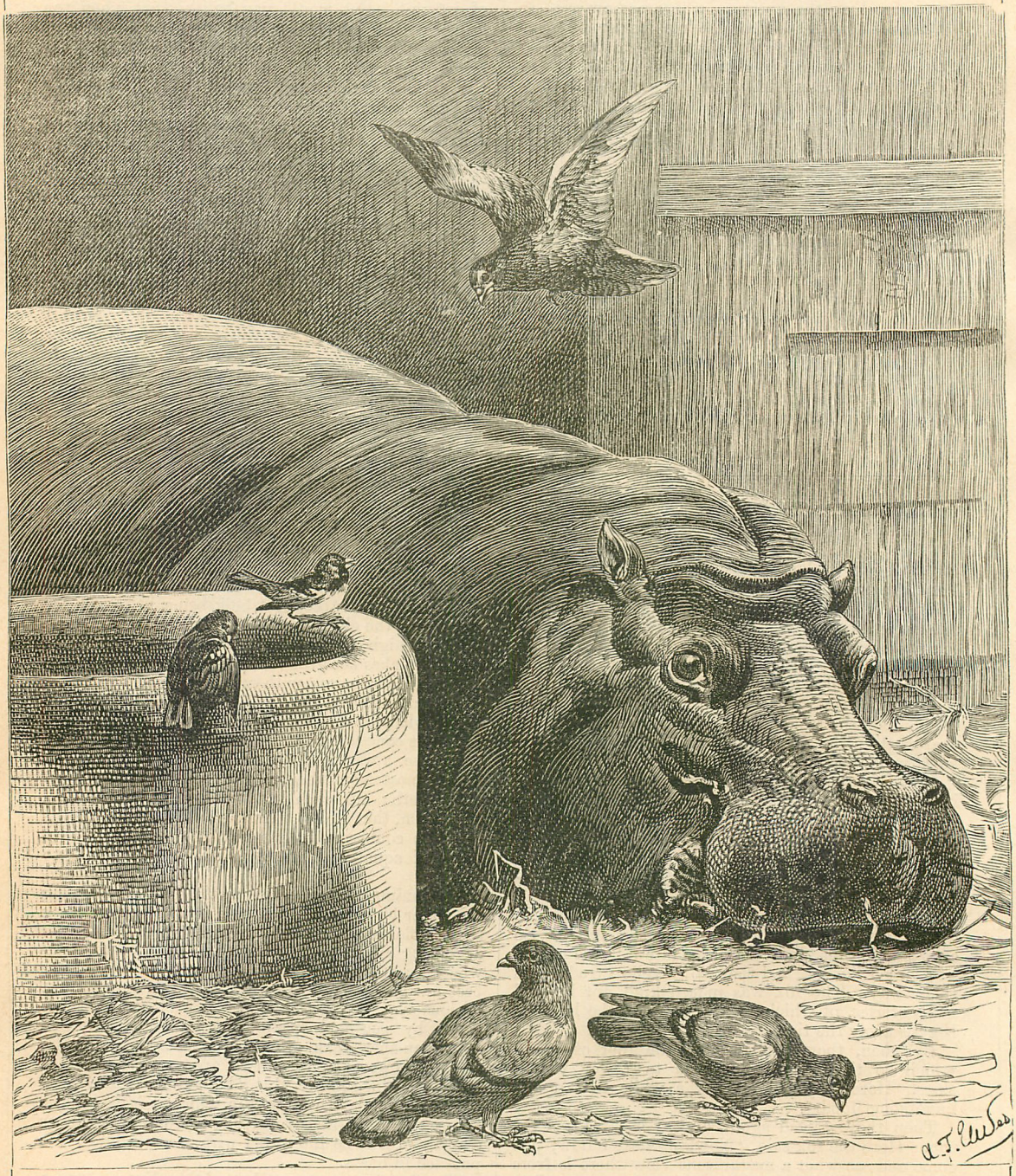
Africa is the only quarter of the globe in which the hippopotamus is found. He is one of the largest of existing quadrupeds, his bulk being little inferior to that of the elephant, although he does not stand nearly so high, the legs being so short that the body almost touches the ground. The head of the hippopotamus is enormous, with small ears, and small eyes placed high in the head. The muzzle is very large and swollen in appearance, with large nostrils, and great lips concealing the huge front teeth.

As the animal only eats vegetable matter, one feels almost astonished at the size and strength of these teeth; but such is the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, that unless furnished with teeth such as these, he could never drag out the roots and great stems of aquatic plants upon which he delights to feed.

This animal is sometimes in the habit of leaving the water by night, and with his companions invading the rice fields of the poor natives, which they ruin by devouring and trampling. As the flesh of this unwieldy creature forms an excellent food, his capture becomes an affair of much interest. He is taken in various ways. A pitfall is one favourite method, death by poisoned spears is another, while the European sportsman, of course, attacks him with the rifle. His great canine teeth are very valuable as ivory. Strange to say, this huge animal is lively and playful in its native waters, in which it feels quite at home. It is inoffensive also, although it becomes dangerous if it be interfered with, especially if it is pursued in boats.

The first hippopotamus brought to Europe was a young one captured in the Nile. It was brought to London in the year 1850, where it was an object of the greatest curiosity.

M.



HAPPY IN EXILE.

The Hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens.



An Astounded Waiter.

AN ASTOUNDED WAITER.

—o—

FOOTE, the comedian, once declared that he would upset the dignity of a certain head-waiter at the principal hotel in Bath, who was famous for his stately manners. Foote went to the hotel with three friends — an engineer who had lost an eye, a cavalry officer who had lost an arm, and an old sea captain who had lost a leg. The quartette seated themselves in the four corners of the room, and called for the waiter, who came in with great dignity.

'Waiter,' cried the one-eyed engineer, 'come and take off my eye-glass;' adding, as the waiter swelled with indignation, 'and, while you are about it, just take out my eye.'

'Your eye, sir?' echoed the startled waiter.

'Yes, my eye; don't you understand English? Look sharp!'

Eye-glass and glass eye came away together, and the waiter looked at them doubtfully as they lay in the palm of his hand.

Just then the one-armed dragoon called to him: 'Waiter, take off my glove; and, now that I think of it, take off my arm!' Glove and hand gave way at the first effort, and the waiter, appalled to see his customers thus tumbling to pieces, was turning hastily away, when the one-legged sailor shouted: 'Waiter, pull off my starboard boot, and you may as well pull off my leg too!' The poor waiter shudderingly complied. Instantly the previously loosened straps of the cork leg gave way, and down went the dignified waiter on his back, with the artificial limb in his grasp. It was enough. Forgetting everything in his longing to escape from this chamber of horrors, the waiter, casting a terrified glance at the limbs which strewed the carpet, sprang toward the door. But, before he could reach it, Foote himself called out, 'Waiter, come and take off my hat, and, while you're at it, take off my head!'

Human nature could bear no more. The poor, frantic waiter rushed downstairs, upsetting not only his dignity, but himself so thoroughly, that to the day of his death he was never quite himself again.

NO RELATION TILL HUNG.

SIR NICHOLAS BACON being once, in the capacity of judge, on the point of passing sentence on a fellow just found guilty of a robbery, the culprit begged him to spare his life; and, among other things, alleged he had the honour of being one of his lordship's relations.

'How do you prove that?' said Sir Nicholas.

'My lord,' replied the man, 'your name is Bacon, and my name is Hog, and hog and bacon have in all ages been reckoned akin.'

'That is true,' answered the judge; 'but hog is never bacon till it has been hung, and therefore until you are hung you can be no relation of mine.'

A VOYAGE WITH A COUGAR.

THE only indigenous long-tailed cat in America, north of thirty degrees, is the cougar. This fierce animal measures about six feet in length, including the tail, and is of a tawny red colour. Its legs are short and strong, and the back long and hollow. The cougar is akin to the tiger, the jaguar, and the panther. It is solitary in its habits, and is a splendid tree-climber. It often lies along a horizontal branch from which it can spring upon any unwary animal passing below. Its chief prey is the deer, the antelope, or even the buffalo, and when any such animal is fairly within reach then the cougar springs and pounces upon the shoulders of its victim, tearing the flesh and drinking the blood, till the exhausted animal falls and dies. The cougar seems to be a curious compound of cowardice and ferocity, as it is said that it will not boldly attack a man, though it will sneak behind him sometimes for days together, watching for a chance of taking him unawares.

Some years ago a squatter in Louisiana met with a cougar under peculiar circumstances. He was living alone in the forest, and had just completed the construction of a wooden shanty to which he intended to bring his family, when a terrible flood occurred, which overspread the whole face of the country. It was at night when it began to make its appearance; the man was asleep on the floor, the first warning he had being the cold feeling of the water as it soaked through his blanket. Up he jumped in much fear, and groped his way to the door, where a terrible sight presented itself. All his cleared ground was under water, even the stumps of the trees which he had left three feet high were quite hidden; wherever he turned his eyes, nothing but water, water. His first thought was to get his rifle, and then to look after his mare—a valuable and intelligent animal. She was not difficult to find, for, as the squatter expressed it in his homely language, 'the way that critter was a squealin' was a caution to cats.' He found her up to the flanks in water, pitching and floundering about, evidently greatly terrified. Neither saddle nor bridle could be found; but her master did not stand on ceremony—he mounted her bare-backed, and urged her forwards—but where to? The whole country seemed to be submerged, and his nearest neighbour lived ten miles off across the prairie. His shanty was on high ground, and would probably be a safe refuge; but how was he to reach it? It was night; he might lose his way and ride straight into the river. All this time the water was deepening fast, and the squatter had little time for consideration. He therefore gave his poor animal a kick or two in the ribs, and thus compelled her to face the water. He found the path out to the edge of the prairie easily enough, for he had blazed the trees when he first came to the place, and, as the night was not very dark, he could see the marks as he passed along.

In a few minutes more man and steed were on the edge of the prairie, which seemed to be nothing but a vast lake of water shining clear in the light of the rising moon. A clump of cypress-trees was to be seen in the distance, and just beyond these trees the squatter knew that his friend's shanty was to be found; so, encouraging his floundering steed, he once more struck out in the right direction. But he had not advanced more than two miles when he found that the water was still rising, while the poor mare was sinking deeper and deeper. She kept up a continual snorting, and seemed to be losing heart altogether. The squatter spoke kindly to her, patting her gently on the neck, and once more she made a great effort and stumbled on towards the cypress-trees. But the water was still rising, and the mare lost her footing, and from the smooth riding the squatter knew that she was now swimming for dear life.

This was a terrible moment, for he was a strong, heavy man, and knew very well that the distressed animal must soon give in under his weight. In these circumstances the idea came into his head that, if he got off her back and held on by the tail, she might manage a little better. Accordingly he slipped backwards over her flanks, and seized hold of the long hair. This seemed to do some good; but their progress through the water was slow, and there did not seem to be much hope that they would ever reach land.

Just at this moment the squatter spied something floating on the water a little ahead. It proved to be a log of wood, and he resolved to secure it for himself, and leave the mare to her fate. He waited till the log floated closer; then, letting go the tail, he clasped the log and crawled on to it, the mare swimming away into the darkness.

But the step which the unfortunate squatter had now taken seemed to be 'out of the frying-pan into the fire,' for he had scarcely got seated on the log, when he saw that another passenger besides himself was on board. A large cougar was crouching on the other end, its glowing eyes being fixed upon him, but more with an expression of fear than anger. The squatter, though as hardy and brave as most backwoodsmen are, felt his heart thumping very uncomfortably; he had no weapon save his knife, for the trusty rifle had gone to the bottom long ago. He was drenched and shivering, and in no condition to stand a tussle with so formidable a creature, so he determined to let the brute alone as long as it lay still. The next half-hour was a very uncomfortable one for the poor squatter, as we may well believe; but he had no choice but to wait the progress of events. He was wondering what would be the end of this miserable voyage on a log, when he saw that he was drifting nearer to what seemed to be a small island with several bushes on it, this island being nothing but the top of a piece of higher ground which the flood had not reached. The log was drifting in such a way that he saw that it must pass near this morsel of dry ground. He therefore resolved to watch his chance, and to drop off the log, and make for this place of refuge, and to leave his fellow-voyager to continue the travels alone. When he got nearer to the island, however, he made a discovery which rather damped his spirits. What he had supposed to be bushes were various animals all sheltering themselves from the dreary waste of water all around, and what kind of animals they were he could not make out. Some were large, others small; one, he was quite certain, was a horse, another was suspiciously like a bear. However, he felt he must take his chance—anything was better than prolonging his voyage with the cougar. Therefore, slipping over the end of the log as quietly as possible, he let go his hold.

But he was scarcely in the water when he heard a heavy plump, and, looking round, he made the unpleasant discovery that the cougar had left the log, and taken to the water too. At first he thought it was pursuing him, and he drew his knife with one hand, while he swam with the other. But the cougar had no heart for a fight at this time; to reach dry land seemed all its desire, and, passing his human companion without the slightest attempt to molest him, it reached the tiny island, and landed among the other animals, his sudden appearance causing quite a stampede among them, though none of them attempted to take to the water—they had all had enough of that. The squatter had scarcely drawn himself out of the water on to dry land, when he met with a pleasant surprise. His old mare came up to him, rubbing her nose against his shoulder. He was right glad to see his trusty friend once more, and, getting upon her back, he looked all round to see who his new companions were. The day was just breaking, so that he could distinguish things a little better, and truly the sight he saw was more astonishing than any other experience of his rough life had ever been. Such a strange collection of animals was about him that, to quote once more from his own description, 'he almost thought that he had got aboard of Noah's ark.' First of all, his old mare and himself, then his late travelling companion, the cougar, four deer, a couple of grey wolves, a large black bear, a swamp rabbit, an opossum, and a racoon. But the very strangest thing of all was that not one of these curiously assorted creatures attempted to injure another—they all seemed afraid and dispirited, and, indeed, they crowded together as though seeking consolation in the company of others.

We need not prolong our story. It is enough to say that for two long days the poor squatter and his mare were obliged to remain on the little island among these hungry and naturally savage creatures before the water fell so as to allow of escape. The man suffered much from hunger, and, as he said himself, would have liked to take a steak from the haunches of one of the deer; but he dared not do it, being afraid to break the peace, which might have led to what he called 'a regular shindy.' On the third day, early in the morning, the flood having fallen, he led his mare quietly into the water, and, mounting her, he left his strange companions. The water still took the mare up to the flanks, so he knew that neither the cougar nor the bear could follow him without swimming, for which they did not seem inclined. He struck direct for his neighbour's shanty, and in an hour or so he was at the door.

The following day, refreshed by rest and much-needed food, he borrowed a gun from his friend, and



Lincoln's Inn Gateway, Chancery Lane.

returned to the little island on the prairie; but things were not exactly as he had left them. The larger animals were all gone, while a few bones and some scraps of fur showed that the rabbit, and possibly the deer, had been devoured. The fall of the waters had restored to the carnivorous animals their courage, while the friendliness which had arisen among creatures so different in their habits from the pressure of a common misfortune had given way on the return of better times. D. B.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

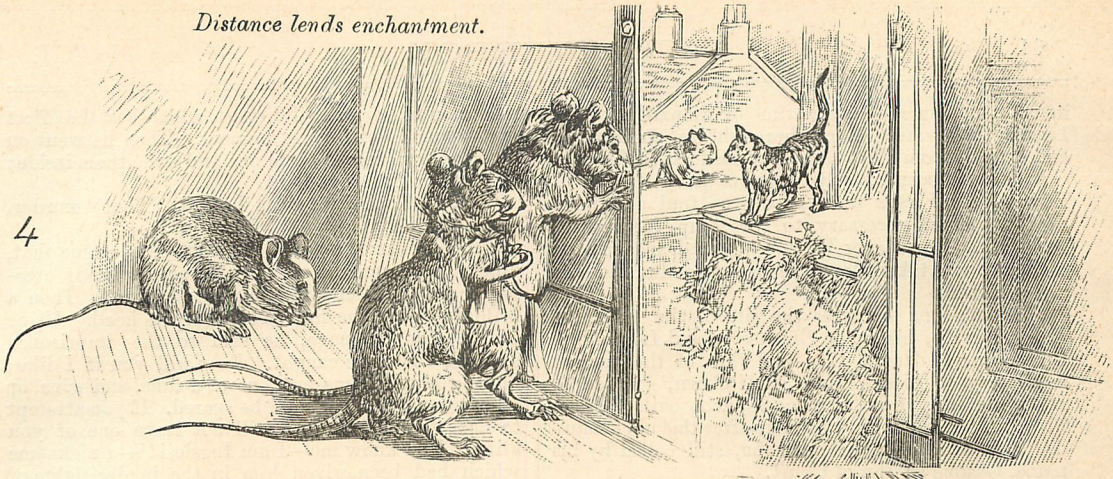
Lincoln's Inn.

THE Inns of Court have been styled 'the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom.' They are called Inns *of Court* because they were anciently held in the Court of the King's Palace. They are four in number, namely, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn.

Lincoln's Inn is in Chancery Lane, which acquired

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Distance lends enchantment.

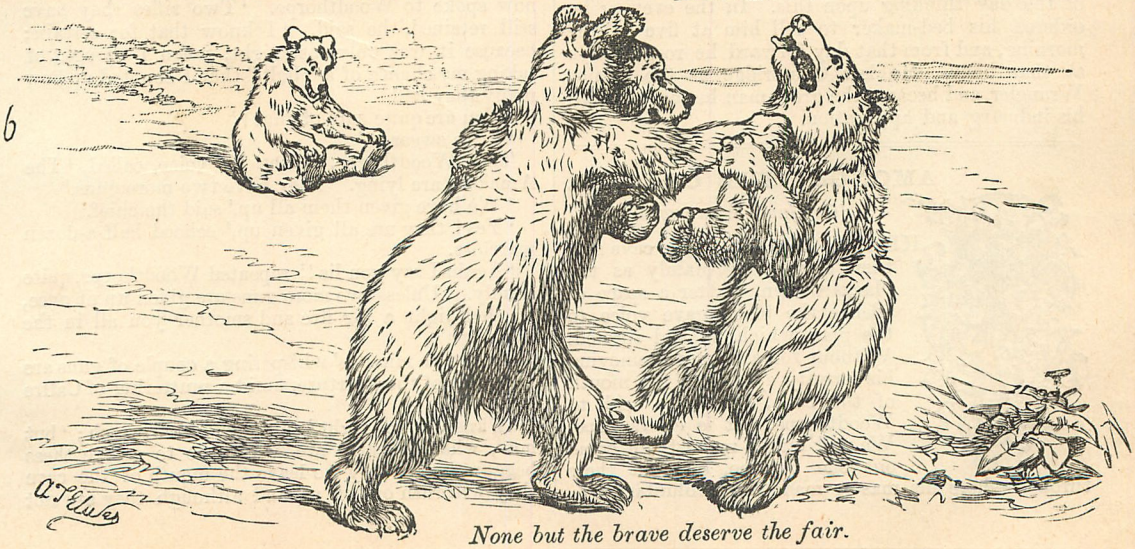


5



Two heads are better than one.

6



None but the brave deserve the fair.

its ominous name about the time of Richard I. The Lane is the greatest 'legal thoroughfare' in London, and extends from Fleet Street, opposite Inner Temple Gate, to Holborn, nearly opposite Gray's Inn. In Edward the First's time it was so foul and miry that it became necessary to bar it up for fear of accidents. Here Isaak Walton kept a draper's shop; his house was taken down when that end of the lane was widened.

Lincoln's Inn occupies the site of the palace of Ralph Neville, bishop of Chichester and Lord High Chancellor to Henry III., and that of the ancient monastery of Black Friars in Holborn, granted to Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who built thereon his town house or *inn*. Shortly after this nobleman's death, in A.D. 1312, his mansion, still called by his name, became an Inn of Court.

Of all the buildings of Lincoln's Inn, the fine Gothic gateway, represented in our illustration, is the most interesting. Sir Thomas Lovell built it in A.D. 1518, and it bears his arms.

A SINCERE FRIEND.

WHEN Paley first went to Cambridge he fell into the society of young men far richer than himself, to whom his talents and conviviality made him an acceptable companion, and he was in a fair way of being ruined. One morning one of these comrades came into his room before he was up, and he, as usual, thought that he came to propose some plan of pleasure for the day. His friend, however, said: 'Paley, I have hardly slept a wink for thinking of you. I am, as you know, heir to a large fortune, and whether I look into a book at Cambridge or no does not signify a farthing. But this is not the case with you. You have only your abilities to look to—and no man has better, if you make the proper use of them. But if you go on in this way you are ruined, and from this time forward I am determined not to associate with you, for your own sake. You know I like your company, and it is a great sacrifice to give it up, but I mean to do so.' Paley lay in bed most of the day thinking upon this. In the evening he ordered his bed-maker to call him at five in the morning, and from that day forward he rose always at that hour. He left Cambridge as the Senior Wrangler, and became the great man he was through his industry and application.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 87.)

THE three men outside the cave saw their danger as plainly as the blacks within. After a space of silence the black gave voice to the plan which he had formed. Without for a moment removing his ferretty eyes from the mouth of the cave, he coolly said to Woodthorpe, 'It is easily done. We will either make them come out one by one, and cut their throats'—here his master made an involuntary exclamation of horror and disgust, which had the effect of stopping Taori for the moment. Then he went on—'or we will smoke them out and stifle them inside; shoot them if they run out.'

'No, no, Taori; we can't do that. That's murder, not fair fight.'

Taori could not see it. He went on to argue that, unless they were killed, they would certainly overpower them directly they began a retreat. Then a brilliant idea came into Woodthorpe's head. Using the Caffre language, he said to the imprisoned savages, 'You are caught. I can kill you if I like; but if you will come out, one at a time, and give up your arms, your lives shall be spared. If you attempt to deal treacherously, I will not leave one of you alive. You know me—I am Ingslosi!'—a nickname which had been given him in the border fights of some years previously; 'you know I shall do as I say. Deal straightly with me, and I shall deal straightly with you. Do you accept my terms, or not?'

A little hesitation, a little whispering from within, and then their head man, or chief, replied, 'If you will promise that no harm shall be done us, we will come out, and bring our weapons. I, myself, will be the first to come.'

'You know you are safe with me,' answered Woodthorpe. 'Come on; but remember, if more than one appears, we shall shoot the second immediately.'

'It is well said,' came the voice from within; and almost at the same moment a tall, powerful savage emerged on his hands and knees from the aperture, drawing his gun and bundle of assegaies after him. These he flung upon the ground, and then quickly retreated, in order to make way for a second to do likewise.

In this order the whole dozen of them came out, man by man, each casting down on the ground his arms, and then retreating again within the cave.

Jack Havering had been intently watching and counting the arms as they had been laid down, and now spoke to Woodthorpe. 'Two rifles they have still retained,' he said. 'I know that for certain; because it was only last night, when I thought of taking my chance of a "bolt," that I counted up how many they had.'

'You are quite sure of that?'

'I can swear it.'

Then Woodthorpe, raising his voice, called, 'The Amakosa are lying. They have two more guns.'

'We have given them all up,' said the chief.

'Yes! they are all given up,' echoed half-a-dozen warriors.

'Again I say you lie!' repeated Woodthorpe, quite calmly. 'Unless two more guns are given up at once, we shall light a big fire and smother you all in the cave.'

After two minutes' whispering a couple of guns are flung out of the aperture, amid a muttering of Caffre curses.

'I knew I was right,' said Jack, in triumph; 'but now, what on earth are we to do to escape these beggars? Directly we leave the mouth of the cave they will rush out on us, and although they are not

armed, still we may have a tough struggle with them.'

Woodthorpe smiled as he thought of how neatly the savages were caught. 'Keep where you are, Taori,' he said; and then, climbing on to a huge boulder, and turning his head away from his companions, he gave a peculiar shrill whistle. After a few seconds' wait, he repeated it, and in a short space of time a rustling and breaking of dry sticks could be heard from the direction in which they had come. A minute later, and the dog, Monkey, appeared, leaping upon his master in great delight. Woodthorpe patted his head, and then, pointing to the mouth of the cave, he said, 'Monkey, watch; good boy, lie there;' and Monkey immediately stretched himself out at the place indicated, giving at the same time a low growl, by way of a hint, as he scented the savages within.

'We are all right now,' quietly remarked Woodthorpe. 'The dog will take very good care of the dark gentlemen inside. While he's there, you may depend upon it that none of them will catch cold through coming out into the air. So we may as well make tracks for home.' And amidst the muttered curses of their baffled enemies, they at once began the descent of the hill country, going at a rapid pace over the ground which had cost them such hard labour to traverse during the previous two days.

As for Monkey, he lay down quite comfortably, just at the mouth of the cave, and so that his forbidding countenance was just in view of the occupants thereof. Not one amongst them in his unarmed condition cared to tackle the owner of that terrible underhung jaw and the sharp white teeth. The chief, indeed, did once try the effect of cajolery; but the moment he reached out his hand in pretended friendliness, the dog gave such a snap at it that the Amakosa drew it in again in double-quick time, firmly resolved not to repeat the experiment.

And now, leaving the Caffres under Monkey's care, Woodthorpe and his two companions made the best use of their time, and tramped rapidly downwards towards the plains. After going about a mile, aided only by the light of the now declining moon, Woodthorpe sounded his whistle again; and then, increasing their speed, as they knew the dog would easily overtake them, they pushed on so as to put the greatest possible distance between themselves and the Caffres before daylight should come. It was uncertain whether the latter would venture on attacking them without firearms, although they so greatly outnumbered the armed party of three.

Woodthorpe had destroyed the usefulness of the Caffres' muskets before leaving the cave; but the assegaies were not so easy to deal with. Many of them he had flung in different directions, calculating on the waste of time that must ensue whilst their former owners were finding them. Of the rest, he broke the shafts or handles short off, so that, although still useful for stabbing purposes at close quarters, they could no longer be cast from a distance.

When Woodthorpe's whistle was faintly borne upon the night breeze, the acute ears of the savages caught the sound as soon as did those of the dog. Guessing it to be the summons to call their sentinel away, the Chief quickly crawled out of the aperture. This rather unsettled Monkey. He knew that he had been put there to prevent anybody coming out of the cave, and here was some one attempting to do so; he also had heard his master's summons; what was he to do? Finally, he resolved upon a compromise. Turning sharply upon the chief, who had now wholly emerged from his prison-house, he fixed the sharp white teeth in the calf of his naked leg, and then, as another shrill whistle caught his ear at the moment, he dashed off into the darkness and was lost to view.

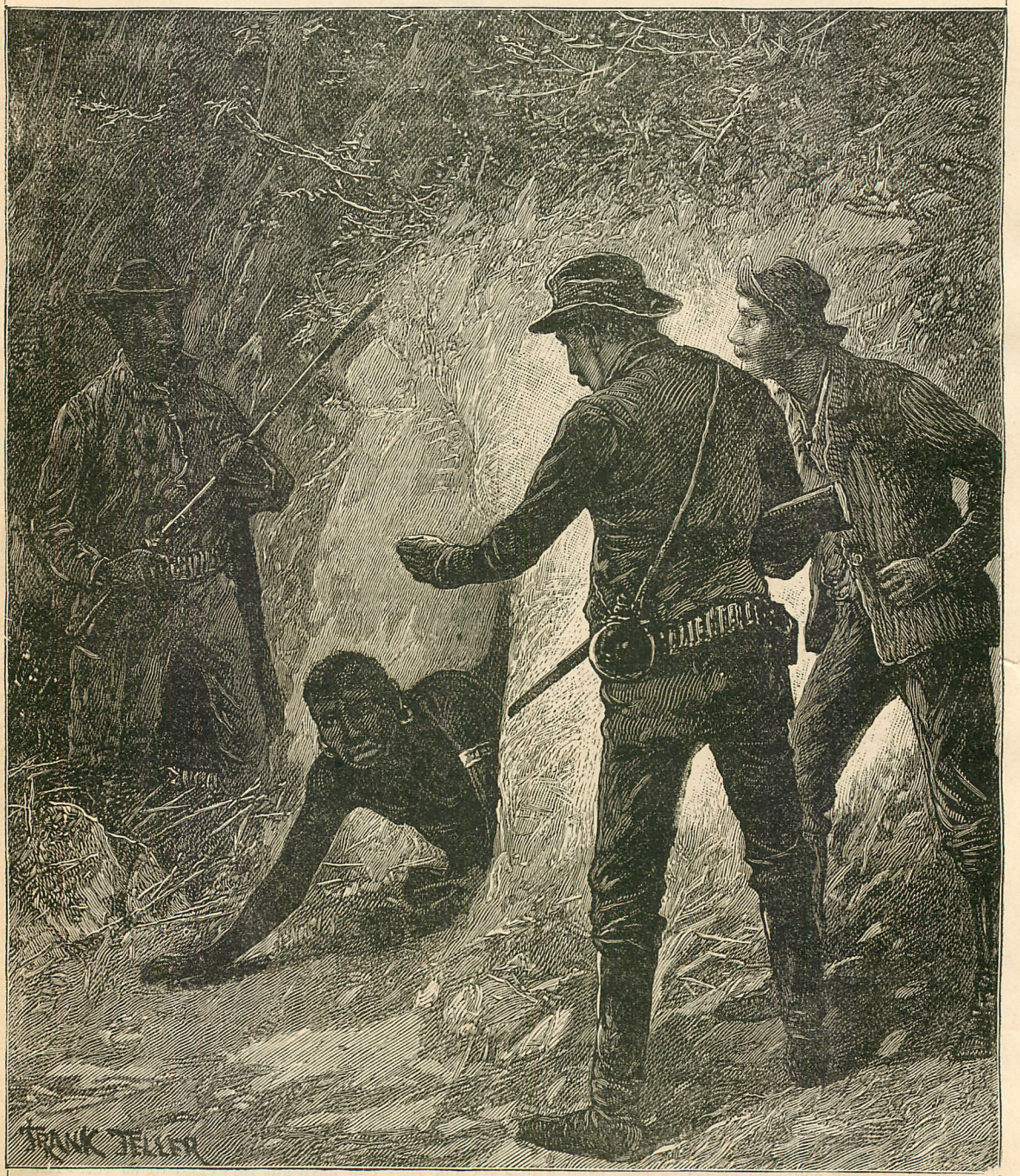
The Chief's remarks upon bull-dogs in general, and this one in particular, it boots not here to relate. Suffice it to say, that there was poured forth such a torrent of language as had probably not passed his usually silent lips for many a long day. His anger was intense; his pride was deeply wounded: so was the calf of his leg! He vowed all kinds of vengeance on the faithful Monkey, but he would have distinctly declined to meet him again in single combat. Monkey had had the best of it; and when the Chief thought of how he and his chosen warriors had been held in check by a single dog, he fairly gnashed his teeth with rage.

'We must do without sleep just yet,' said Woodthorpe, as they crashed their way through the dried-up underwood, and sometimes dense brush. 'They have got some assegaies, and many of these fellows feel themselves as well armed with their old-fashioned weapons of war as they do with a rifle in their hands. Besides, we must not forget that there are at least a dozen of them to the three of us. Given that they meet us in fair fight, I think our rifles might turn the scale in our favour; but the Amakosa are not the men who are likely to throw away their chances, and, if possible, they would certainly prefer to surprise us, either by waiting until we are asleep at night, or by a rush from the bush. So, unless you are dead-beat, Jack, my advice is to get along as fast as our legs will carry us.'

'No, I don't want to rest yet,' answered Jack, pluckily; but Woodthorpe saw, with feelings something akin to dismay, that the young fellow was showing great signs of knocking up. He had had no rest that night, and had gone through a great deal of excitement in escaping from the savages; and now the exertion of fast and continuous moving over the rough, stony ground was telling severely on him. Therefore it was that Woodthorpe and Taori had, with their untiring energy and hardened, well-matured constitutions, fairly outstayed Jack Havering, who, however, was far too full of courage to give in whilst he had, as he would have called it, 'a wag left in him.'

Another four or five miles, and then Woodthorpe, who had been closely observing the young man's condition, said, 'We'll take a short rest here. With that start we had of them, thanks to the dog, I don't think they can have got very close to us yet. An hour's good sleep, Jack, will make another man of you.'

(*Continued at page* 98.)



"If more than one appears, we shall shoot the second immediately."



"Three puffs of white smoke, three sharp reports."

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 95.)

JACK needed no further invitation. Worn out in mind and body, he had no sooner thrown himself on the ground than he was fast asleep. Woodthorpe felt a great satisfaction in the knowledge that another six hours of hard tramping would bring them once more to the Homestead. The party of Amakosa to whom they had just given the slip might make an attack on them, or, worse still, they might be joined by more of their tribe, and thus make certain of the three men's destruction. He knew them well enough to be quite sure that feelings of revenge alone would have a powerful effect upon these dusky-skinned heathen, and that, if they could manage to inflict a murderous defeat on them, they would. So, sitting with his back against a tree for support and rest, he kept his watch in his hand, and as the dial showed him that the hour was up, he sprang to his feet, an example immediately followed by the black, and shaking Jack by the shoulder, he told him they must make another start, and at once.

It was terrible work for the young man to rouse himself out of his first sleep; but it had to be done, and with a powerful effort, he struggled once more to his feet. Then, although slightly refreshed with his short rest, he walked on under manifest difficulties and in silence, reserving all his strength for the task in front of him.

We will now return to the band of outwitted Caffres, whose first task, after being released from Monkey's unwelcome presence, and as soon as day broke, was to try to find all the assegaies they could, in order not to be entirely unarmed. They even collected those whose shafts had been broken, as they were, at all events, useful in some ways. They then carefully examined their rifles, strewn about on the ground, but Woodthorpe had taken very good care to completely destroy the usefulness of these dangerous weapons, and one by one the sable warriors cast them away with many a curse and inward vow of vengeance upon the white man who had so cleverly baffled them. Having done this they started in pursuit of the fugitives.

By catching them up they hoped, first, to revenge themselves for the loss of their captive and for their own most humiliating imprisonment, and, secondly, to secure the arms which the three men carried; for when the Caffres had to hand out their guns, Jack Havering's belongings also had to be given up, and now he had got his own rifle again.

Our three friends had succeeded in getting down to the plains from the rough and stony mountainous district, and were now trudging doggedly, but hopefully, over the track leading to the Homestead. Jack was nearly 'dead beat,' whilst even Woodthorpe and the black began to show signs that, hard and tough as they were, human nature cannot go on for ever. Yet Woodthorpe hardly liked to call a halt; he knew his foes so thoroughly, and to know them was not to trust them. Another effort, another hour's cruel tramping, and they would be almost in sight of home. Yes, come what might, it was clearly good generalship to keep on.

Meantime, the savages, not encumbered by the weight of firearms and ammunition as their adversaries were, and having a better knowledge of the country, kept steadily decreasing the distance between themselves and the three men speeding ahead of them. As they descended the face of the mountain they paused every few minutes to scan, with their hawk eyes, the plain below. At last three tiny specks were dimly visible, and a shout from the leading savage announced the fact to the rest of the party. With redoubled speed they all pushed on, making no concealment of their advance, as in the event of their overtaking the fugitives they thought that, in spite of firearms, the pursued would be no match in point of numbers for themselves. As yet, the three men ahead, though using every endeavour to reach their haven of safety, were not aware that they were in view of their enemies. Even had it been otherwise they could hardly have improved upon the pace they were now travelling. Tired out as they were, they all determined to go on until they dropped rather than give the savages a victory.

How long the way seemed! What a time they were in getting past the now familiar landmarks! They clambered, painfully and slowly, up a short, steep hill, and then, oh, blessed sight! the tops of the Homestead chimneys were at length in sight. Almost at the same moment the tracker, after taking a searching look backwards, uttered an exclamation which caused the other two to turn round also. There, not many hundred yards behind them, were the Caffres, coming swiftly and relentlessly on in pursuit.

'We're too tired to run,' said Woodthorpe, and although he spoke in strong tones, there was a certain weariness in his voice that he could not altogether conceal. 'Let us wait here till they come within range, then we will each pick our man, and if we can drop one or two of the leaders it may stop the rest from coming on. If not, all we can do then is to take to our heels. They must be almost as done up as we are ourselves, and though I should be sorry to match myself in running against the average Caffre, still we must do our best. At all events, we shall have a few minutes' rest before they come within range, and that alone may enable us to outrun them, if it comes to that,' he added.

No word was spoken by the others. They both felt that the plan Woodthorpe proposed would give them the best chance of escape.

With a careful look to their rifles they sat themselves down on the ground, rejoicing even at this brief respite for their cut and blistered feet, and waited till their foes should come near enough to feel the leaden messengers they had ready for them.

At the double the Caffres came steadily on. They had quickly made up their minds that, by seating themselves on the ground, the fugitives, overcome by fatigue, had abandoned all hope of escape, and were virtually surrendering to superior numbers. Redoubling their speed they reached a point not fifty

yards off their intended victims, when, suddenly, three puffs of white smoke, three sharp reports, and the three leading savages prone on the ground altered the aspect of affairs. As might be expected, this unlooked-for disaster checked their progress at once; the next moment and they were in full retreat. Three more shots from behind hastened their movements. Quickly re-loading, the little trio waited a few minutes to see if their enemies would re-form and advance to the attack again, but finding them, fortunately for themselves, unwilling so to do, they thankfully resumed their journey at the best pace they could command. An hour later and they were safe within the precincts of the Homestead.

Jack Havering, after being most affectionately received by his father, who, indeed, had almost given him up for lost, threw himself on his bed, and slept a solid twelve hours straight off. It is only when tired completely out by prolonged exertion that such grand, dreamless slumber can be obtained, and young Havering enjoyed its refreshing influence to the full. Taori and Woodthorpe had likewise slept heavily, and on joining the Major at breakfast next morning they were all three restored to strength and vigour again.

When their past three days' adventure had been fully discussed, Frank Woodthorpe said, 'I'm half afraid, Major, that this party of Caffres who chased us yesterday will loaf about until they see a chance to attack us out riding, or walking, or what not. There are not enough of them to try another attack on the house, but if they could cut us off, or surprise one or two of us when we have ventured any distance from home, they would not let the chance slip, depend upon it. The best thing for us to do is to keep close for the present, and tire them out; but they will not readily forgive us the damage we have done them lately. Let us hope that "good will come out of evil," however, and that their losses may have inflicted a lesson on them which they will remember for some time to come.'

'Well,' answered Major Havering, 'if you think that I'll tell the Hottentots to keep their eyes open, and not to stray far away from the house. As to you, Jack, you have given me your word, remember, not to go cruising off again like you did before, bringing your unhappy father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!' and laughing as he pushed his hand through the crisp, curling locks, only, as yet, slightly tinged with white streaks, he rose and went out to give the necessary directions to his men.

'Poor old governor!' said Jack to Woodthorpe, as his father left the room, 'that was what caused me more suffering than anything else when those black rascals collared me—to think of his anxiety. It was thoughtless of me to go alone like that, but, first of all, I didn't stop to think, and, secondly, I really fancy I'm old enough, I'm sure I'm big enough,' he added, with a laugh at his stalwart frame, 'to do something in the way of making myself useful against the Caffres. However, I'll do as you think we should do, my dear fellow, and not give them a chance to take charge of me again!'

So the day passed quietly away without incident of any sort. Soon after the shades of evening had fallen, Woodthorpe, taking advantage of the darkness to serve as a cover for his operations, and saying nothing of his intentions to any one, quietly slipped out of the house unperceived, and walked rapidly across the *veldt* in the direction of Grahamstown.

(*Continued at page* 106.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

5.—Arithmetical Puzzles.

1. Divide 48 into two parts one of which shall be one-seventh of the other.

2. A and B are travelling together. A has 100*l*., B 48*l*. They are met by robbers who take twice as much from A as from B, and leave to A three times as much as to B. How much was taken from each?

3. Divide 36 into two parts, that one may be five-sevenths of the other.

4. 270*l*. was raised by A, B, and C together. B contributes twice as much as A, and 12*l*. more; C three times as much as B, and 12*l*. more. How much did each contribute?

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 147.]

ANSWERS.

4.—*Subject:* Robert.

	Letters.
1. Robert Bruce.	1. Regulus.
2. Robert the Pious.	2. Ovid.
3. Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William I.	3. Bantry,
4. Robert Burns.	4. Egbert.
5. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.	5. Rheims.
6. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.	6. Tweed.
7. Robert Browning.	
8. Robert Walpole.	

A CUNNING FOX.

A WRITER in *Rod and Gun* says: Some years ago a year-old fox used to be chained to a wooden kennel in the barnyard of a farm, and the way in which the rascal managed to secure an occasional fowl by way of lunch was exceedingly clever. His principal meal for the day consisted of a mixture of porridge and milk, which was laid down within his reach in a wooden bowl. Of this he ate heartily; but, as the allowance was always liberal, it was generally the case that a little was left over, and it was with this remainder that the wily rascal managed now and then to entice a fowl within reach. When he had taken a fair quantity of his porridge and milk, he struck the edge of the bowl smartly with his paw, so that it was overturned and the contents scattered around. He then lay down, curling himself dogwise, as if to sleep, but always with his face towards the spilt porridge, over which he continued to watch with half an eye, even when he pretended to be fast asleep.

By-and-by the fowls, attracted by the scattered bait, began to gather round; and, although their instinct warned them to be cautious in venturing within reach of so treacherous a customer, even in his sleep, it happened that, sometimes, a stupid cockerel, or a still more stupid duck, would venture near the overturned bowl, and begin to eat, thus giving the fox his opportunity. With a single bound he had that duck or cockerel by the neck, and with a second bound he was out of sight into his kennel; and within a very short time nothing of that unfortunate fowl remained except the feathers and a few bones, and these the cunning rascal always took care to hide away under the straw which formed his bed in the darkest corner of his den.

When at last the good-wife of the farm began to miss her fowls and the trick was discovered, the fox's chain was shortened, and his allowance of porridge slightly diminished, in the expectation that he would now eat it all, and thus be deprived of the wherewithal to entice the poultry within reach. It was no use, however. He still left over a little porridge for bait; and, now and then, by following the same tactics as before, he continued to snap up a fowl in spite of every precaution. Although a great favourite with everybody about the farm, such perseverance in evil-doing became at last intolerable and the fox was then shot. It was not till his kennel was being cleaned out, that a layer of feathers and bones, hidden away underneath the straw, bore witness to the extent of his depredations.



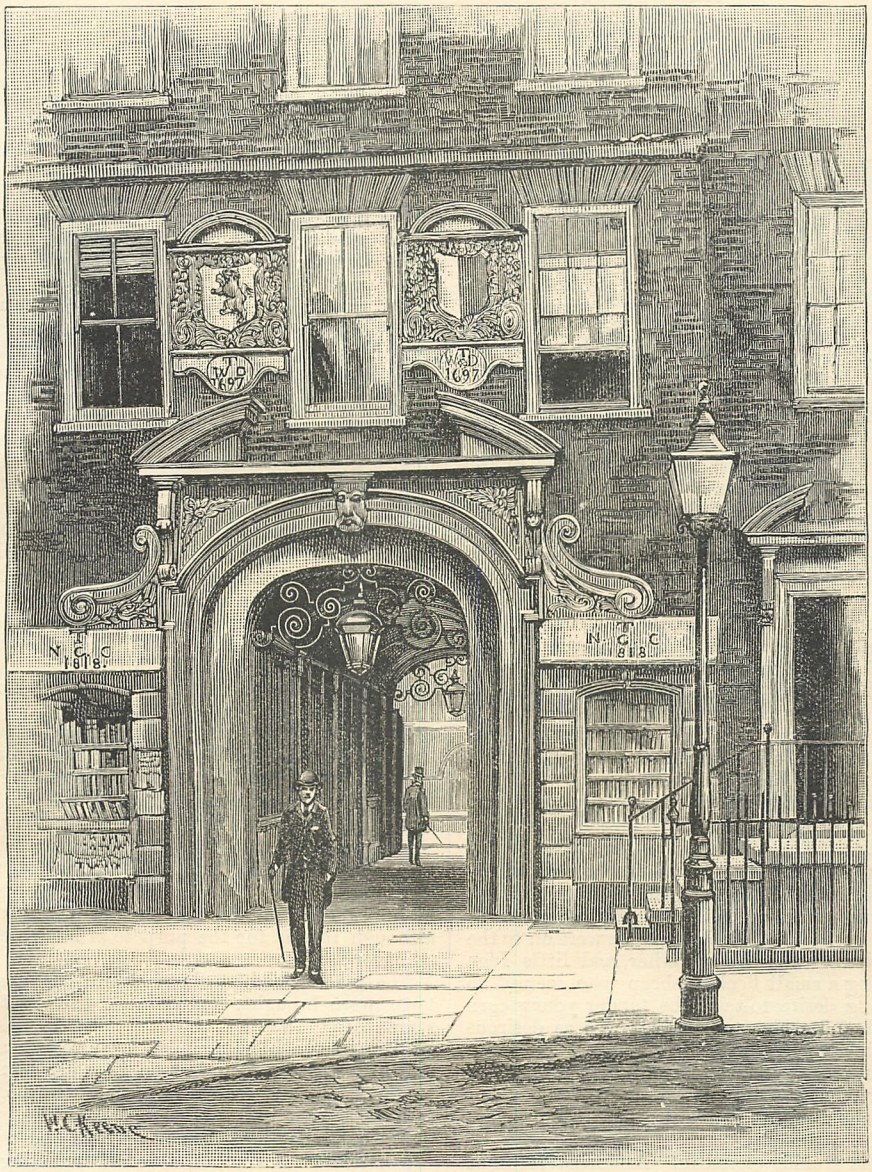
Lincoln's Inn.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Lincoln's Inn.

ALTHOUGH Lincoln's Inn became an Inn of Court shortly after the death (in A.D. 1312) of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, the most ancient of the buildings which still remain are not older than the Tudor times.

The old hall, which has externally all the appearance of a monastic building, was erected in the twenty-second year of Henry VII. Since that time, it has undergone many alterations. It is about seventy feet by thirty, and thirty-two feet high. At the upper end, over the Lord Chancellor's seat, is a



Lincoln's Inn Gateway leading to Law Courts.

picture of St. Paul before Felix, which was painted for the Society by Hogarth in A.D. 1750. At the opposite end of the room is Westmacott's statue of Lord Erskine, who was Chancellor in A.D. 1806.

In this hall were held the famous 'Revels' of the Society, in which the benchers themselves formerly took part. One of the latest 'Revels,' at which Charles II. was present, is noticed both by Evelyn and Pepys in their respective Diaries.

The Chapel of the Inn is an interesting building. It was erected in the reign of James I. It was designed by Inigo Jones, and consecrated in A.D. 1623. 'Rare Ben Jonson' is said to have helped with his trowel in the building of this chapel. Its size is sixty by forty feet, and it is about forty-four feet high. The stained glass of the windows is beautiful, and so is the carved work of the oaken seats. The crypt beneath the chapel, now dwarfed by the gradual raising of the ground, was built, like the cloisters in the Temple, as a place for the students and lawyers 'to walk in and talk and confer their learning.'

The present noble hall and library, built of red brick, with stone dressings, was begun in A.D. 1843.

THE CHANGELING.

(A STORY OF THE SHETLAND ISLES).

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY, Author of 'The Lads of Lundy,' &c.

WHEN supper-time came in the cottage of Tredamann Yunclus there was a big party of healthy young Scandinavians to empty the porridge-pot. First there was Anderina, a blithe maiden of fourteen; then two big boys, Eric and Magnie; then a quiet shy nine-year-old, Inga, and her twin-brother Olaf; then curly-headed Fredie, and last of all the family pet, May. What a clatter of tongues, what a tumbling of stools, what a merry buzzing there was in the hearty fisher's home when he returned from a sea-voyage, and all his bonnie bairns gathered about him to hear of his adventures and to seize upon his ocean treasures!—for he never forgot to bring some rare shells, or corals, or sea-plants which had come up on the line.

Tredamann governed his household well, and was dearly loved by his children. Eager were the eyes that looked for his return from the *haaf* (deep-sea fishing). Many and joyous were the shouts that welcomed his home coming; many, too, were the prayers offered up at night for him when on the ocean, and morning's first question to the mother by the children was, 'Has father come?'

The cottage at Ordaal was unusually quiet one summer evening. Only the mother and tiny May were at home. The good woman was tidying up to have all ready when her husband returned from the haaf. Anderina had gone to find a pony on the common, the two little boys were sailing ships on the loch which lay near. Eric and Magnie were off to the fishing-station to meet their father, and little Inga was watching a small flock of sheep who seemed to have a strong desire to taste the tender young corn in the field, and which the mother was as desirous that they should *not* taste.

Inga would have preferred a romp by the lake with her brothers, but she did not venture to disobey her mother, so she went to mind the sheep in rather a sulky mood.

Slowly the evening closed in. Anderina returned with the pony. Olaf and Fredie came back tired and ready for supper. A thick mist came down from the hills, and the little household were beginning to wax impatient when the sound of merry voices reached their ears, and the next minute Tredamann entered with his two elder boys. All was fun and happiness then, for the arrival of the bread-winner was as the light of a new day to a night-bound world! His children clustered around him as was their wont, and not until the first burst of excitement was over did he discover that one was absent.

'Hollo! where is little Inga? What keeps my jewel out of sight to-night?'

'Inga, yes, where is Inga?' said small Olaf, who had been wondering about his twin, but had not gone as usual to look for her.

'Inga went to watch the corn-field,' said the mother. 'I forgot to call her, and she may-be does not like to leave her task till fetched.'

'Inga was sulky,' chimed in little Fredie, 'she is may-be sulky still, and won't come.'

'Inga! Inga!' called the elder sister from the door; but only a passing gust of wind made reply.

'Run up to the knowe, boys,' said the father, 'and bring her in; the bairn will take cold with this heavy mist.'

Off ran Eric and Magnie, and faster than they scampered the twin-brother, shouting, calling, almost crying at last; but no Inga came! Back in haste they went to report their non-success in finding the girl; and the mother's cheek paled with fear, while a quick heart-throb leapt to the fisher's throat as he thought of the delicate child asleep on the death-distilling, fog-enshrouded earth, or her heedless feet straying to the brow of the adjacent cliff, the mist hiding the danger, a step too far, and then making a for-ever-vacant place in the home-circle. The house was speedily emptied of its lately gathered inmates, who soon spread themselves about the little farm and hill in search of the missing one. So thick was the mist that one could not see an arm's length off; but the shouts and shrill cries might have waked a heavier sleeper than Inga. And so all the neighbourhood was searched thoroughly, but the child was nowhere to be found.

Then the before scarce-acknowledged fear found shape, and tears fell as words of foreboding were spoken. Olaf's sorrow was very touching to see. Unlike his shy and gentle sister he was full of wild fun and mischief; but, thoughtless as he was to others at times, to Inga he was always the kind protecting brother and companion. Not often was he away from her side, and bitterly did he upbraid himself for leaving her on this occasion, although it was for the purpose of launching a new schooner!

The whole neighbourhood was aroused, and lanterns were brought, and a large party set out to search for the lost child. Weary miles they walked in the blinding mist, over rock and heath, and hill, and common, but no Inga came in answer to the loud calls which rang through the air for miles.

With the dawn of day every man and woman in the hamlet were out on the hills assisting in the vain search. Slowly the mists cleared away, and then Olaf and Fredie left the others and set out by themselves to look for their sister.

'I wish I had let her go with you to sail the ship,' sobbed Olaf; 'she wanted to go.'

'Do you think the Trows (fairies) can have taken her?' asked Fredie in a frightened tone.

'I hope not! I don't think they do that sort of thing *now*,' replied Olaf.

'The folk say,' said the small boy in a whisper, 'that the Trows are still about.'

Olaf was not above the superstitions of his neighbours, and believed in Trows, but he said stoutly, 'If the Trows have anything to do with it there is

only one place where they can have taken her to, and that is the "Ferry-ring" we will go there and see.'

Fredie grasped his brother's hand, and both ran with all speed to the little dale where it was currently reported, and as currently believed, that the Trows held high revel during the night. But one of the searchers was there before them. Tredamann stumbled by chance on the spot and found there what chilled the very life-blood in the strong man's veins. He saw his little Inga crouching by a large stone, with her great eyes wildly opened, and staring with a strange frightened look towards him. In the dim morning light the father could only catch the outline of the face and figure; so, springing forward, he clasped the child to his heart, then started back in horror, and held her at arm's length, gazing into her face with a look as wild and wondering as her own. Surely *that* was not his bonnie bairn! To be sure, there were the big blue eyes and wavy brown hair, but there was a pinched and weary expression in this face that spoke of years of trouble—such trouble as could never have made lines on a young face in one night.

Not a morsel of the soft pink of childhood was remaining, not a bit of its roundness and bloom. The mouth was closely shut though the lips quivered perpetually, and Inga's tiny rosebud was wont to be all dimpled around with smiles. A most unsightly scar crossed the forehead which only last morning had been so spotless and fair; and yet the wound was not one of yesterday, for it had long since healed over.

But the clothes were those of Inga, although the face and figure—shrunken and deformed—were none of hers; and, full of fear and grief, the father turned to his companions Eric and Magnie, and simply asked them, 'Is this your sister?'

'Yes! no—oh, no!' they cried together; then they drew back in awe, for sure enough the dress was Inga's; the height, the colour of hair and eyes; but further than those there was no resemblance.

Meantime the child never spoke a word, or took notice of any one; she only gazed afar off with that strange look, and shook her head uneasily when addressed. More alarmed than he dared confess, Tredamann wrapped her in his coat, and carried her home; for he could not realise the fact that it was *not* Inga. But all shadow of doubt vanished when the mother emphatically declared that *this* was not her child; and the evening's sorrow was nothing to that which morning had brought.

Small Fredie then told his fears of Trow-meddling; and—strange as it may seem to us who know such things cannot be—all the cottagers joined in the foolish belief that Inga had been exchanged by the Trows for some elfin girl of their own!

It was a puzzling matter, certainly. Here was a child dressed in Inga's clothes, like her, yet not Inga! Inga nowhere in the island; this child in a locality where such a child was never seen or heard of before. It is not very surprising that a simple and superstitious people seized upon those strange circumstances, and attributed the whole matter to invisible agency.

(*Continued at page* 110.)

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

TRANSPOSE the letters of the following so as to make correct words, and rearrange the words so formed so as to make proverbs:—

7. Tenruve ginthon heav tonghin.

8. Hatt sall lewl ewll neds.

9. Naif sheaftre eh lyf lowdu stawn tub.

C. C.

Illustrated Answers, page 125.

THE NEOMORPHA.

THIS remarkable bird is found among the hills in the neighbourhood of Fort Nicholson, New Zealand; it is named Neomorpha (or new form), as its form is peculiar and almost unknown, except, of course, to the natives, who call the bird E. Elia. When it was first observed by Mr. Gould, he thought that the specimen with the straight beak was of a different species from that which has the curved bill, and put them down in his notes under different titles; but, afterwards, he found that they were only the male and female of the same birds. In Mr. Gould's book, *Birds of Australia*, he thus describes the locality and habits of the Neomorpha:—'These birds are in great request among the natives of Fort Nicholson, on account of the feathers of the tail; these tail feathers are sent as presents to all parts of the island. The natives regard the bird with the straight and stout beak as the male, and the other as the female. These fine birds can only be obtained with the help of a native, who calls them with a shrill prolonged whistle, resembling the sound of the native name of the species.

'After an extensive journey in the hilly forest in search of them, I had at last the pleasure of seeing some alight on the lower branches of the tree near which a native who was with me stood. They came, quick as lightning, descending from branch to branch, spreading out the tail and throwing up the wings; as I was anxious to obtain them I fired, but they generally come so near that the natives kill them with sticks. Their food consists of seeds and insects; with regard to their nests the natives could not give me any information. The species are apparently becoming scarce, and will probably soon be exterminated.

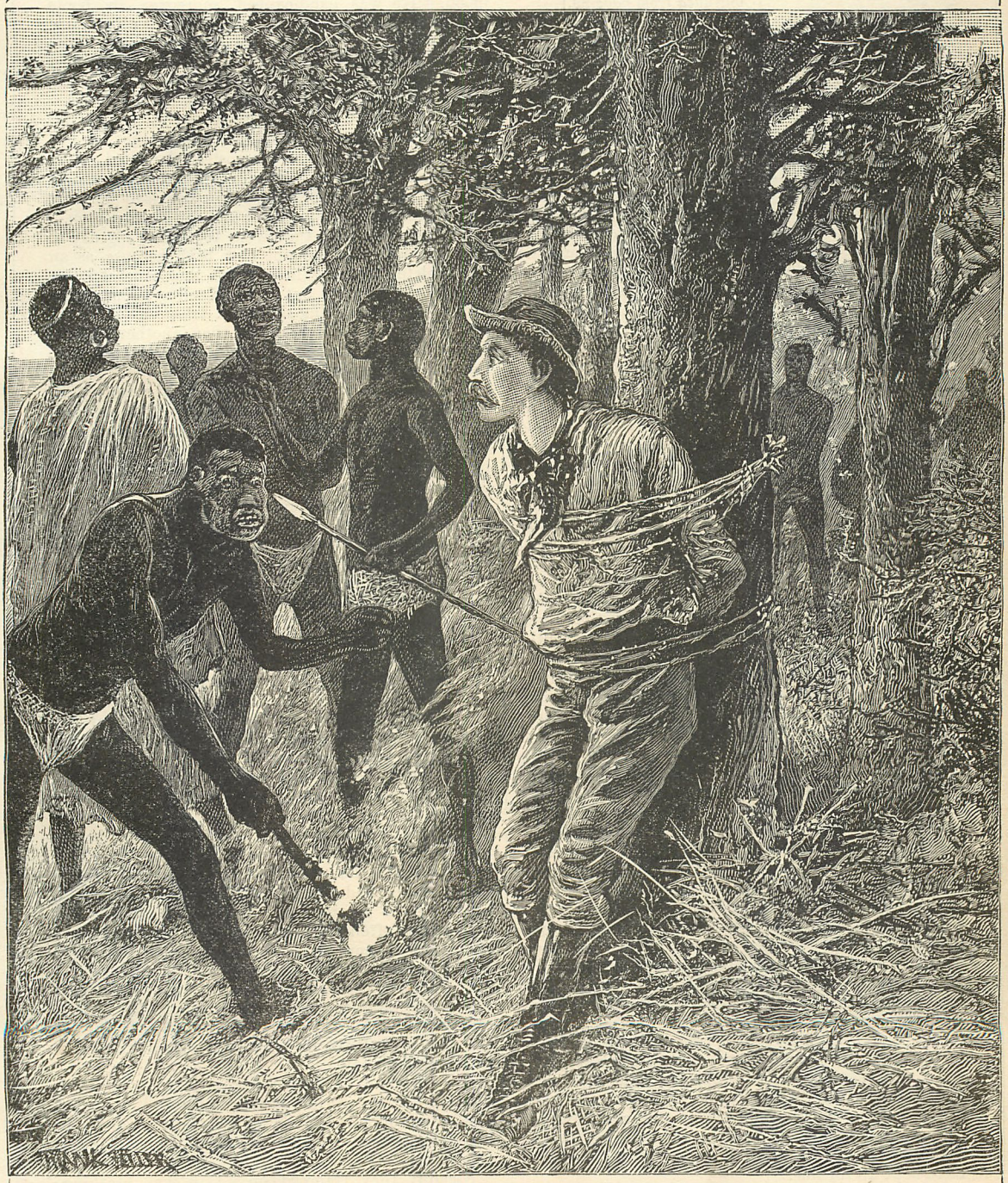
'The plumage of the Neomorpha, when closely seen in a good light, is very beautiful. The general hue of the feathers is a very dark green, appearing as black in some lights, and having a bright glossy surface. Upon each side of the neck is a fleshy protuberance or wattle, similar in appearance to that of the barn-door fowl. It is of a rich orange colour during life, but after death the bright colour rapidly fades, and the full, round, fleshy form soon contracts, and after a little time nothing remains but two flat, shrivelled,



The Neomorpha.

dusky projections, giving no idea of their former shape and beauty. The tail is of the same deep, black green as the rest of the body, but having a broad band of white at the extremity of the tail feathers, which is very striking and pleasing in effect.'

W. A. C.



"This is a coward's trick, to burn your foe to death."

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 99.)

WOODTHORPE'S object was a very simple one. Guessing that if their pursuers of the previous day had indeed stopped anywhere in the neighbourhood, they would naturally encamp in some coppice not far from the Homestead, he wished to satisfy himself, if possible, on the point, so that he could inform Major Havering of their movements.

Before he had got a mile from the house he fancied he could detect the faint glimmering of a fire on the rising ground some distance further on. Using the greatest caution he began to creep in its direction, and soon could discern some dark forms of men squatting round it. He counted seven; whether there were any more or not he could not make out. They were speaking at intervals, but, at the distance he was from them, he could only hear the sound of the voices without being able to catch the words uttered. Anxious to hear if possible whether they were planning any fresh mischief, he crept yet closer, and listened intently.

For nearly half an hour the subject of their conversation had no interest for Woodthorpe. Their talk was of cattle, of the vices of the White race, and the power of the Caffres. Then a chance remark of one of them, a big man, wearing a ring on the top of his head, to the effect that 'it was time they were back again by now,' informed the listener that some of the party were out of camp, and were presently expected to rejoin it. This, thought Woodthorpe, might be a trifle awkward for him, as the returning warriors might come his way, or even, as a matter of fact, stumble over him and so discover his hiding-place. With this man, to think was to act. No sooner had he become possessed of the information, and hastily considered the amount of risk he ran, than he came to the decision that it was not worth chancing his life under the circumstances, as all he could hope for was to learn a little of the Caffres' movements in the immediate future. So, slowly, and in perfect silence, he turned to go—and found himself confronted by a huge savage, who had stolen up to within two yards of him, unheard and unperceived.

This man, who had been out scouting in one direction, whilst another of his party had been similarly employed elsewhere, had been coming back to his camp, when a bright shaft of moonlight had revealed to him Woodthorpe's whereabouts. Creeping up, step by step, at the white man's back, the Caffre had been about to spring upon him, when he unexpectedly turned round, as we have seen.

To rush straight at his foe, and deal him such a blow as sent him sprawling to grass, was the work of a moment. Then, amid the shouts and howls of the aroused camp, he started off running in the direction whence he came, at a speed few men could have kept up for long.

Unluckily for his chance of escape, his road lay—and that was his only path of safety—across the plain, which was destitute of any kind of shelter or hiding-place, and now brilliantly illuminated by the moon. He was handicapped, moreover, by boots and his clothing, neither of which were at all suitable for running in. The Caffres, without anything of the kind to trouble them, long of shank, and accustomed to prolonged marches 'at the double,' had all the chances on their side from the outset of the chase.

Still, for the first few minutes he fairly held his own, and, as he thought within himself that he had but to last a mile to the Homestead, he stood a very fair chance of escape. At all events, it was his only one, and though his breathing now began to be short and laboured, he set his teeth and ran doggedly on.

Then he felt that they were beginning slightly to gain on him. He did not look back because, as an old athlete, he knew how much this baneful habit hampered a runner; but he could tell by his pursuers' shouts—now becoming shouts of triumph—that, unless he had something more than another 'spurt' left in him he must be caught before he had gone two hundred yards further.

If he only had their lungs, and could raise breath enough to give a shout! some one at the Homestead, the lights of which were now discernible, might be walking in the garden and hear him. But he could not; he was now 'running in trouble,' as the saying is, and had to save all his breath for his task.

Nearer and nearer they closed upon him. Already he almost fancied he could feel the hot breath of the leading savage upon the back of his own neck. It was only a fancy, of course, but a terrible one. He was almost exhausted, and had just made up his mind to stop and die facing his foes, when, with a leap and a yell of exultation, one of the Caffres flung himself upon him, and bore him to the earth. The next moment Frank Woodthorpe lay, helpless and panting, at the mercy of his most pitiless enemies.

For some minutes neither Woodthorpe nor his captors spoke, for the painful effort of that life-and-death race had so exhausted pursuers and pursued alike. Then the prisoner began to look about him, and contemplate as calmly as he could his desperate position.

No such thought as mercy from the savages passed through Woodthorpe's brain. He knew them too well for that. The fact that in his many struggles with them he had always spared his prisoners would, he was quite aware, avail him nothing now. He, who had so often met them in fair fight, and come off victorious, now lay at their mercy, and that they would put him to death admitted of no question in his own mind. 'Well,' he thought, 'the pitcher that goes too often to the well gets broken at last. If it was the will of Providence, then——' and so thinking, like the brave man he was, he resigned himself in patience to his fate.

A quarter of an hour later, and with his hands securely bound together by strips of raw hide, which almost cut into the flesh, he was hustled along by his dark-skinned captors, wondering what his fate was to be.

Steadily they tramped on. Day was breaking; slowly the red sun rose and illumined the Eastern sky. Woodthorpe looked at it sadly, experiencing

much the same sensation which a prisoner about to be executed must feel—that he would never look upon its rising again. Yet his faith never faltered. Resigned, indeed, he was, but yet that 'hope which springs eternal in the human breast' was ever present in his own. True, no chance of possible escape presented itself to him, but still——

Soon afterwards they came to a halt and encamped in a lonely spot near a clump of tall trees. Two Caffres were left to keep guard over him; the rest walked away out of sight.

No word had been spoken with reference to the fate they were reserving for the prisoner. These men well knew that their captive understood their language, and were accordingly guarded whilst in his presence; but, once out of earshot, they spoke freely, and when they returned to where he lay, he was not long left in doubt as to their intentions.

Still keeping his bonds on him, they marched him up to a place where nature herself seemed to have made a clearing. A small belt of high trees surrounded it, and at the foot of one of these there was that at which, dauntless in courage though he was, Woodthorpe could not repress a shudder. Smarting under a sense of defeat twenty times over, of being outwitted, and their schemes having been foiled over and over again, the savages had determined that their prisoner should be burnt alive, and, to that end, they had heaped up the dried faggots which Woodthorpe's eye had caught on entering the clearing.

Setting his teeth hard, he walked firmly up to the tree, and submitted to be bound thereto; then, as one of them approached for the purpose of igniting the pile, he tried a first and last appeal to the generosity of the chief. 'Why are you going to do this to me?' he said in the Caffre tongue. 'Have I not always treated your people well when they have been delivered into my hands? Have I not always fought you fairly? Why, then, do you not kill me, if you mean to kill me, quickly? Why do you torture me to death like this?'

The chief turned his head away, and said, 'We have no guns; the white people have stolen them from us while we were in the cave. It was you who did this; else we might have shot you, instead of doing——'

'You have your assegaies,' broke in the helpless man. 'This is a coward's trick to burn your foe to death.'

The last words were unfortunate; at the suggestion of cowardice angry retorts rose from the lips of all around, and one hideous savage, with a scar across his nose, snatched the burning brand from the hesitating hand of the man who bore it, and, with an exultant yell, thrust it into the midst of the dried sticks.

Slowly they ignited; a dense smoke arose, occasioned by the burning of some green twigs mixed with the dry; but at length the hungry flames leapt up and around the unhappy victim, mingling with the thick smoke and obscuring the horrible sight. With grunts of satisfaction, the wretches strolled away back to their camp, calmly settling down, without another thought of the tortured victim in the flames, to a heavy meal. This finished, one and all stretched out upon the ground and slept soundly, quite undisturbed by the deed they had done. If any of them gave it a thought, it was merely to hope the whites would not find it out, or they might take heavy retribution for the foul act.

The sun was almost at its zenith, when first one and then another leisurely awoke. When three of them had yawned and stretched themselves, they strolled out to the clearing to gaze upon their murderous handiwork, without troubling to awake the others.

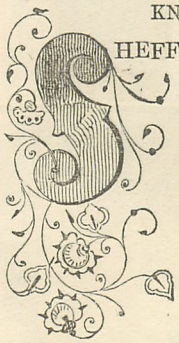
A shout of astonishment and chagrin broke from the three as they entered the clearing and gazed at the smouldering ashes of the fire. They rushed forward, thrusting their hands eagerly into them, to seek for tangible traces of him they left here burning but a few hours ago; but they sought in vain. Their intended victim had vanished!

No one had entered the clearing, *neither had any one left!*

(*Continued at page* 116.)

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

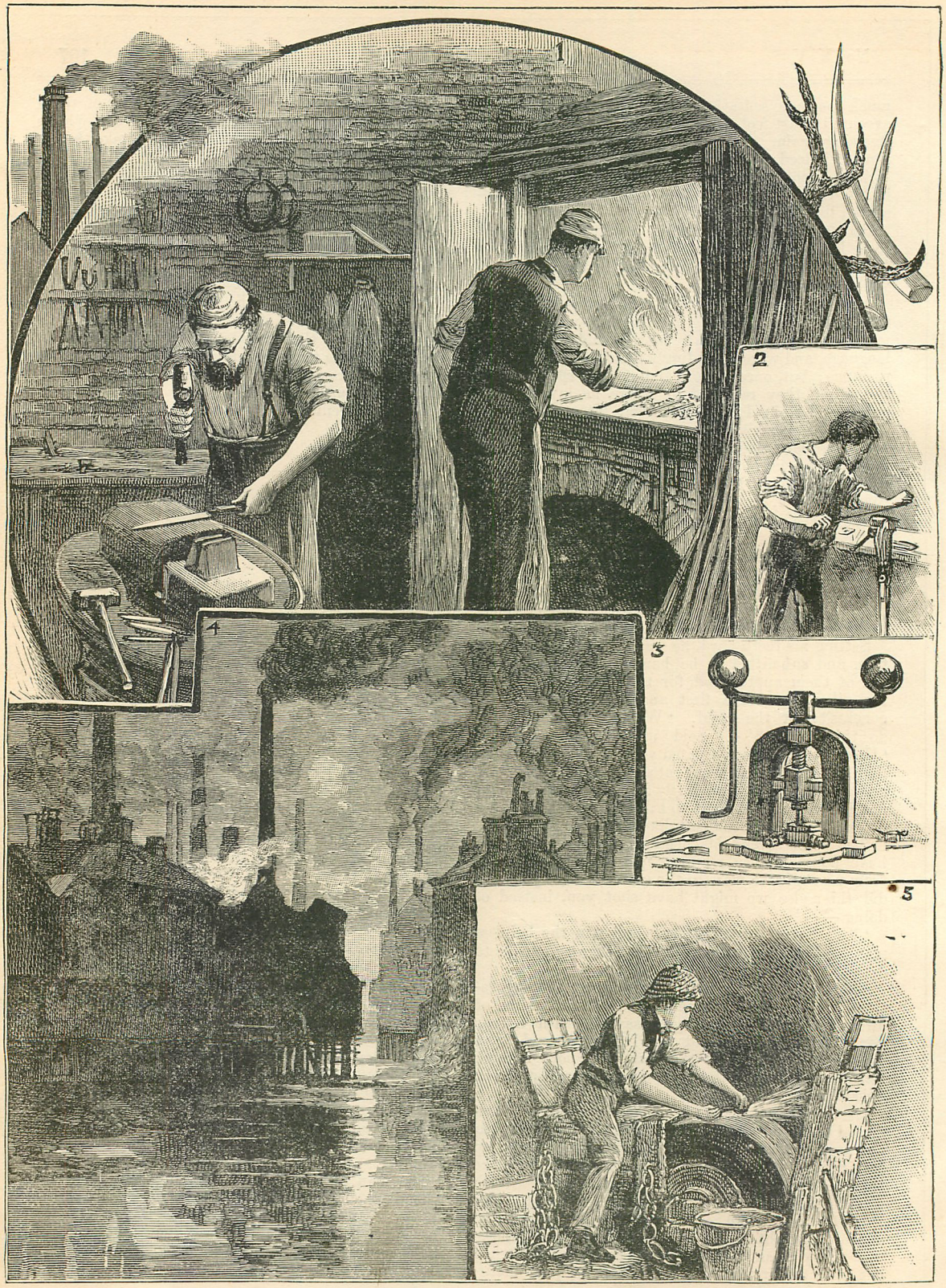
KNIVES AND FORKS.



SHEFFIELD knives are so well and so favourably known throughout the world, that a special interest attaches to their manufacture. One would think, from the many attempts which foreign cutlers have made to rival them, that there was some secret about their making; but there is not, or, if there is, it would probably puzzle a Sheffield knife-maker to say what it is. Some years ago certain American manufacturers thought there must be some special quality in Sheffield water to produce that splendid temper in steel for which the town is famous, and accordingly they obtained some of it, and took it across the Atlantic with them. Whether the supposed special quality has no existence in fact, or whether the mysterious ingredient evaporated while on the way, is not certain. At any rate, the Americans could not produce knife-blades to equal those of Sheffield.

In recent years the world-famed Yorkshire town has been obliged, owing to competition, to produce cheap knives. These are roughly fashioned in one piece by means of the steam hammer, and, after having been heated again, they are put under dies, which form them to the proper shape and size. But these common knives are not the true Sheffield blades, and, indeed, they will not bear any comparison with them. These excellent articles are made in quite a different manner, in little forges among the houses of the cutlers.

The man puts a strip of steel into his fire, and when it reaches just the right heat, he withdraws it, and by means of a hammer he shapes the end of it to the length of blade required. When he has formed it, he cuts it off and welds it to the 'bolster'—the projection which meets the handle—and the 'tang,'



KNIVES AND FORKS.

1. Forging and tempering. 2 Filing and finishing. 3. Press for cutting out forks. 4. A bit of Sheffield smoke. 5. Grinding.

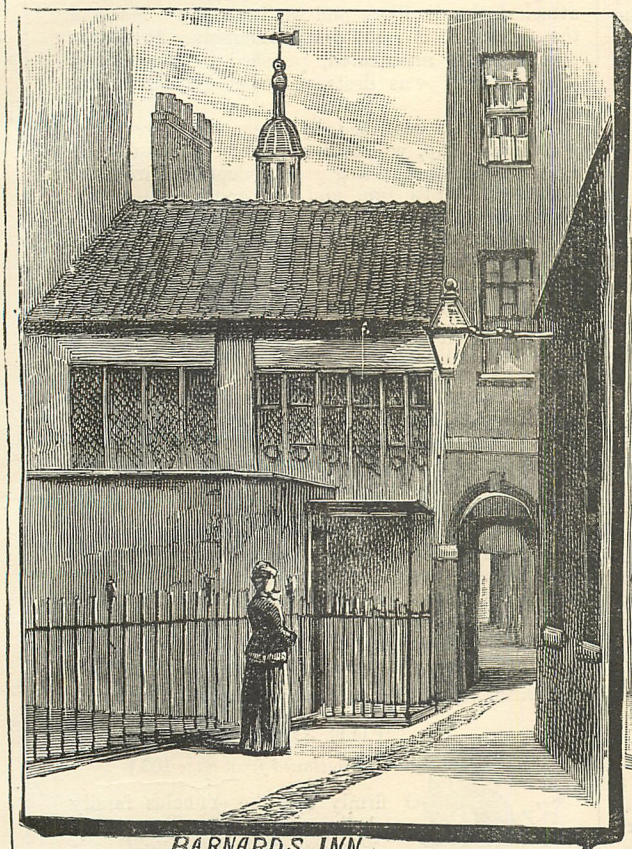
the piece that runs into the haft. In a table knife, the blade alone is steel; the rest is wrought iron. When, then, this juncture has been made, the forgeman straightens the knife, and then, with the aid of a stamp, he marks it with the name of the maker.

Up to this point the knife is soft. Accordingly, the next thing done is to harden it. The blade is heated and then plunged into a trough of water which stands close to the anvil. There seems to be nothing at all remarkable about this operation, but it must be done in a certain way—the blade must be put in the water at a certain angle—or the knife would not be properly hardened. If you took it after it had been in its bath and bent it only a little way, it would snap off like glass. It is for this reason that the blade is next passed slowly over the fire, which is called 'tempering' it, and which makes the steel tough and flexible.

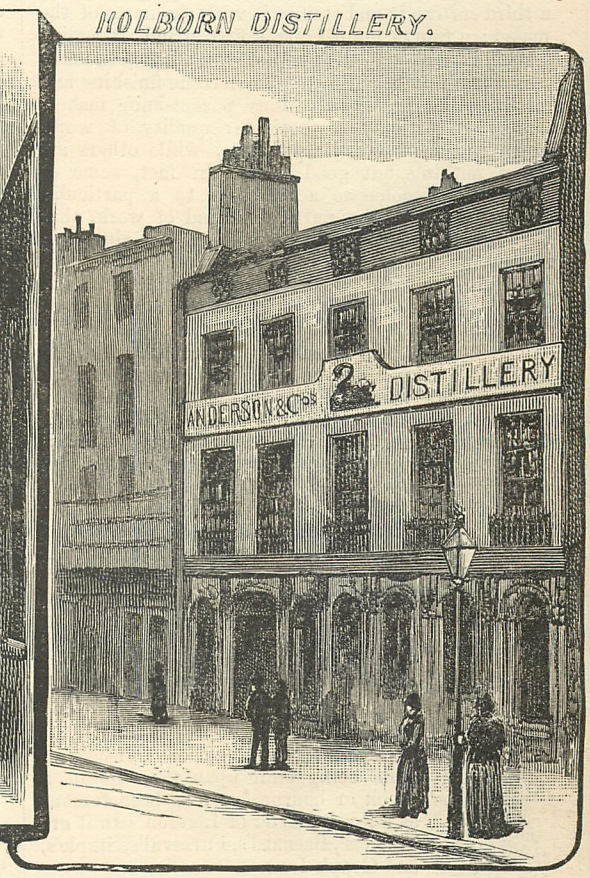
The next stage in the production of a knife is grinding. The men who do this work sit over large circular stones, which revolve rapidly from them, and on which they press the knives with all their weight. Their task is both unhealthy and dangerous. Razor-grinding is, however, as regards health, much worse, for in that case no water is used on the stone, and consequently the air is full of little particles of steel, which the men have to breathe. The danger attending grinding lies in the breaking of the stones over which the men lean. Now and again, when these contain some hidden flaw, there is a sharp crack, and some poor fellow is seriously injured or killed outright. So far, it has been found impossible to guard against these terrible accidents.

No foreign grinder, however, is equal to the Sheffield grinder. His method and his skill are all his own. As an instance of his skill, he can put an edge on a razor, with the grindstone alone, so that it will shave well.

From the grinder knives pass to men who finish them. They stand before various wheels, covered with different preparations, such as emery, polishing powder, &c., and hold the knives on them until they are beautifully bright. Then other men fix on the handles, which are made by a different kind of workmen from various materials. Formerly ivory was very largely used for this purpose. Sheffield, it is said, for many years used the tusks of twenty thousand elephants annually in making knife-handles. Since then, however, horn and bone have grown in public favour. That very large quantities of these



BARNARDS INN.



materials and of steel are used solely for table knives is clear from the fact that one Sheffield firm alone used to turn out five thousand dozens of knives and forks weekly, though probably they do not make so many now.

Pocket knives, of which Sheffield makes millions every year, of all kinds and of all qualities, go through many processes. From the time they are forged until they are wrapped up ready for the market, they are handled—or 'taken up,' as cutlers say—by about seventy different sets of workmen. One man forges the blade; another roughly grinds it; a third softens it and stamps it with the name of the maker; a fourth tempers it; a fifth grinds it again; a sixth fastens it to the handle, which has been made by quite a number of men. Then come finishing and all the other processes. Many pocket-knife makers generally get only a particular quality of work. Some are kept on cheap knives, while others are given nothing but good ones. In fact, some of the cutlers become so accustomed to a particular quality, as well as a particular kind of work, that they are ill at ease if the most trifling change is made.

Turning to forks, those 'common objects' of the table have little to tell of themselves. Some kinds are roughly forged from cast steel, and one end is flattened into what is called the 'mood.' This is put under a kind of press, which stamps out the prongs. Another method of making forks is as follows:—Taking a square bar of steel, the workman forges the shank and the handle part generally. Then he beats out flat the other end. After the whole has been re-heated, it is placed between two halves of a die, which, coming together, give it the shape required. The fork is afterwards filed, ground on a stone, and finally brightened. All that then remains is to put on it a handle similar in style and quality to that of the knife which it is intended to accompany. W.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Barnard's Inn.

HOLBORN, formerly called Old-bourne, from being built upon the side of a brook or bourne, has long been famous as a legal quarter of London. In it are Thavies', Barnard's, Furnival's, Staple's, and Gray's Inns.

The original name of Barnard's Inn was Mackworth's. It was so called from having belonged to Dr. John Mackworth, who was a Dean of Lincoln in the reign of Henry VI. Its next occupier was named Barnard, and in his time it became an Inn of Chancery.

In Barnard's Inn lived, many long years ago, an extraordinary person named Peter Woulfe, who is said to have been 'the last true believer in alchemy.' His chambers were so crammed with furnaces and apparatus that it was quite a difficult journey to reach the fireside. Woulfe's breakfast hour was four in the morning. He would now and then invite a few of his friends, who gained admittance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of the chamber. Whenever he wished to break off an acquaintance he would send a present to the offender, and never see him afterwards. When he felt unwell, his self-prescribed remedy was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail-coach. It was through a chill taken during one of these expeditions that he died.

During the 'No Popery' riots of A.D. 1780, Barnard's Inn had a narrow escape. It stood next to the extensive premises of Langdale's distillery. Mr. Langdale was a Roman Catholic; and so the mob attacked the distillery and set it on fire. Many of the rioters, it is said, drank themselves to death; others, while intoxicated, perished in the flames. The distillery was destroyed, but Barnard's Inn escaped.

This Inn is described by Dickens in *Great Expectations*. Pip, who is the hero of that most interesting novel, was feeling greatly depressed when he visited Barnard's Inn, and the appearance of the place, he tells us, did not tend to alleviate his depression. 'I had supposed,' he says, 'that establishment to be an hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, to which the Blue Boar, in our town, was a mere public-house, whereas I now found Barnard to be a disembodied spirit, or a fiction, and his inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tom-cats.'

'We entered this haven,' continues Pip, 'through a wicket-gate, and were disgorged by an introductory passage into a melancholy little square, that looked to me like a flat burying-ground. I thought it had the most dismal trees in it, and the most dismal sparrows, and the most dismal cats, and the most dismal houses (in number half-a-dozen or so), that I had ever seen. I thought the windows of the sets of chambers into which those houses were divided, were in every stage of dilapidated blind and curtain, crippled flower-pot, cracked glass, dusty decay, and miserable makeshift; while "To Let, To Let, To Let," glared at me from the empty rooms.'

THE CHANGELING.

(*Continued from page* 103.)

SO firmly did the Yunclus family believe in the generally received solution of the mystery, that it never occurred to them to inquire further into the matter; and people who did *not* believe in the fact of the child being other than Inga, explained the matter by saying that the poor girl had been hurt, frightened, and her reason upset through losing herself in the mist, and then spending the night in a spot made awful by superstition.

But, notwithstanding all that the more intelligent neighbours said, Tredamann and his household continued to believe that the child was none of theirs. They could not state clear reasons for

their belief, but they were firmly convinced of its correctness.

Yet they never dreamt of turning the Changeling out of their house. A part of their belief was that as they treated the elfin child, so would their lost darling be treated by the Trows; therefore, in all things the idiot girl took Inga's place—in all but in their hearts.

It was a pitiful thing to see the Changeling sit on a foot-stool heedless of every effort made to rouse her. Each member of the household vied with the others in trying to wake her latent intelligence, but it was all in vain. She would sit the whole day long by the fireside, twirling her fingers and gazing into distance with the wild and weary look of a caged beast. Her face never lost its woefully sad expression, and her lips continually moved with a nervous motion, but no words ever came from them. Yet she was a gentle, docile child, and became endeared to the family for her very helplessness and pathetic endurance, combined with a wistful shrinking way she had of showing pain. Then, too, her sad eyes seemed to speak to them of lost Inga, and to claim, in her name, some love and care; and so as time passed away the grief softened down; the daily duties of the household went on in the old way, and underneath the sorrow and resignation lived a hope of receiving little Inga again some day.

One day, about a month after the Changeling came, Olaf strayed away to the hill-side alone. He was not afraid to go to the 'Fairy-ring' by himself, because he seemed to feel as if his darling twin-sister were there; and he would often sit on the old grey stone, and think about her, and wonder when it would be that she should return. He was very sure that she would come some time, and it made him very happy to linger at that spot and picture her coming. On the particular day I speak of, Olaf sat in the dale, thinking of Inga, until he fell asleep, and then he dreamt that she came to him, looking as bright and happy as an angel. She told him that she had felt naughty and sulky when sent to mind the sheep, but that she had been punished for that, and she was coming again 'never to be bad, no more.' She kissed Olaf's brow (he dreamed), and then he woke up, and went home with the soft happiness of his vision about him almost expecting to find Inga there. There was only the Changeling by the fire, and Inga would not come until the other left! So the summer months began to fade away, and the pleasant duties of harvest-time made lighter the young hearts at Ordaal. And the mellow autumn died on Hallowmas e'en, when Trows are permitted, by superstitious belief, to enjoy a brief time of freedom.

The Changeling had been named Fairy—for they *could* not call her Inga—and Fairy was unusually restless that Hallow-e'en, and kept looking from face to face as if in search of some one.

The family began to hope that perhaps she was going to be 'fetched' and their Inga restored; but no such thing took place.

The winter set in, and the winter went past; and then to Olaf's joy the Changeling began to show some signs of improvement. The boy had been most patient and persevering in his efforts to waken her interest, and when she began to nod when she meant 'yes,' to smile when pleased, to mark her preference for himself by taking his hand, or stroking his face, Olaf felt repaid for a great deal, and as if he were nearer to Inga.

In the early spring Eric begged his father to let him go away to sea;—not as a fisher-boy in a tiny boat, but as a sailor in a big ship sailing over great seas far from home, but sure to return home some day a famous, rich man!

Tredamann was a little reluctant to let Eric go, but he felt that he had no right to debar his son from pushing his own way in life, so with prayers and hopes, with smiles and not a few tears, the sailor was sent out upon his travels.

He found a ship at Liverpool and sent letters home full of delight at his new life, as well as marvellous tales of his adventures, which seemed astonishing to the simple folk of Ordaal who had lived their lives within their native isle and its girdling sea.

Once more the summer came, with its light and its happiness. The little ones grew, and Anderina bloomed into a bonnie maiden, the pride and joy of her home. Only poor Fairy felt none of the reviving influences of the summer; for though the cloud had lifted slightly from her mind, her wasted form grew yet more thin, and her eyes yet more sad; and the mother said aside, 'Fairy will be "flitting" soon, poor thing!'

Eric was not expected to revisit home for a long time, so great was the surprise of all when a letter came announcing his return almost as soon as the missive should reach.

'A fit of home-sickness,' his father said, and laughed, glad enough that the love of home was strong enough to draw the boy back to the Isles, however foolishly! A foolishness of the sort is sometimes more amiable than a colder wisdom. But Eric was not home-sick; and I will now tell you why he was returning so unexpectedly.

(*Concluded at page* 114.)

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

ON the cheerful village green,
Skirted round with houses small,
All the boys and girls are seen,
Playing there with hoop and ball.

Now they frolic hand in hand,
Making many a merry chain;
Then they form a warlike band,
Marching o'er the level plain.

Now ascends the worsted ball;
High it rises in the air,
Or against the cottage wall,
Up and down it bounces there.

Then the hoop, with even pace,
Runs before the merry crowd;
Joy is seen in every face,
Joy is heard in clamours loud.



The Village Green. By W. H. Boot.

Rich array and mansions proud,
Gilded toys and costly fare,
Would not make the little crowd
Half so happy as they are.

Then, contented with my state,
Let me envy not the great,
Since true pleasure may be seen
On a cheerful village green.

JANE TAYLOR, 1783–1824.



The first Mariner's Compass.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

IN ancient times, when people wished to go by sea from one country to another, the mariners steered the course of the ship by the headlands, or prominent features of the coast; and when these were out of sight, by the position of the sun by day and at night by certain constellations or clusters of stars; but as these were invisible in cloudy or stormy weather, and as their position with regard to the earth varied at different periods of the year, they were a very uncertain guide, and it was often a mere chance if the vessel reached the port for which it was bound. Now, however, a ship can be steered to any part of the world with the greatest accuracy even if sun and stars were never seen during the whole voyage; and this is done with the aid of the mariner's compass, an instrument which consists of a magnetised needle, working on a pivot, in the centre of a circular card, on which are inscribed the thirty-two points of the compass. It is placed in a box, so constructed that the compass retains a horizontal position, however much the ship may roll; and as the needle always points towards the north, with a slight variation to the west, the captain can at any time by looking at it tell in what direction his vessel is going. The needle acquires its magnetic power by being rubbed with a loadstone, which is a mineral possessing the quality of attracting iron and steel, and is found in the iron mines of Sweden, Norway, and various parts of the world.

The mariner's compass is said to have been invented by an Italian named Flavio Gioja in the thirteenth century, but an old French writer, who lived a hundred years earlier, mentions the loadstone, which he calls the mariner's stone, and says that it was used in navigation. The invention has also been claimed for England, because in most European countries the instrument is called a *compass*, which is an English word, signifying a circle. In reality it was invented by the Chinese, and as we learn from their ancient records, was used by them to steer their junks more than a thousand years before it was even heard of in Europe.

The attractive property of the loadstone was known to the Chinese from remote antiquity; and the art of communicating the power to a needle was probably discovered by some ancient philosopher, who, experimenting with his magnet, rubbed the point of a needle with it, and found that if the needle were then placed on a piece of cork, and set to float in a basin of water, it always pointed in one direction, no matter how the basin was turned. Reflecting on the cause of so singular a circumstance, he sagely concluded that it pointed to the *south*, with a variation to the *east*, thus exactly reversing our way of looking at it.

This was the first mariner's compass, and was used for a long time in making astrological charts, finding lucky places for tombs, and other foolish and superstitious purposes. But at the beginning of the Christian era it began to be employed in navigation, and in a Chinese dictionary it is stated that before the fifth century ships were steered to the south by the magnet. Sometimes the needle was passed through a wick, made of a rush, and was set to float in water; and as the earliest magnet known in Europe was a needle floating in a vessel of water, it has been supposed that the invention was brought from China, in the year 1260, by the celebrated Venetian traveller, Marco Polo. At first European sailors had a great prejudice against it, thinking that the strange power of the needle must be the work of some demon, and the master mariners were afraid to use it lest they should be suspected of magic; but it was soon generally adopted, and various improvements were made in its construction.

A. R.

THE CHANGELING.

(*Concluded from p.* 111.)

ONE day, when back from a voyage, Eric was strolling about Liverpool, looking idly around, when he heard a sharp cry of pain close at hand; glancing in the direction of the sound he saw a big ragged ruffian strike a young girl, who fell with outstretched hands before the blow.

Eric thought of his sisters, and the manly nor'land blood rushed to his forehead as he witnessed a second cowardly assault.

With a shout of 'Stop that, you brute!' he sprang upon the fellow, and hit him with both fists in right sailor style! Fortunately, a policeman was on the spot to assist Eric, whose sudden onslaught was stopped by the rescued child.

With a cry of joy she flung herself on him, and Eric found that it was his own lost sister Inga whom he had succoured!

Lost so long, so strangely found, he clasped the child close, never asking a question, or doubting for one moment that *this* was the cherished darling lost at the Fairy-ring in the old isle so far away.

When at last Eric turned to demand explanation from the ruffian who had been with Inga, he had decamped, and in his place had gathered a little crowd, excited and inquiring about the strange meeting between brother and sister.

One of the circle was a young lady who, seeing how bewildered the pair seemed, kindly invited them to go home with her; and Eric, not sure what to do with Inga, but determined not to part from her, gladly accepted the offer.

In a quiet room, with their new friend and her father present, Inga told the tale of how she was lost.

On the night when Inga was out on the hill alone, she lost her way through the mist, and was dreadfully alarmed upon discovering that she had strayed into the Trows' dale. She would have wandered any length rather than remain there, but as she

turned to leave it, she met a man and woman who were followed by a girl of her own age.

With childhood's trustfulness Inga addressed the woman, and begged her to show her the way home. The man was a Scottish pedlar (or tramp) of the lowest kind; he, with the woman and child, were merely passing through that island, and were quite unknown in it. A wicked thought entered his head as he looked at lovely Inga and knew that her fair face and pleading gestures were worth money to folk like himself.

He whispered to his wife who was listening to the child's frightened story of the Fairy-ring, of Trows and their tricks with lost children.

Quickly the wretches seized on helpless Inga. They stripped off her clothes and arrayed her in their idiot daughter's rags; then, without the smallest feeling for that other even more forlorn child, they placed her within the Fairy-ring. Threatening her in the most terrible way if she dared to move from the spot, they hastened away, taking Inga with them. By threats and blows they compelled her to silence while travelling. She did not dare to ask help of any one; and in their begging expeditions she received so much that the vile pair rejoiced in the success of their exchange of children.

They were not so happy later on when they found themselves in prison for that same foul deed!

But Inga was safe—safe in Eric's arms, and in the care of her lady friend. Miss Mosely was so delighted with the end of the story that she persuaded her father to take her to Shetland, with the brother and sister, so that she might share the joy at Ordaal.

But something sorrowful was happening in Ordaal just then. Fairy was fading away, was preparing to lay down the burden of a clouded life for the brightness of eternity; and all who saw her dying said 'it is best so.'

It seemed as if the cloud were lifted from her reason at times in those last days, for she spoke one or two words, smiled often, and when Olaf kissed her for good-bye, and whispered, 'Send Inga to us,' the Changeling nodded softly as if she understood what he meant.

They made a grave for Fairy within the charmed ring, and I think they believed that *something* strange would happen about that time. On the anniversary of the day on which she had been found, Olaf sat by that grave and thought of Inga. By-and-by he slept and dreamed that his twin sister was beside him. Then there came light feet across the Trow's dale—a lady and a child. On seeing Olaf asleep there they stepped back to the knoll behind which Mr. Mosely and Eric were hid.

'How strange,' whispered Eric, 'that Ole' should chance to be here; but it is all the better, we can have more fun about it.'

The four conspirators had arranged that they should arrive on that day, and that Inga should be conveyed to the Fairy-ring. The lady and gentleman were to hide near; Eric was to go home and persuade his family that on such a day they ought to visit the scene of Inga's mysterious di-appearance. It was thought such a scheme would prepare them best for her return; moreover, it suited Miss Mosely's romance-loving nature to plan it so.

She had dressed the little girl in a white frock with blue ribbons and flowers among her hair, and very like a real fairy she looked as she stepped to sleeping Olaf's side and lightly kissed his cheek.

Wide open went his eyes, and wider still—for there was the Inga of his dreams! But she soon proved herself no unearthly creature by clasping her twin in her arms, and between sobs and laughter saying, 'My Ole', my own Olaf! here I am! just your Inga safe home again!'

Then the others came forward, and Olaf, seeing Eric, felt sure that he was not dreaming.

'Hold her here till I come back,' he cried, and he set off at full speed for Ordaal, breaking in upon the sobered household—sobered by Fairy's death—like a whirlwind, radiant as sunshine too.

All he said was, 'Come! haste to the Fairy-ring!' and off he sped again.

Scarce knowing what to expect, the whole family followed; and we can imagine how they rejoiced when they saw their own lovely Inga standing by the Changeling's grave, so like a gift from fairyland that it was some minutes before even the mother could believe that the child was there in the very flesh!

When the whole matter was at last explained, the good folk felt just a little foolish on learning that no supernatural agency had been at work after all, and that if they had rejected such a ridiculous belief they might have traced Inga long ago.

I dare say many as strange circumstances might be explained if they were looked into in a sensible way. But on the whole some good had come out of the evil, and Inga said, 'I don't mind so much *now* all I suffered since it was the means of making poor Fairy's last days better for her.'

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Clare Market and the Old Curiosity Shop.

CLARE MARKET, at the south-western angle of Lincoln's Inn Fields—for butchers' meat, fish, and vegetables—was built by William Holles, Baron Houghton and Earl of Clare, in Clement's Inn Fields, about the year A.D. 1660, and was first called New Market. The Earl of Clare lived close by, in his 'palace,' a 'princely mansion,' to which the present aspect of the place presents a very marked contrast.

With the Earl of Clare, and other lordly residents of St. Clement Danes, have passed away 'the butchers in the shambles and country butchers,' who used to supply these wealthy households. The merchandise exposed for sale in the Clare Market of to-day consists of dried fish, inferior vegetables, and other humble viands suited to the pockets of the poor folk who live in the narrow courts and alleys around.

The 'Old Curiosity Shop,' Portsmouth Street, is



the one which Charles Dickens had in his mind when he wrote the touching story of Little Nell. This is how he describes the interior:—'The place was one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of the town, and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust. There were suits of mail standing like ghosts in armour, here and there; fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters; rusty weapons of various kinds; distorted figures in china and wood and iron and ivory; tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams.'

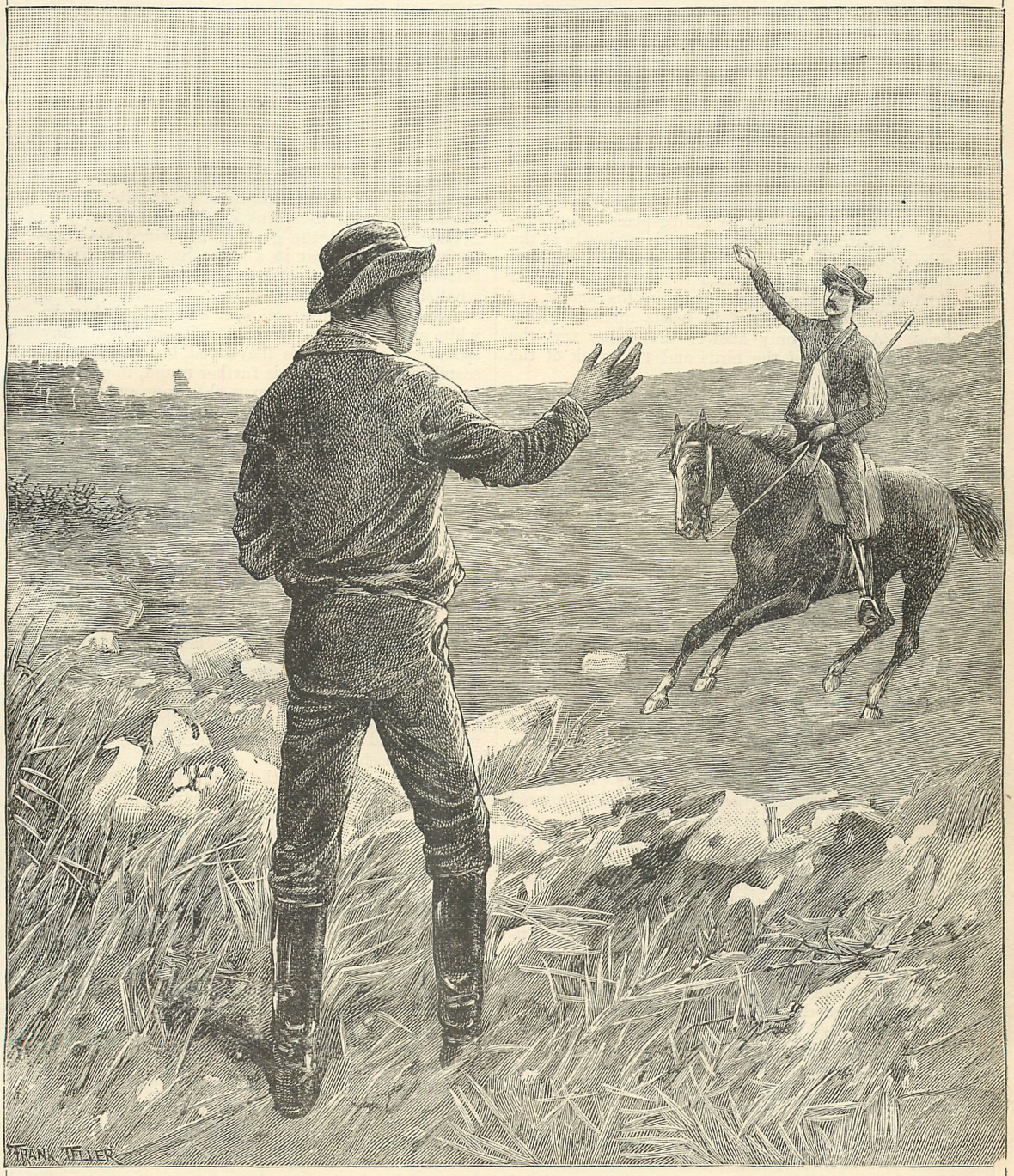
The 'Old Curiosity Shop' is soon to be pulled down.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 107).

IN order to explain the situation described in the last chapter, we must go back to the time when, smoke and flame doing their worst, the savages had leisurely retired to eat and drink, satisfied that Woodthorpe, their captive, had paid the penalty of his boldness in the past, when opposing their tribes in warfare.

In the next minute a tongue of flame had leapt up and shrivelled the raw hide thongs that held Woodthorpe's hands together. With a violent wrench, he burst the bonds, and then quickly he unfastened the strip that, passing across his chest, bound him to the tree. His keen eye, even in this his direst extremity, had seen that his cruel foes, thinking their ghastly work complete, had left the clearing. He was free, and, though half choked with the smoke, his hair and eyebrows singed, and his clothes almost consumed by the flames, new life seemed suddenly infused into him by the possible chance of escape. Once free from his bonds, to grasp the tall, thin tree-trunk and 'shin' up it was the work of a moment. In another minute he had gained a considerable height, from which he could just make out, through the thick green foliage, the dusky group seated round their camp fire. Hardly pausing a moment, he stretched out his hand and clutched the projecting arm of the adjoining tree, swinging himself lightly on to it, and



Woodthorpe recognises Jack Havering.

thence passing to the next. Here he paused, both to take breath and to consider what his best chance of escape would be.

Should he descend, now that he was at some distance from the savages? True, they might return at any moment; but, on the other hand, if they did,

they might, perhaps, discover his whereabouts in the tree. He did not know what to do. Then came in the consideration—an all-important one—of the spoor which he must leave, and which they must certainly discover, in the soft ground, if he attempted flight in the daylight. Finally, he decided that his safest course would be to stay where he was—there was no other tree near enough for him to reach—until the friendly darkness should come to cover up the tell-tale footmarks he would have to make.

Everything now depended upon whether the Caffres returned and discovered his hiding-place before sunset. Woodthorpe looked long and anxiously at the shining orb; hour after hour passed, but, oh, how slowly! 'Great God, would it never set?' at last groaned the over-wrought man in his agony, as the cold sweat gathered in beads upon his forehead. And the only answer that came was the ceaseless twitter of the birds and the croak of the bull-frogs.

What was that? Something struck upon his listening ear, sharpened, as it was, by the intense mental strain he had been undergoing for these hours past. A sound of voices—not friends? Oh, it was too good to be true! They had tracked him, and arrived in time to save—— Alas, no! No one had found him, none was at hand to save. The sound of voices came from three Caffres now approaching, who imagined they were about to look upon the charred ashes of their so-long victorious enemy—the enemy who had fallen so completely into their power at last.

Hardly daring to draw breath, Woodthorpe crouched down into his place of concealment, just in the fork of the tree, and watched, with staring eyeballs, to see what they would do when they found their intended victim had disappeared. Would they search the ground or—horror! the trees? He could not tell; he could only wait, in a mixed condition of suspense, horror, hope, and despair.

The shouts of surprise and baffled rage which broke from the discoverers of the situation quickly aroused the rest of the Caffres from their slumbers, and brought them running to the scene. Then followed a confused babel of shouts and curses, all of them plainly overheard by the unhappy man hidden such a short distance from his would-be murderers.

An immediate search of the ground round about was made for footmarks, as Woodthorpe had anticipated. Of course, none were found. This seemed greatly to puzzle them, whilst it materially added to their fury at the captive's wholly unexpected escape. At last, after a diligent search on the ground, one of the party pointed up the tree at the foot of which the fire had been kindled, and up which, as we know, Woodthorpe had climbed before passing on in turn to the other two. Then the same Caffre slowly began to climb the one he had indicated.

Woodthorpe, unhinged as he was by the terrible events of the day, trembled for a brief moment like the leaves sheltering him. The least movement on his part, now that the savage was about on a level with his feet, and only two or three yards away, would have disclosed his hiding-place, and this would have meant, of course, discovery and instant death. Then a nervous and almost irresistible desire to cough came upon him, as it will to people placed in a terrible position where the least sound would be fatal. He conquered it, but the effort almost choked him; the great veins stood out on his forehead, swollen and blue almost to the bursting point. Had the Caffre followed him to the adjacent tree, he must have been lost. Mercifully, the man being a heavy, big specimen of his race, it did not occur to him that a lighter than he might have swung himself across by the overhanging bough then just above his head. Disappointed, he, to Woodthorpe's unutterable relief, slowly descended the trunk of the tree again.

Having reached the ground, he joined his companions, and they sat in a ring almost immediately below their captive's perilous position, and discussed what should be their next move.

After a short conversation, it was decided that the white man must have got away without leaving any spoor just about where they stood, but that, if they searched diligently a little further round, they would be sure to find it. Thereupon they rose and rapidly dispersed in different directions to continue the hunt.

An hour later and the setting sun gave token that night was at hand, twilight in these latitudes being of very short duration. Very soon after dark Woodthorpe had the satisfaction of seeing them drop in, in the glare of the camp-fire, one by one from their unsuccessful search. Patiently, and now in a calmer mood, he waited, not attempting to move until he should see that they were sleeping. The time dragged on wearily. At last, however, his enemies were apparently slumbering; then came his opportunity.

He descended from the branches slowly, for his limbs were stiff and cramped; then, with an inward prayer, and a hearty, silent thanksgiving for his escape, so far, he crept noiselessly away from what had so nearly been the scene of his death that morning, and shaped his course back in the direction of the Homestead.

With the whole of the night before him, and satisfied in his own mind that no pursuit could be attempted until morning with any chance of success, Woodthorpe thankfully plodded his way on in what he judged to be the direction of his friend's house. Had it been day, he could have told for certain; but then, he reflected, had it been day, his enemies could have seen him also; so he cheerfully set to work to make himself sure of his direction as well as he could in the dark. Starved as he had been for these many hours past, and now even suffering more from thirst than from hunger, he was *still* bright in health, and his very emptiness was in favour of quick exertion.

For two hours he walked briskly on, guessing the way and making efforts to guide himself by the stars. This, however, he found delusive on that particular night, as the clouds kept drifting across the face of the heavens and partially obscuring them. Once, a large, black snake, that he had unwittingly disturbed, rose and struck at him. He jumped out of the way, however, in time to avoid it, and passed rapidly on. Then he frightened a group of monkeys, almost stumbling into the midst of them. They fled before him, and, taking refuge in the upper branches of an

adjacent tree, chattered and gibbered until he left them far behind him. So he journeyed through the live-long night, and it was not until the first glimmerings of the dawn appeared in the eastern heavens that he sunk wearily down to snatch a little rest, though he dared not let himself fall asleep.

When day had fairly broken, the jaded traveller rose once more to his feet, and gazed eagerly around to see if any familiar landmarks were in sight. Somewhat to his disappointment, he saw that, in the obscurity of the night, he had got too far to the westward, but he reckoned that an extra hour's walking would remedy this and put him on the straight track again for the Homestead. 'It might have been much worse,' he said to himself cheerily, and then, shaping his course in the right direction, and steering by the sun, he again started for the abode of the Haverings.

The heat was terrible as it got towards mid-day, and the sun poured his rays down mercilessly on the defenceless head of the fugitive. Still he went on, covering as well as he could the nape of his neck and back of his head with his handkerchief. Foot-sore and weary, he allowed himself only the least possible amount of rest, knowing that if, in one of his many looks behind him, he had but caught sight of the dark cluster of savages, that his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase.

It was, as nearly as he could judge by the position of the sun, about five o'clock in the afternoon when Woodthorpe caught sight of the tall trees situated near the goal for which he had been striving. Within half a mile of that clump lay Major Havering's hospitable portals, and then, for the first time since his capture, he felt that he might reasonably consider his safety assured. It was just at this juncture that he descried a solitary horseman, apparently making his way in the same direction as himself, *i.e.*, towards the Homestead. A few minutes later, and he could plainly make out that the horseman was Jack Havering. His steed was walking slowly and with drooping head, as though dead beat; the rider's air told of weariness also. Presently he raised his head, and after a long-protracted gaze, he suddenly uttered a shout of recognition, and, shaking his tired horse into a canter, he came rapidly up to Woodthorpe.

A hearty handshake, and a few hurried sentences, told the story of the anxiety which had been felt at the Homestead after Woodthorpe's mysterious disappearance. Jack and the Major had ridden hither and thither, scouring the country far and near for traces of the missing man, and always with the same result. Taori had very quickly discovered the overnight trail, and followed it for a time; then, for once in a way, his instinct led him to a wrong conclusion. Having found where Woodthorpe's tracks joined those of the Caffres, he had thought that, having met some of the latter who were friendly to him, he had heard some news which made it desirable that he should go off in their company without delay. Then, having once settled it in his own mind that this was the true reason accounting for his master's disappearance, he set his own mind at ease, and even discouraged the efforts made by the Haverings to find the missing man, as if they might interfere with Woodthorpe's plans.

When Woodthorpe and Jack Havering entered the little enclosure surrounding the Homestead, and were met by Major Havering, there were three very grateful hearts to mingle their silent, but none the less earnest, thanks to Heaven for a most extraordinary delivery from a terrible death.

(*Continued at page* 122.)

HAPPY IN EXILE.

Wild Ducks.

THERE is a bewildering variety of wild ducks. But of all these birds it may be said that the plumage is remarkably thick, soft, compact, and impervious to water, and also that there is a marked difference in colour between the males and the females, which difference is not nearly so apparent in the case of geese and swans.

Wild ducks of every variety are widely distributed over the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and North America. Many varieties used also to abound in Great Britain, although the extent to which our marshes have been drained has much lessened their numbers. Yet, making allowance for this, multitudes of these birds visit the fen counties of England every winter, where they are snared by means of various decoys, and sent to the London market. Almost all wild ducks are migratory birds, spending the summer in arctic and sub-arctic regions, from whence they return in winter to more temperate localities.

Conspicuous among the wild ducks to be seen at the Zoological Gardens is the summer duck of North America, a really beautiful bird, and which is said (in common with the mandarin duck) to possess the singular power of perching on trees. Another very handsome bird is the pintail duck, rather longer in shape than most ducks, and with a tail which tapers to a point. This bird regularly visits many parts of the British coasts, and is much esteemed for the table. Besides these, there are the Javanese duck, the whistling duck of the warmer parts of America, the black duck, and many others.

Many wild ducks still breed in Britain, sometimes near the lakes or rivers which they frequent, sometimes in more elevated moorland districts, from which the parent birds often take the opportunity of bringing their very young brood to the lower waters by swimming down the streams when slightly swollen by rain. It is interesting to see the little creatures hurried on without injury by the current, and passing along narrow rapids, and over waterfalls of considerable height, much as pieces of cork might do, and with as little apparent injury. The nest of the wild duck is composed of grass, intermixed and lined with down, and the eggs, which are rather small, are generally nine or ten in number. M.



HAPPY IN EXILE.

Wild Ducks in the Zoölogical Gardens.



"She rides straight for the low mud wall."

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 119.)

ALTHOUGH suffering severely from shock to the system, a few days' rest greatly benefited Frank Woodthorpe's health. One, only, of the effects of his late terrible experience was of a lasting nature: his hair had turned quite grey, which was not very wonderful, when one thinks of the many hours during which a horrible death had seemed imminent, and, indeed, almost inevitable.

At the end of a week he presented a marked contrast to the pitiable sight he had been on arriving at the Haverings. Then he was haggard, starved, his face scorched, and his clothes almost burnt off him; now, thanks to kindly attention, and rest, he was rapidly recovering both health and spirits; and with that recovery came an intense longing to see May Havering again.

'What nonsense!' he thought to himself; 'how could I think of marriage, when any day, playing this game of life and death with the Caffres, my wife might become a widow? No, I have no right to ask her;' and with such thoughts he tried to dismiss the subject from his mind.

Then came another aspect of the case: 'Why should I go on all my life like this? Why go about always with my life in my hand? My brother's murderer is punished. So far, the object of my life is achieved. I have finished my time in the Cape Corps; why should I not marry and settle down comfortably, either here or in the old country? Ah!' he reflected, 'very likely May wouldn't have me. She would think me quite old compared to herself; and I'll certainly never marry any one else. Well, I think——'

Whatever Woodthorpe 'thought' on this momentous subject, he had not at that moment the chance of putting it into words, for at this juncture a small cloud of dust, far out upon the sandy, barren *veldt*, caught his hawk-like eye. He could not give a guess at what this cloud meant. What he did see, and see very plainly, however, was that it was rapidly approaching the spot where he stood. Shading the sun from his scorched eyelids with his hand, he now plainly perceives a second and much greater dust cloud, apparently following the first one. A minute later, and he decides in his own mind that the respective clouds contain horses, horses galloping at full speed.

Jack, at that moment, emerges from the stables, where he has been feeding the monkeys, and, as he joins his friend, his eye, too, is instantly arrested by the unusual sight. He puts his hand on Woodthorpe's shoulder, and the instant afterwards the two men utter an exclamation of amazement, for they see plainly now that that which creates the foremost dust is a girl, riding desperately, and urging on her horse covered with white foam.

She rides straight for the low mud wall surrounding the Homestead, ever and anon looking back over her shoulder with a terrified glance at her pursuers. Before the two men can rush out she rides at the wall, and whether the dead-beat horse even sees it or not, they cannot tell; anyhow, he makes no effort to clear it, and the next moment, with a dull thud, he falls over it into the compound beyond and lies motionless, but, fortunately, clear of his rider, who almost at once rises to her feet.

With a yell of disappointed rage, the Caffres—for, as will have been already guessed, the pursuing party were Amakosa warriors—pulled up short when they saw the frightened girl had gained the refuge she had been trying so hard for, and, quickly wheeling round, they disappeared almost as rapidly as they had come. Then the two friends turned their attention to the horse and rider.

As soon as she could speak, the poor girl explained that, as nothing had been seen of Caffres for some time past, it was deemed safe for her and her brother to take riding exercise within a limited distance of Grahamstown; that they had ridden out that morning, as usual, and all had gone well until just as they were thinking about returning, when they had caught sight of a party of mounted Caffres, evidently manœuvring so as to cut them off from the town. Seeing that it was impossible to get back, they had set off at a hand-gallop in the opposite direction, upon which the Caffres, with yells and shouts, had done their best to overtake them. Before they had gone half a mile, the horse her brother was on, frightened by the noise of the savages behind, had bolted. Whither he had gone she knew not, and she herself had ridden madly on, in the wild hope that her light weight and the sterling qualities of her horse would enable her to distance her pursuers. The sight of the Homestead had given her renewed life and vigour, and she had strained every nerve to reach the house, with what success we already know.

Then Major Havering appeared on the scene, and after expressing his sympathy with the poor frightened girl, he conveyed her into the house, and handed her over to the motherly care of 'Mammy,' a sprightly, middle-aged Malay woman who had been in the family for many years. Promising to see what could be done towards helping her to get back to her parents in Grahamstown as soon as it could be accomplished in safety, and to consider whether aid could be rendered in looking for her brother, he rejoined Jack and Woodthorpe outside.

This little incident had done the latter good. His recent sufferings had, for the first time, slightly affected his nerves, and considering the extraordinary escape from death which he had had, this was hardly to be wondered at. Now, the very sight alone of the yelling horde had been sufficient to brace up his muscles once more, and send the blood dancing through his veins again. As the Major approached him, he said, 'Look here, we'll just organize a small expedition to look for this young fellow. The direction his horse bolted in was, as I understand it, out there towards the hills. Now—— Hallo! what's that?' he suddenly broke off to exclaim, as he gazed intently at a small dust-cloud, evidently raised by a horseman, and one coming towards them. 'The man himself, I

shouldn't wonder,' he continued; 'the country just around here is not exactly populous, and I don't quite see what anybody should be approaching us for from that direction.'

They awaited the arrival of the traveller in silence, and, at the end of a quarter of an hour, a fair-haired young man, evidently greatly distressed both in body and mind, rode into the compound.

In a few words he told them what they had already guessed, *i.e.*, that he was the brother alluded to by the girl now safely in the house, and was, by the Major, at once told of his sister's security.

The young fellow breathed a heartfelt sigh of relief when he heard the welcome news, and expressed his gratitude for their kindness to her, shortly adding, however, a grave doubt as to how they could possibly get back so as to relieve their parents' deep anxiety. When they found that their son and daughter did not return, they would doubtless be terribly alarmed for their fate, and the young man, tired as he was, declared that he would rather run any risk than that they should be kept any lengthened period in such a painful state of suspense.

Then Woodthorpe, not without some latent thought of May Havering in his mind, we are bound to admit, spoke. 'Go into the house, Phillips. Ah! you may not know me, but I know your father well. I confess I didn't recognise your sister, but Colonel Phillips of the Borderers and I were great friends at one time. Go into the house, have something to eat and drink, and leave the rest to me to think about. We will manage for you somehow, never fear.'

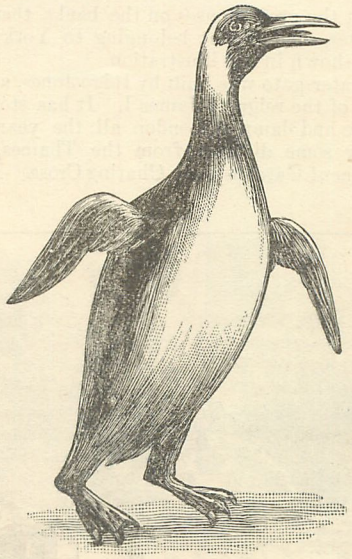
Then he went off and held a long conversation with the trusty Australian. As the chief result of that conference, a dark figure, wearing a ring on the top of its head, and having a cloak of springbok skins depending from its shoulders, issued quietly from the compound of the Homestead that night, and keeping as far as possible out of the bright rays of the moon, silently took its way in the direction of Grahamstown.

The figure carried in its hand the customary Caffre bundle of assegaies, but concealed beneath the skin cloak were the bright barrels of a brace of pistols. The outer aspect of the figure was that of an ordinary Amakosa warrior, but beneath the dark paint and savage trappings were the set, determined features of Frank Woodthorpe.

(*Continued at page* 130.)

PENGUINS.

THESE amphibious birds, found only in high southern latitudes, present to the spectator a very singular appearance, from the fact that the legs, which are very short, are placed so far back that the bird sits in a perfectly erect position, while the wings (quite destitute of feathers) are modified into paddles, useless, indeed, for flight, but capable of being employed as an extra pair of legs when the creature is in haste to escape from pursuit. At such times so rapid are its movements that it might easily be mistaken for a quadruped. Its general mode of progression, however, is to shuffle along on the feet alone, the wings hanging down like broken arms, the body giving a half-turn at every step, and the feet crossing each other. Where penguins are found at all, they are found in prodigious numbers, as at the Falkland Islands, where their deep, resonant cries add greatly to the dreary desolation of the place. While on land, their habit of sitting together in long rows, with their bluish backs contrasted with the white breast, gives them a ludicrous resemblance to an infant-school of white-pinafored children. The female bird lays only one egg, large and of a greyish-white colour. If disturbed during incubation, she will shuffle away at a rapid rate, rolling the egg along between her feet, till she reaches a place of safety.



THE PENGUIN.

The solitary young bird is covered with fluffy grey wool, and is so abundantly fed by both parents that it soon becomes almost too fat to move. They feed on cuttlefish and various crustaceans. There are many species of this bird, the crested variety being really handsome, its bright golden topknot, which can be erected at pleasure, giving it a very conspicuous appearance. It abounds in dreary Patagonia, and is, like all penguins, a very noisy bird. D.

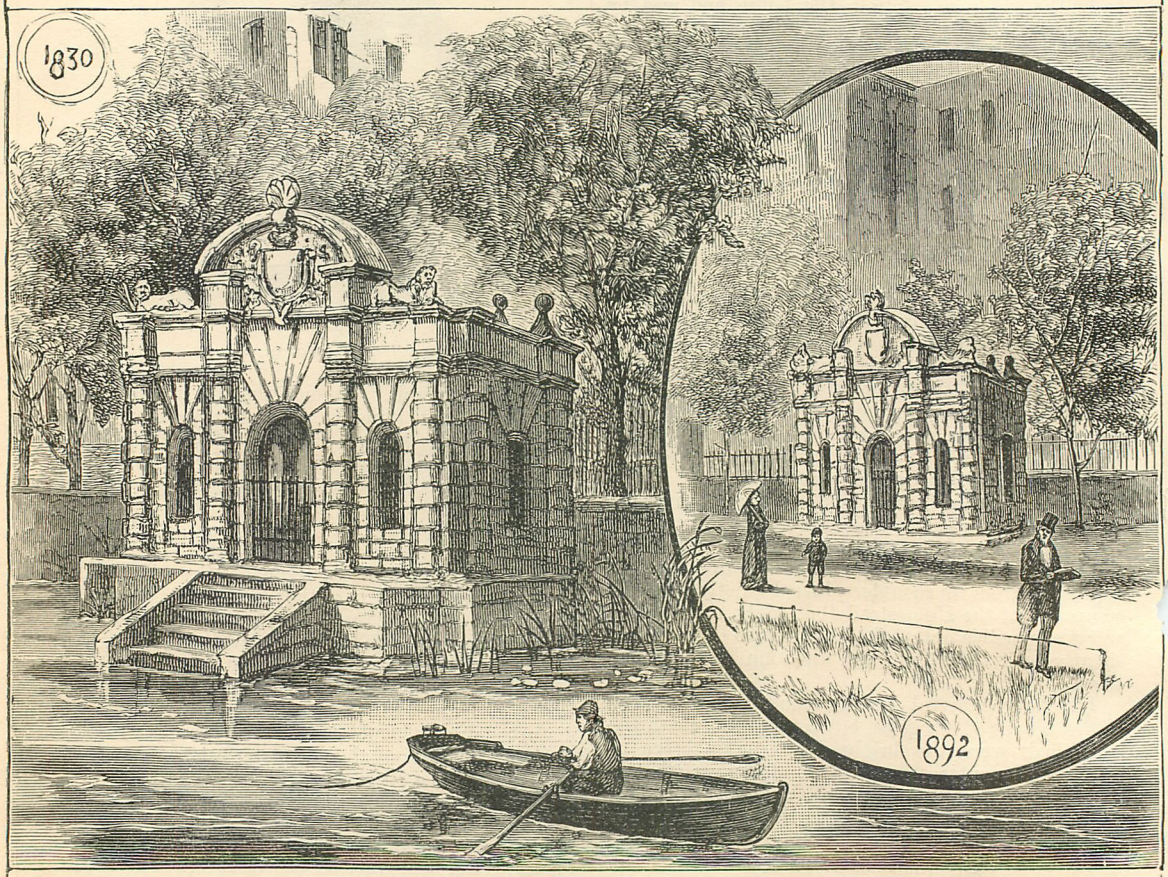
OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Buckingham Water-gate.

IN old times the Thames between Chelsea and London Bridge was much wider than it is since the embankment was made. In old times at low water there were mud-banks and tumbledown walls and wharves, with here and there a landing-stage for the boats which then were what the hansom cabs are

now. At the great houses on the banks there were water-gates, such as that belonging to York House, which is shown in our illustration.

This water-gate was built by Inigo Jones, a famous architect of the reign of James I. It has stood well the smoke and damp of London all the years since. It is now some distance from the Thames, in the Embankment Gardens, near Charing Cross. It shows



Buckingham Water-gate.

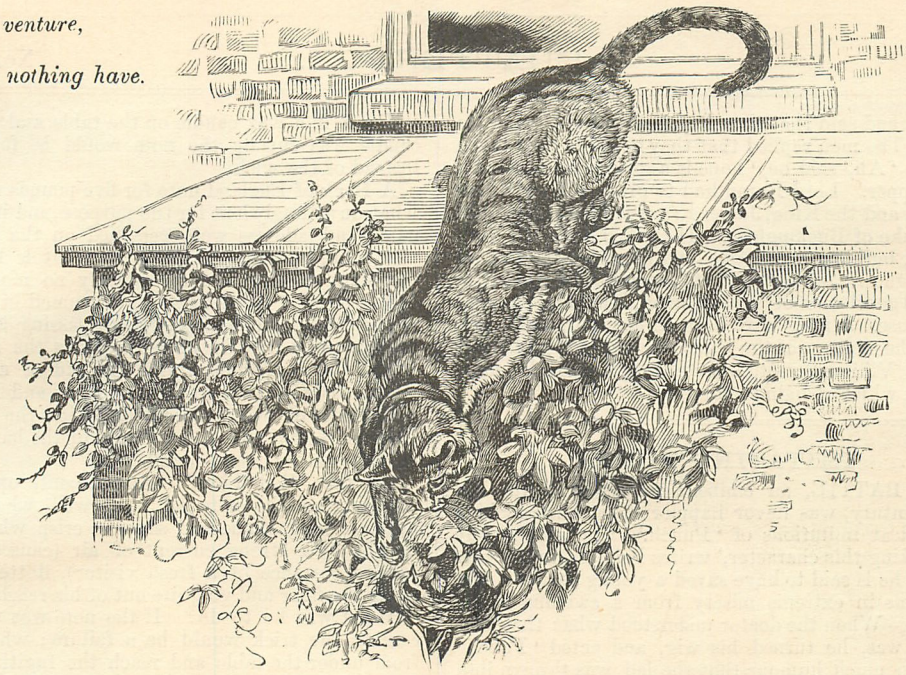
where the water used to reach in former times. Now there are not only gardens, but a railway and a broad road between it and the Thames. Inigo Jones was born in London, and was the son of a tailor. He was of English descent; his name was given to him in compliment to a Spanish merchant. He was such a wanderer from place to place that folk said he should have been called not Inigo Jones, but *Out-I-go* Jones. King James I. liked him and gave him plenty of employment, though he did not pay him well. Jones designed for this king a new banquet-house at Whitehall. He also put a new West front to Old St. Paul's.

In early times the road from Temple Bar to the village of Charing and Westminster beyond was called the Strand, as it was on the bank of the river. It was not made a decent road till the reign of Henry VIII., and when houses began to be built they were on the south or river side; the north was open fields long after. Several bishops had their inns or town houses along the Strand, because they were regarded as sacred persons with whom robbers were afraid to meddle. The Bishops of Exeter, Bath, and Carlisle had houses in the Strand. Nearest to Charing Cross was York House, the mansion of the Archbishop of York. But after the year 1561 the Archbishops let it to the Lord Keepers of the Great Seal. One of these was the father of the great Lord Bacon, who was born in York House. His Lordship spent many years of his life here. One day he was sitting in his garden watching the fishers on the Thames, and as they were going to pull up their net he asked them what they would take for the haul. They named a price which he thought too much, so he would not buy it. When the net came into view there were only three small fishes caught. Lord Bacon

Nothing venture,

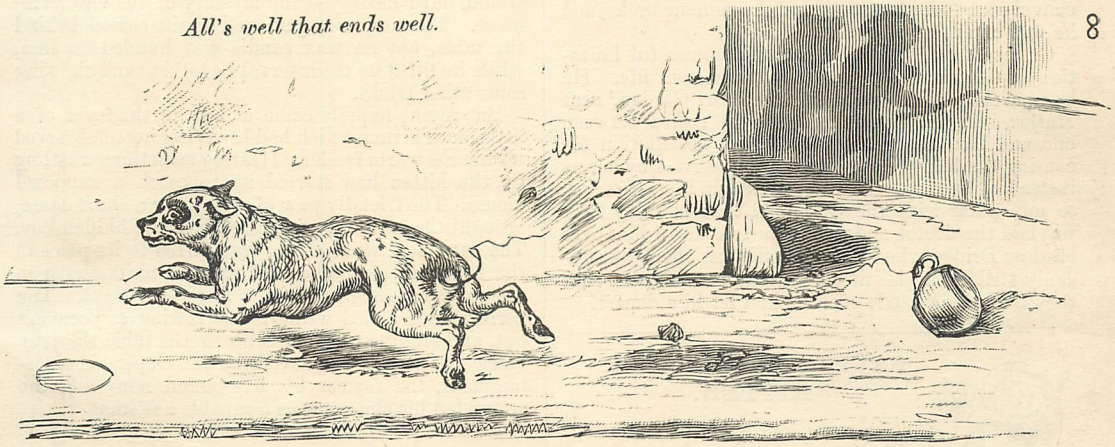
nothing have.

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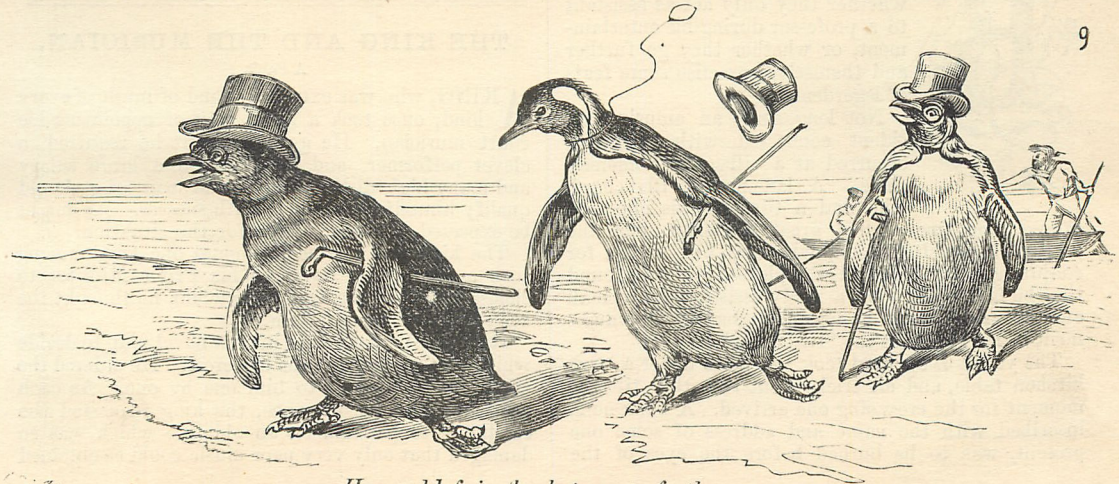


All's well that ends well.

8



9



He would fain fly, but wants feathers.

smiled, and said that they had better have taken his offer. The men replied that they hoped to have taken more. 'Ah,' said he, 'hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper.' Lord Bacon had to give up York House at last, and the King, James I., got it for his favourite the Duke of Buckingham. He pulled down old York House, building a new one, and he added the famous water-gate. After the Restoration his son sold it to several gentlemen of Westminster, and they removed the house. Streets were built on the spot, and to preserve the memory of the Duke they called these George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, and Buckingham Street, which remain to this day.

IMITATING PUNCH.

DR. BATTIE, an eminent physician of the last century, was never happier than when making whimsical imitations of 'Punch.' 'By successfully mimicking this character,' writes Nichols, in the year 1782, 'he is said to have saved a young patient's life, who was in extreme misery from a swelling in his throat. When the doctor understood what the complaint was, he turned his wig, and acted 'Punch' with so much humour that the lad was thrown into convulsions from laughing, and the tumour broke, and he was cured.'

On another occasion the doctor's successful imitation of this famous puppet saved his own life. He had purchased an estate called 'Court Garden,' near Marlow, on the Thames. There he risked between one and two thousand pounds in a speculation for causing the barges to be drawn up the river by horses instead of by men. This scheme made him, it seems, so unpopular with the bargemen that one day they waylaid the doctor and were about to throw him over Marlow Bridge when he so enchanted them by suddenly striking up his merry imitation of 'Punch' that they took their hands off him, and let him depart.

SAVED BY A BLACK KITTEN.

BOYS always like a bit of conjuring, whether they only act as assistant to a professor during his entertainment, or whether they go further and themselves practise some feats of legerdemain.

Not long since an amusing incident connected with conjuring occurred at a village in Somersetshire. A lad named Blanchard, who had a turn in this line, and whose long fingers had great dexterity, met the owner of the 'Red Lion,' who also had a turn for conjuring. The landlord was pleased when he found that he had lighted on a ready assistant for a small entertainment which he was planning for the amusement of his guests at the 'Red Lion.'

The young Blanchard took his place under a large kitchen table, and all tricks went smoothly, till the moment for the crowning one arrived. A bank note, inscribed with the name and address of some one present, was to be burned before the eyes of the audience in a wax candle on the table, and when this candle was cut up the note would be found in it instead of the wick.

A Bank of England note for five pounds was somewhat unwillingly lent for the purpose, and its owner's name and address were pencilled on the back. In this trick, by some dexterity in what is known as 'passing,' a false note (frequently no more than a folded piece of tissue paper) is consumed in the flame of the candle, while the conjuror, passing behind the table to get a tray for its ashes, drops the *real* note, which the confederate, with the aid of a piece of wire, twists into the smallest compass and inserts in a fragment of wax candle from which the wick has been extracted, and places ready for the hand of the exhibitor as he comes round.

At the 'Red Lion' entertainment, up to the dropping of the note all went well, when, to his horror, young Blanchard saw the crisp white paper caught by a strong current of air (caused by the sudden entrance of a fresh visitor), flutter quickly along the floor and go quite out of his reach.

What was he to do? If the note was not forthcoming the trick would be a failure; while to get from under the table and reach the fugitive flimsy would have destroyed the mystery of the entertainment. The conjuror again and again passed behind the table, but no wax candle was handed to him, while he filled up the interval by talking and showing some other tricks.

But rescue happily came at last, in the form of a little black kitten, which had been sleeping unobserved within the warm fender. Hearing something rustling by, the kitten had started up to catch a supposed mouse. The friendly paw of puss, after a short chase, brought the real note within reach of the hidden boy. The bank note was quickly transferred to its place in the fragment of candle, and restored to its owner in the correct manner, to his great astonishment. The performance ended with the borrowing a yoeman's hat, and sending up from beneath the table the very black kitten who had saved the innkeeper his entertainment, the farmer his five-pound note, and the young lad his character as a capable assistant.

K. W.

THE KING AND THE MUSICIAN.

A Fable.

A KING, who was extremely fond of music of every kind, once took a novel way of appointing his court musician. He gave out that he required a clever performer, and he promised a large salary and many high distinctions to the man who should qualify himself for the post with success. As might be expected, thousands tried for the situation.

The king was unable to choose one from among such a number, so he asked his Prime Minister to choose out six of the applicants whom he thought the best, and send them to him.

His Majesty then fixed upon a novel plan to decide which he thought was the cleverest. He ordered the musicians to be sent to him one by one. As each one came into his presence, the king requested the candidate to perform on an old lute which was so damaged that only very poor music could be obtained

from it. The musicians were astonished when they were asked to play on such a sorry instrument, and, after a vain attempt, the first five all declared that they were unable to bring any music out of it.

Strange to say the sixth and last musician who came played through from beginning to end a piece of music which he had composed himself; but at the close he said to the king, 'I am afraid, your majesty, that I have not made much good music for you, but if you will give me leave to fetch my own lute which I left in the hall, I will try to do better, as I am more accustomed to that.'

'Never mind,' said the king, 'you are the only musician who has succeeded in performing upon my old cracked instrument. The other applicants gave up after a first attempt. I had that old lute put there on purpose to see what each one of you could do with it, and behold! they all grumbled at the instrument except you, instead of trying to do their best. I shall appoint you my court musician, for your behaviour and talents please me, and I am sure that he who is able to perform on an indifferent instrument can likewise bring forth sweet sounds from a good one.

The delighted musician then thanked the king for his kindness, and promised to do his best to please him.

Moral: This fable not only applies to musicians. Many people have to work under great disadvantages and with imperfect tools; but we should not be discouraged on this account. We shall meet with success if we struggle bravely on and do our best.

H. Berkeley Score.

THE RUKH.

—o—

THIS is the name of an extraordinary bird, described by many Arab writers, supposed by some of them to be so large and strong that it could carry a rhinoceros. Of course we know that such a creature never existed! but the stories told of it are nevertheless curious. It has been described as 'an enormous and extraordinary bird, of terrible appearance, the length of one of whose wings is about ten thousand fathoms.'

Marco Polo, the celebrated traveller, heard of this bird during his travels, and was told by the people who lived in the island of Madagascar, that it was so large and strong as to seize an elephant with its talons, and to lift it into the air, from whence it would let it fall to the ground, in order that, when dead, it might feed upon the carcass.

One Arab writer tells a curious story of a voyage in the Chinese Sea, when the ship was driven by the wind upon a large island, where the crew landed to get water and firewood. There they saw a white dome, of enormous size, very bright and glistening, and more than a hundred cubits high; and on approaching it they found that it was an egg of the rukh. They struck it with axes and pieces of rock until it broke, and inside was a young rukh, which looked like a firm mountain. They killed the bird and carried away as much as they could of its flesh. But some of them cooked part of the flesh and ate it. Among these were some old men with white beards, and when they awoke in the morning they found that their beards had turned black; so they said that the stick with which they had stirred what was in the pot of the flesh of the young rukh must have been from the tree of youth. They then went on board their ship, and as they were sailing away the old rukh approached, coming down like a vast cloud, holding in its claw a fragment of a mountain, like an enormous house, and bigger than the ship. And when it came just over the ship it let the piece of rock drop down upon her; but the ship, being rapid in her course, escaped, and the piece of rock fell into the sea.

The Anka is another fabulous bird, described by Arab and Persian writers. Strange tales are told of its carrying off an elephant as easily as the kite carries off a mouse; and we are told that in consequence of its carrying off a bride, God banished it to an island in the Circumambient Ocean—that is the ocean supposed to surround the earth, where it lives one thousand and seven hundred years. They also say that when the young anka has grown up, if it be a female, the old female bird burns herself; and if a male, the old male bird does so—which reminds us of the phœnix.

It is possible that the anka and the rukh owe their origin to extraordinary accounts given by travellers of the condor and the bearded vulture, which became exaggerated to a fabulous extent. Many Arabs believe that birds have a language of their own; and the Koran, which contains the doctrines taught by their prophet, Mahomet, says that Solomon understood the language of birds.

The Kata, a kind of grouse, is supposed to be constantly calling out 'Men seket selim!' which means, 'He who is silent is safe.' This cry, which, to the uninstructed sounds only like 'Kata! kata!' tells the sportsman where it is to be found. So the poor bird would be wiser if it attended to its own maxim, and, by being silent, kept itself safe.

M. H. F. Donne.

HOME.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

I KNOW a lowly cottage
Nested among the trees,
With a sweet old garden of flowers fair
Dear to the honey-bees.

I know some sunny meadows,
Golden and white in spring,
Trodden at eve by children's feet
In an eager welcoming.

I know a busy toiler,
Toiling the whole day long,—
His work it is hard and patient work,
But his heart is brave and strong;



Home. By W. H. Boot.

And he knows loving faces,
Waiting for him to come;
I know no name for that dear retreat
With its old, old garden, quaint and sweet,
And its loving faces and eager feet,
But the toiler calls it Home.



"Friend Charles, wherefore dost thou uncover thyself?"

'HATS OFF.'

IT has, from an early period, been the custom in European countries to uncover the head in the presence of a superior, as a mark of respect; and during the Middle Ages, when it was the fashion to wear hoods, the head was uncovered by the hood being thrown back. When the Society of Friends, or Quakers, as they were called, refused to remove their hats out of respect to any human being, there were some very odd scenes.

When Admiral Sir William Penn heard, in 1667, that his son William had joined the Quakers in Ireland, where he had been staying, he ordered the young man to return home. A stormy interview ensued, for the old admiral was very angry, but he could not shake his son's determination. At last he requested him to make an exception in the matter of hats, and to take his hat off to the King, the Duke of York, and himself.

'Friends take off the hat to none but God,' replied young Penn, and he was at once turned out of doors.

Notwithstanding his peculiarities, Penn was much liked by both King Charles II. and the Duke of York. When he was planning his American colony he had occasion to go to Whitehall, where the King held his court. Entering the room, and advancing amid all the bare-headed courtiers with his hat on, the King, with a smile, took off his own.

'Friend Charles,' said Penn, 'wherefore dost thou uncover thyself?'

'Friend Penn,' replied the King, 'it is the custom of this place for only one man at a time to wear his hat.'

However, had Baron Kingsale been present there would have been two men whom custom would have allowed to wear their hats. For the unique privilege of wearing the hat in the presence of royalty was granted to De Courcy by King Henry II., in the twelfth century, together with the barony of Kingsale, or Kinsale, in recognition of his services in reducing a large portion of Ireland under the dominion of England. The privilege descends, with the barony, to all the holders of the title, but it has not been exercised for many years. I believe the last instance occurred in the reign of William IV., when the then Baron Kingsale appeared before the King and Queen Adelaide wearing his hat; but he at once took it off when the King said, 'Yes, yes; but not before the Queen.'

The baron had tested his right, which was all he intended to do. It is the only instance of such a privilege in Great Britain, but every grandee of Spain has the right to wear his hat before his own sovereign.

A. R.

CROOKED CUCUMBERS.

GARDENING afforded the eminent engineer, George Stephenson, unfeigned delight, which was only broken at times by the obstinacy of his cucumbers, which persisted in growing crooked. To rectify their unruly conduct, he had some long glass jars constructed, into which he placed them, remarking, with a feeling of pride, 'I think I have bothered them noo.'

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 123.)

PROCEEDING swiftly, but with the utmost circumspection, and keeping his eyes constantly at work on the surrounding darkness, Woodthorpe soon placed some considerable distance between himself and the Homestead. He trusted to the darkness to conceal him in the event of Caffres being about, and to his disguise, in which he thought it most probable that even if any stray party of them should sight him they would mistake him for one of themselves.

If he succeeded in reaching Grahamstown, his plan was to immediately see Colonel Phillips, make him acquainted with the safety of his son and daughter, and then, if sufficient troops could be spared, to urge him to send them out, with a view to clearing the country towards Major Havering's, and, if possible, to give battle to the main body of the enemy in the open.

Woodthorpe had become firmly convinced, through many signs, that the enemy had massed in force within easy reach of Grahamstown; and if this were so, and they could be induced by stratagem or what not, to come out of cover and fight, then he considered that the soldiers would inflict such serious losses on them that it might put an end to the revolt, or, at all events, hold them in check until more troops could be spared from Capetown.

As he walked on, revolving these and many more things in his mind—not the least amongst them the thought of a meeting with May Havering—his quick ear caught the sound of voices, a little way to the left of him. Almost at the same instant, and before he could decide what to do, three Caffres loomed out of the darkness just ahead of him.

They were lolling about, and from their unguarded way of talking, were evidently far from suspecting the presence of any one unfriendly to them. One of them had just said, 'Yes, if these dogs of English did but know that Makanna* and his many hundreds of Amakosa were within sight of Grahamstown, they would not be sending out their young men and white maidens to ride on the *veldt* as they do.'

'Ho, ho!' laughed, or rather howled, a gigantic savage, 'to-day's chase was a fast one. The white maiden's horse will do me good work when the loot is divided. I mean to have him—his speed is wonderful. He seems to be mine already, so I hope he was not hurt when he fell over the wall to-day.'

The other was about to reply when his eye lighted upon the form of Woodthorpe, seen indistinctly in the obscurity. Without troubling himself to move, he said, addressing him, 'Ah, Tzalie! I hardly ex-

* A son of the chief of that name, who attacked Grahamstown at the head of about 8000 men in 1819, without success.

pected *you* to be back so soon as this. Are the rest with you?'

'Yes—just here,' muttered Woodthorpe, in low tones, in the Caffre language, and then strolling leisurely away in the darkness.

'That was a narrow squeak for it,' he said to himself as, once out of sight, he hastened rapidly forward. 'If that fellow had suspected anything, I should probably have made a pincushion for some of his well-sharpened assegaies. With a whole lot of them around, to fire a pistol would have been to bring a hornet's nest about my ears. As it is, the greater distance I place between them and me, the better I shall like it. At the same time, I'm glad I met these gentlemen, and thank them very much indeed for informing me that what I have suspected to be actually the fact—that Makanna's force is close to Grahamstown, and they evidently mean business. Now I must shove along and get in before daybreak. My disguise may go down very well in the dark, but a Caffre boy would spot me a mile off, in broad daylight.'

He trudged resolutely on, and just before the dawn he walked into the town.

Without delay he sought Colonel Phillips's quarters, and that gallant officer was not a little astonished when Woodthorpe—who had forgotten for the moment the singular disguise in which he was—put out his hand to shake that of the man he had come to see.

'Your young people are safe, Colonel Phillips,' he began, when the latter broke in,—

'My dear Woodthorpe, forgive me for not at the moment recognising you; but really you must not blame me. What is the meaning of your peculiar dress? You haven't turned Caffre, have you? But excuse me, just a moment, while I run out and tell my poor wife, who has been, as you may imagine, in a terrible state of anxiety;' and so saying, he ran out of the room, returning in two minutes' time.

'And now sit down! What will you have? Wait till breakfast, you say? Well, I'll have it in in a very few minutes. Tell me where they are, and all about it.'

In a very few words Woodthorpe put his host in full possession of the facts of the case, and then the latter, after laughing heartily at his cheating the enemy, grew grave again, and said,—

'My dear fellow, we laugh at these episodes when all goes well, but do remember that it is an awful risk. Your reputation as a cool, daring foe to the Caffres is known all over the Cape Colony, nobody questions it; but why, in the name of all that's wonderful, you don't give it up, and settle quietly down, now, I can't understand. Last night's business, to go no further back, might have seen your easy murder, and no one ever any the wiser. Think, also, of the scene you went through not more than two or three weeks back—a scene that might well have taken ten years off your life—when they meant to burn you alive! No! take my advice; when we've got Caffreland quiet again, give it up and settle down.'

Give it up and settle down! just what he had been thinking himself, of late—especially when his mind dwelt upon May Havering. Why not? Why not? he kept asking himself.

'Well, come along in here and get rid of the paint and feather business, and I'll give you some of my clothes to put on while we discuss what our plan of action ought to be with these rascals;' and so saying, Colonel Phillips led the way into the next room, and whilst Woodthorpe was once more arraying himself in the attire of civilisation, after a most refreshing bath, he and his cheery host fully entered into the proposed plan of campaign together.

It was only at the conclusion of a long and earnest discussion that Colonel Phillips said,—

'Very well then, have it your own way, though all the same, "a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still;" and though I'll raise no more opposition, I repeat, for the last time, that I think you contemplate doing a very fool-hardy act. I admire your pluck, but I think, with savages like these, and men who have tried for the chance of murdering you half-a-dozen times already, that you are foolishly risking an awful fate. If you were under military control now, I shouldn't let you do it.'

'Well, you may be right, but at the same time, my going to them, with fair terms to offer, may prevent many a valuable life being lost in a fight, because, as you well know, the Amakosa can fight; it's true they much prefer bush-fighting, but when they have to fight in the open, they can, to some tune. If they won't listen to reason, then——'

'Yes, then,' broke in the soldier hotly, 'they will cut your throat, instead of sending you back with the message. However, we've wrangled long enough on that point, and I'll say no more about it.'

'Then I was going to say, don't let us wait for them to attack Grahamstown, let Grahamstown attack them.'

The Colonel nodded.

'There I quite agree with you,' he said, 'and we will, if possible, clear the country between here and Major Havering's house, even though our small force can do no more than that. I've got some of my Highlanders here—all steady, and most of them tried soldiers; and it's surprising how little the Caffre race like cold steel.'

Shortly afterwards Woodthorpe took leave of Colonel Phillips in order to pay a visit to Mrs. and May Havering. When, in response to his inquiries, he found that the former lady was not at home, but that Miss Havering was, we fear he did not show that amount of regret which he ought to have done under the circumstances, but availing himself of the privilege of an old friend of the family, he went in, and was soon deep in conversation with the younger lady.

After the news on either side had been duly told, and they had just begun to touch lightly upon matters that interested them even more deeply, a Malay servant entered the room softly, and told Woodthorpe that a messenger from Colonel Phillips—a soldier—wanted to see him.

'Oh, let him come up here! Don't trouble to go down,' said May; and Woodthorpe, thinking the message one of no importance, signed to the servant to send the soldier up, and resumed his conversation with her.

Corporal Donald MacDonald of the Highlanders, with his chest well thrown out, and his chin in the air, appeared at the open door, looking remarkably



Woodthorpe disguised as a Caffre.

like one of those automatic figures which work upon dropping a penny into the slot, and, as a matter of fact, excellent soldier though he was, Corporal Donald MacDonald of the Highlanders was as much a human machine as it was possible to make out of flesh and blood. Whatever his instructions were from his superior officer, those instructions he would carry out to the exact letter, or die in the attempt to do so. He saluted, and then reeled off the following without any attempt at punctuation, and very much like a child reciting a lesson he had just succeeded in getting by heart.

'What is it, Corporal, eh?' said Woodthorpe, carelessly.

'If you please sir the Colonel's compliments and the Caffres are in sight and if you are still of the

same mind will you please to go at once to them as if they advance much closer the troops are instructed to open fire.'

'Tell Colonel Phillips I will be with him almost as soon as you are.'

The Corporal again saluted in stiffest manner, and left those two face to face, Woodthorpe biting his lip with vexation to think of the Corporal's announcement having been made before his fair companion.

May was the first to speak. Swallowing down a lump that rose in her throat, she said, 'You're not going, really? You're not going to do such a mad thing as this? They will murder you! Oh, don't go, Frank, don't go!'

'Does it matter to you, May, whether I go?' he says, as he takes both her hands in his, 'does it?'

May struggles for a moment between a desire to sit down and cry, and a feeling that somehow or other she ought not to allow him to hold both her hands and look into her eyes like this. At last, as he gently repeats his question, she looks up at him and softly murmurs, 'Yes!'

In spite of his newly-found happiness, Frank Woodthorpe was not ten minutes behind the wooden Corporal in presenting himself to Colonel Phillips. He had told May that, having already volunteered for this duty, nothing—no, not even sweet May herself—must stand in the way of his performing it. May, admiring him for his devotion to his duty, choked back the tears which, in spite of her efforts, would come welling up to her eyes, and imploring her lover to do nothing rash, she bade him a tender good-bye.

(*Continued at page* 138.)



The Marble Arch.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

The Marble Arch.

HYDE PARK owes its existence to Henry VIII. King Hal, Edward VI., Elizabeth, and James I. used it as a hunting-ground. In later times it became notorious for duels. To-day it is the favourite resort of fashionable London.

The Cumberland Gate of Hyde Park, which stands at its north-eastern corner, at the western end of Oxford Street, was erected about A.D. 1744, at the expense of the

residents in Cumberland Place and its neighbourhood. It was named after the Duke of Cumberland, the 'butcher' of Culloden, but it was at first commonly called 'Tyburn Gate,' for the gallows stood close by. The original gateway was a mean brick building comprising an arch with side entrances, and it had wooden gates.

Here, in A.D. 1821, at the funeral of Queen Caroline, a disgraceful conflict took place between the people and the soldiery, in which two persons were killed by shots from the horse-guards on duty. In the following year, the unsightly brick arch and wooden gates were removed, and replaced by handsome iron gates, which, in A.D. 1851, had in their turn to make way for the arch of Carrara marble which now occupies the site.

Up to that time, the Marble Arch had stood in front of the chief entrance to Buckingham Palace, where it was no longer needed. It was adapted by Mr. Nash from the Arch of Constantine at Rome. Its cost was 80,000*l.*, that of the metal gates alone being 3,000*l.* There are a centre gateway and two side openings. On each face are four Corinthian columns, the other sculpture being a keystone to the centre archway, a pair of figures in the spandrils, a panel of figures over each side, and wreaths at each end; these were executed by Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi. The centre gates are bronzed, and ornamented with a beautiful scroll-work with six openings, two filled with St. George and the Dragon, two with the initials 'G. R.' These gates, which were designed and cast by Sam Parker, of Argyll Street, are said to be the largest and handsomest in Europe, not even excepting those of the Ducal Palace at Venice, or those of the Louvre at Paris.

MRS. MINK AND HER FAMILY.

WHILE we were in the Rocky Mountains we stayed for some time in the Platte Cañon. A cañon is a name for a narrow valley with steep rocky sides. There is always some kind of river running down it, and when the cañon is wide enough, a road is made beside the water. Where we were, far up in the mountains, the cañon had become wider, the Platte River had a smooth, broad bed, and the hills sloped away on both sides.

One day we were wandering along the river-banks, enjoying the pleasant September sunshine. My brother had his fishing-rod with him, but the few fish darting about in the clear water had evidently no idea of being fried and eaten. All at once we came upon a very pretty sight. There was a bend in the river, and the opposite cliff was a little way from the water, leaving a strip of smooth sandy shore between. Just under the rock sat a beautiful brown animal, with a very long tail, and before her, on the sand, were several smaller brown creatures, having a fine game of play. The mother was about as large as a hare, but very long and narrow in shape, and her children were exactly like her, though very much smaller. My brother, like a true Englishman, immediately longed for his gun, that he might shoot some of them, but I was very glad that he had not got it. So they played on in the sunshine, and as we watched them we decided that these were the Masters and Misses Mink, and that the pretty, soft creature who sat behind was Mrs. Mink, or, as she is often called in the West, Mrs. Vison, for she has two names. The family did not seem to notice us, but rolled and tumbled over each other, just as children do on a grassy lawn.

The Minks are part of the Marten family. Some of their cousins are called Sables, and some Ermines, and the fur of both is very valuable. All the Marten tribe wear two fur coats, one over the other. The under one is very short and woolley, and sticks quite close to the skin, keeping its owner warm even when in the water. The outside coat has long, glossy hairs, which throws off rain, just as the thatch does from the roof of a house.

Most boys and girls like to bathe in the sea or in a river, but this entails a good deal of trouble in the way of dressing and undressing. The little Minks, however, can spend as much time in the water as they like in their cosy fur dresses, and have only to give themselves a shake to be as warm and comfortable as possible. They live on fish, and have great fun in catching it. Now and then a special dainty comes in their way, if they are clever enough to pounce upon it, in the shape of a good fat frog or a nice sleek lizard.

HELENA HEATH.

OUR ENGLISH MOCKING-BIRDS.

By J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

A GOOD many of our British birds are like our young folk in one thing at least, they are clever in imitating or copying others. We notice this particularly with regard to their songs, and, even with what is known as their call-note; they pick up any sound which they often hear, and they join it to their own natural note or cry. This is why some people have thought that they have heard the nightingale in early spring, before it has arrived at our island, because some other birds, such as the blackbird or thrush, that have heard it sing the year before, have remembered, and repeat to us, some of its clear notes. Then even such an unpromising songster as the common sparrow, if it happens to have a nest out amidst the woods, gives us, with its own not very musical twitter, bits of the songs it has heard from the birds around. Some British birds are so clever at this imitation that we may liken them to the cockatoos and parrots which are brought over from abroad, and which surprise us by their quickness in repeating words, or imitating the noises they happen to hear. But we are obliged to own that, though such birds are handsome, the shrieks and screeches which they sometimes make are not pleasant.

Several of what we might call our English

mocking-birds, though less in size than the parrots of the East, are really almost as handsome as they. Perhaps we might put the magpie at the top of the list; it is a bird that is indeed a 'chatter-mag,' or chatterbox. It copies the cries of poultry, the barking of dogs, the notes of wild birds. Mag can utter words too, as plainly, if not so clearly, as an African parrot. But we must tell the truth, Mag is cunning, impudent, and fond of thieving. Still, when turned into a garden it is very useful, eating up insects of all sorts.

The jackdaw, which is sometimes called simply the 'daw,' has a bad character given it, because it is fond of flying about the tower of a church, and making a great chattering just when the people are inside at service. About the nesting-time the jackdaws are very noisy, and, if we happen to come upon a party of twenty or thirty in full talk, we are glad to put our hands over our ears, and hurry away. But the jackdaw is a bird that soon becomes quite tame if it is kept in the house. It is easy to teach one to repeat a few short words while it is young, but more difficult when it grows older.

Another English bird which is a capital mimic is the jay; this has not the boldness of the magpie and jackdaw, but likes to hide itself out of view when it can. For this reason, the jay keeps a good deal under cover of the trees and bushes in woods, where we may, perhaps, hear its peculiar cry or call, though the bird is invisible to us. If, by waiting about, we do see it at last, we notice that it moves along with a sort of jerky flight. It soon catches up and imitates the songs or cries of other birds.

People have wondered why the starling got its name, which comes from an old word meaning to 'look fixedly,' or to stare, and certainly its eyes are sharp, and quick to see danger, so it is not easily shot in the fields. In autumn the starlings have meetings in the woods or copses, when hundreds or thousands come together, and chatter tremendously. When we have one close to us, we see that it is a handsome bird; many of the feathers are purple and gold, mixed with others that are brown, and it has a fine yellow bill. The starling, when at liberty, sometimes imitates the blackbird, nightingale, and other birds; when in a cage it may be taught to whistle several tunes, and even to speak pretty well.

Another English bird, which is now becoming scarce, and which may be taught to imitate, is the bullfinch; the reason few are seen at present is that this finch has got a bad character, because it is believed to be fond of fruit, and has, too, the habit of opening the young buds of trees. This may be true, but it is a bird which eats many insects. In some places folk call it the 'red hoop,' for one of its frequent call-notes is just like 'hoop!' Most people have heard of the piping bullfinches brought over from Germany, but our English ones will learn tunes, if they are whistled to them daily when they are young, or played to them on a musical box or small organ. A bullfinch will repeat words nearly as distinctly as a parrot does, only not so loud, nor can it remember many. One of my friends had a bird which used to say 'Great tall Dick!' plainly, but how he learnt it nobody knew.

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

10. Transpose the letters of the following so as to make correct words, and rearrange the words formed so as to make a proverb:—

Naym lips tershe xitwt a puc pil dan.

11. From the following words form a proverb which shows the value of cheerful submission to appointed circumstances:—

Continent.	Island.	Ocean.
Maud.	Fist.	Tea.

12. Transpose the letters of the following so as to make correct words, and rearrange the words formed so as to make a proverb:—

Amy dan kniw sochoe ouy.

C. C.

Illustrated Answers, page 157.

A WISE ANSWER.

THE Shah once asked a group of his courtiers whom they thought the greater man, himself or his father? At first he could get no reply to so dangerous a question, the answer to which might cost the courtiers their heads. At last a wily old courtier said: 'Your father, sire; for though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you—that he had a greater son than any you have.'

HAPPY IN EXILE.

The Leopard.

THE Leopard, now generally supposed to be the same as the panther, has a peculiar gracefulness and flexibility of form, with a very long tail and spotted fur, each spot composed of five or six small spots arranged in a circle or rosette.

The leopard is extremely agile, and has wonderful power in leaping, and also in climbing trees.

When pursued, it takes refuge, if possible, in a tree, and if hard pressed it becomes highly dangerous, springing down upon its assailants with much ferocity. As a rule, however, it seems to dread man, and prefers to escape from him if it can.

The leopard also lurks among the branches of trees, with the object of securing its prey, which is generally some unwary deer or antelope which may be passing underneath, but it is equally ready to feed on pigs or poultry, and so is often found near outlying farms and villages in South Africa and elsewhere.

There can be no prettier sight than to witness the gambols of these pretty and graceful creatures in the Zoological Gardens, where every convenience for climbing and otherwise amusing themselves is afforded to them. No animal can be kept in a healthy condition if it is not happy; it is therefore not only kind, but wise that all the variety of curious and rare creatures assembled in the Gardens should be treated in such a manner as to make them happy in exile. M.



HAPPY IN EXILE.

Leopards in the Zoölogical Gardens.



"The Caffres flung themselves upon the solid squares formed by the Highland bayonets."

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 133.)

THE Caffres are massed in the plain, Woodthorpe,' said the Colonel; 'if you are determined to try your efforts at mediation, go on, and may you prosper, though I much fear for the result.'

'I haven't much hope that they will listen to reason,' Woodthorpe answered; 'but I'll try. I want you to train a gun on to a certain spot, just where I shall stand when parleying with them. Then, if they show signs of treachery towards me, I will discharge a pistol as a signal, and you will immediately fire upon them. I shall be killed also, perhaps, but even that would be far more satisfactory than that they should have the pleasure of spearing me themselves; and now, good-bye. In case I don't come back, you know, will you give this ring to—to Miss Havering. Good-bye, once more. I'm off!' And so saying, Woodthorpe resumed his old, cheery manner as he left the Colonel and passed rapidly out of the confines of the town, and advanced to where the threatening masses of the Caffre horde were assembled. Half-a-dozen of them came forward to accost him, and not in the most friendly manner. Woodthorpe merely said to them, seeing that they were not men in authority, 'Take me to your chiefs,' and walked steadily, but slowly on.

The advance party, guessing that the calm, resolute man before them had come armed with terms of peace, delayed no longer, but at once conducted him into the presence of Makanna.

The latter, in threatening tones, asked him his business there, and then, without giving him time to reply, burst out in fury with a long tirade against the English dogs, and what he would do with them now that their time was so nearly come.

Woodthorpe, in perfect calmness, let him run himself out of breath, and then said, 'Makanna, you are a wise man, and although your army is large, yet, even if you could take Grahamstown with the loss of half of your men, it would not avail you anything. You know what the English are; you may kill thousands of them, and take their forts, but other thousands will rise up in their places, and retake the forts. Their soldiers from over the seas are without number, and they always win in the end, however many times you defeat them first. Why, then, should you spill your young men's blood, all to no purpose? Besides, in this case we have plenty of troops for the defence of the town. We shall defeat you, and then who will be benefited? The Commander in there,' pointing toward the town, 'commissions me to offer you these terms of peace——'

Makanna, whose mad temper had been getting from bad to worse all this time, now interrupted him with a ferocious howl.

'Fool and dog!' he cried, beating his breast with his hands, 'you lie—you know you lie! My young men shall loot the town of everything, after killing all the red-coat warriors — warriors who cannot fight, ho, ho!—and taking away all your cattle and women.' As he uttered the last word the veins in Woodthorpe's forehead swelled up almost to the bursting point, but, with a powerful effort, he restrained himself and said nothing. 'And you,' he continued, viciously, glaring with blood-red eyes at Woodthorpe, 'you who have so often defied my warriors, you shall be the first one to be put out of the way of doing any further harm to the Amakosa; it will be one enemy the less!' And so saying, he made a sign to some of the Caffres around them, who immediately rushed upon the solitary Englishman standing there, erect and fearless.

'Stop, Makanna!' he cried; and the tones of his voice were so commanding that his would-be murderers hesitated before seizing him: 'I defy you to touch me! We are under the British guns, and, at a sign from me, they fire!'

Makanna gave a horse-laugh. 'The white man thinks me a fool! If you gave the signal, and the gun was fired at us, what would happen to you?' he said, jeeringly.

'I should be killed, too,' replied Woodthorpe, coolly. 'But you would not have the pleasure of killing me, nor of seeing me die, for at the same moment you would all be slain,' he added, with a grim smile. 'Do as you like, Makanna, but remember that if I am to die, we shall leave for the land of the spirits together.'

Makanna looked up at the little battery; already he could plainly make out the black mouth of a gun pointing directly towards them, and the uniforms of two or three soldiers hovering about it. He saw that this was checkmate for him, and savagely as he hated Woodthorpe, dearly as he would have liked to have his lifeless body stretched out before him, he did not care to pay the price, for he well knew that Englishmen, on occasions, can hold their lives very cheaply when on the service of their country, and he had not the slightest doubt in his own mind that Woodthorpe was in deadly earnest when he made the threat. Therefore he did not dare to have a finger laid upon the white man who so calmly defied him, but, overcome entirely by his unsatisfied rage, he walked up to him and spat in his face.

Without a moment's hesitation, Woodthorpe let out his left fist, catching the ruffian a terrific crack, which laid him out flat on his back; then, suddenly drawing his pistol, he began to retreat towards the town, first saying, 'Remember, the moment I fire the guns will be turned on to us, and we all die. I shall fire if any man among you approaches to within five yards of me.'

A few minutes later, and he was safely within the precincts of the town again, where hearty congratulations upon his escape were poured abundantly into his ears.

'Now, my boys,' said Colonel Phillips, after a hearty grasp of Woodthorpe's hand, 'we will not give these dark gentlemen any further time to mature their plans, but just start out upon them as soon as we can, and upset their arrangements, if possible. Perhaps, after a volley or two, and a taste of the Highlanders' cold steel, they will think Caffreland a

more desirable residence, after all, than this place. What do you say, Woodthorpe?'

'I hope so, Colonel. But, as you know, I have been a great deal in contact with them, and they are plucky fellows, and by no means bad soldiers. Still, trained troops against naked savages, you know! There can be but one ending to that sort of warfare, unless the blacks outnumber us very vastly. I saw enough just now to convince me that they have about ten to our one; but still I think we are sure to beat them.'

'I think there's very little doubt of it. All I hope is, that we shall be able to dispose of them without losing a lot of valuable lives ourselves. Sergeant,' this to the gunner in charge of the nearest piece of artillery, 'have everything ready, and fire amongst them the moment you see them inclined to advance. And now, there's your chance! They are coming on at a run, though they can't be such fools as to think they will surprise us after your little trip out to them this morning, Woodthorpe, eh? Now, Sergeant, are you all ready? Stand clear, all of you, then! Fire!'

Boom! went the great black-muzzled implement of destruction, and as its leaden messenger ploughed through the ranks of the savages it made a great gap, which, however, was almost immediately filled up again, and they advanced as rapidly as before.

Then issued forth, without further delay, the 'thin red line' of the British soldiery, who at once opened a withering fire upon the serried masses of the Caffres. The latter, halting for a few brief moments, returned it; but their inferior rifles did comparatively small damage, though here and there a red-coat was observed to fall out of the rank, when his comrades quickly carried him to the rear, and another stepped quietly into his place. The Caffres were evidently forming themselves into order for the purpose of executing a charge, trusting to their vastly superior numbers for overwhelming the enemy in a hand-to-hand fight. As a counter-move to this, Colonel Phillips formed his Highlanders into squares to resist the charge. A few brief moments, and the Caffres, forming a kind of horseshoe or crescent (a species of formation greatly affected also by the Zulus in their war with us in 1879), with the two ends in advance of the middle part, bore down upon the red-coats, chanting their wild war-songs, and beating their shields as they came.

Steady as a rock did the Highland column stand waiting for them. A few of the young recruits gave slight signs of wavering, but there was a strong leavening amongst them of tried soldiers, men who had been under fire before, and who knew the value of absolute steadiness at the critical moment, and this made them all safe. In addition to this, however, Sergeant Angus MacNab coolly drew a pistol, and, stepping back a pace on the first sign of hesitation by the younger men, said, in his harsh, dry voice, 'I'm thinkin' it will be mair dangerous for ony laddie to turn his back to the annemy than his face. Any mon that wants to rin awa' the day might get shot be his ain sorgeant!' This extremely pointed and grim hint effectually prevented any further wavering.

Another moment and the Caffres flung themselves upon the solid squares formed by the Highland bayonets. As well might the sea-waves try to beat down the mighty rock they rage around. Again and again they charge with the utmost boldness. Naked savages though they be, there are not many countries which could produce trained and disciplined troops to exceed them in point of valour; but it is all in vain. They impale themselves upon that wall of living flesh and merciless steel; they fall back repulsed, only to return once more to the charge, rallied thereto by Makanna and his head men, all of whom fight themselves with desperate energy and unflinching boldness. It is of no use; disheartened, and with hundreds of their men slain, they finally retreat, beaten but not disgraced, for they have done all that brave men could do to avert defeat. Discipline, however, coupled with superior arms, has won the fight. With a mighty cheer, the Highlanders charge the now flying foe. They do not pursue them far, however; they have broken their power, and that is all that is desired. Then, returning slowly after the heat and burden of the day, they march back into Grahamstown.

(*Continued at page* 146.)

THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE LION.

A Fable.
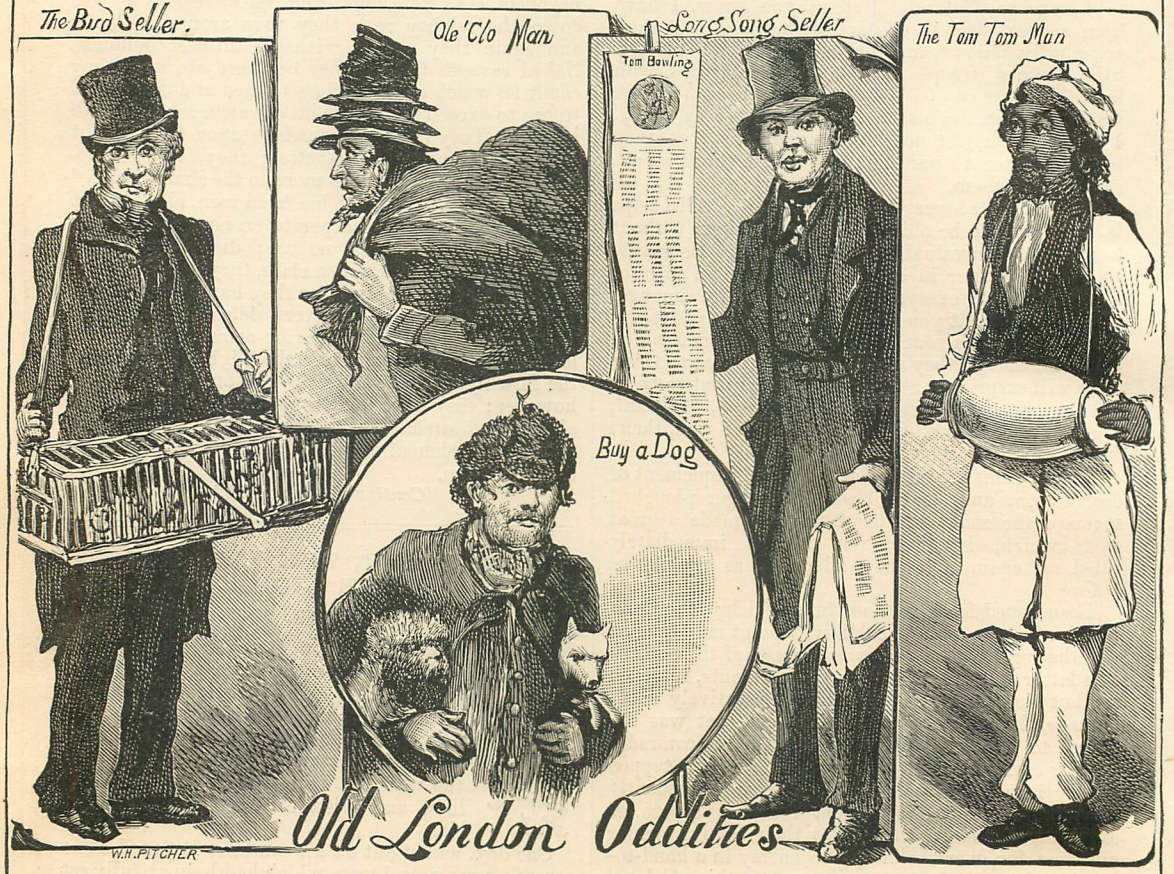
A WOLF and a fox were neighbours. Both lived in the same wood, and got their living by preying upon the smaller animals which they could catch in the country around. Outwardly, the fox pretended to be friendly with the wolf, but secretly, he was jealous of him, and tried all he could to injure him.

One day, whilst out on his rambles, Reynard came across a strong steel trap, which had been artfully set by some hunters, to catch wild beasts. 'Now is my chance,' thought the fox. 'This is the kind of thing for my friend the wolf. It will just suit his stalwart person. Then the fox gathered dried leaves, twigs, and grass, and laid them lightly round the trap, so that only the bait (which consisted of a fine young lamb) might be seen. He then ran quickly home, and knocking at the wolf's door, he told his neighbour what he had discovered, and bade him come and share the prize. The wolf, who was a bluff, good, honest fellow, did not suspect any wrong, so he made ready, and the two friends were very soon hurrying on their way.

When they had nearly reached the spot they fell in with a lion. 'Heyday, friends,' exclaimed he, 'whither away so fast?'

'May it please your majesty!' replied Reynard, 'I am only going to show my neighbour here a fine young lamb, which I discovered a few minutes ago.'

'Oh, oh!' exclaimed the lion, who began to suspect some design on the part of the fox, 'dost thou not know that everything belongs to me as king of the forest?' So let us all come, and I will see what the prize is worth.'



Very soon they arrived at the spot, and the lion bade the fox go and fetch the lamb. But Reynard began to make excuses, when the lion exclaimed, 'Now, since you have been so kind as to show us the prize, certainly it is not asking too much of you to fetch it for us.' The wolf whispered to the fox that he had better do what he was told, as his majesty was not in a mood to be trifled with.

Accordingly, Reynard approached the place very lightly, for he was very careful of his tender person, and he well knew that underneath the bait lay concealed the cruel, sharp jaws of the trap. He had just reached the lamb, and was taking it out of the trap, when lo! the teeth snapped together, and remained closed, holding the fox's neck in its cruel grip.

'Heigho! heigho!' thundered the lion, 'you are rightly paid out for your cunning. There you will have to stay till the hunter comes and kills you for the sake of your brush, which is the only part of your body worth anything.' He and the wolf then went away together, leaving the fox to his fate.

MORAL: Beware of any persons who seem very anxious to confer some favour upon you, for possibly they are only doing it for their own ends.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

OLD LONDON ODDITIES.

THESE pictures of some odd folk who used to be seen in London streets do not need much explanation. The tomtom man was a Hindoo who used to pass along the streets, beating his little Indian drum and singing some Hindoo ditty. He looked so miserable in our cold climate that he received much alms, especially in winter. He disappeared some thirty years ago. The 'long-song seller' used to be seen in the streets about the same time. He offered his strip of perhaps one hundred and fifty songs for a penny. The bird-seller is not seen nowadays. The police would not approve of his cumbrous cage. The dog-seller is still to be seen when Regent Street is crowded. The 'old-clothes man' does not now appear with his three hats on, but he still plies his trade from door to door in some parts of London.



Spring.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

—o—

REJOICE, my little merry mate,
The blithesome Spring is coming,
When thou shalt roam, with heart elate,
To hear the wild bee humming;
To hear the wild bee humming round
The primrose, sweetly blowing,
And listen to each gentle sound
Of gladsome music flowing.

The birds shall sing from many a bower,
Joy like thy own obeying;
And, round full many a blooming flower,
The butterfly be playing;—
Be playing, love, on wings as light
As heart in thy young bosom,
And showing tints as fair and bright
As does the opening blossom.

The snow-drops by our garden walk,
Long since to life have started;
They wither now upon the stalk;
Their beauty is departed:
Their beauty is departed—but
Flowers in the fields are springing,
Which by-and-by shall ope and shut,
As to the glad birds' singing.

The robin from the pear-tree bough,
Gives us of song our ear-full;
The morns are getting lightsome now,
The evenings growing cheerful:
And soon they'll be more long and light,
With warm and pleasant weather;
And we, to see the sunset bright,
May go abroad together.

Then shall our summer haunts again
Renew their former pleasures;
The poplar grove, the shady lane,
For thee be full of treasures:
For flowers are treasures unto thee,
And well thou lov'st to find them;
To gather them with childish glee,
And then in posies bind them.

Spring is to me no merry time;
Its smiles are touched with sadness;
For vanish'd, with life's early prime,
Is much that gave it gladness.
Yet, merry playmate, for thy sake,
I will not sing of sorrow;
But since thou canst its joys partake,
I would 'twere Spring to-morrow.

BERNARD BARTON.

PRINCE HENRY OF ENGLAND.

PRINCE HENRY, afterwards in 1414 Henry IV., King of England, had a companion, the son of a nobleman, to whom he was much attached, even though the youth teased him and played him many tricks. On one occasion this youth's joke was carried so far that he was taken before the court of justice, and was there found guilty.

On hearing of this, Prince Henry was very angry. He was annoyed that such procedure should have been passed without any reference to him. He rushed into the court and said to the judge, 'I command that my companion and servant be liberated on the spot.'

The judge calmly rose and said, 'Prince, I honour your command, but I hold by the sentence to which your companion is condemned. If you wish to save him from prison, then apply to the King, for he alone has the right to remit the sentence.'

The Prince would not be made to understand that he had not the right to disannul the sentence. He still continued to argue. He insulted and threatened the judge.

'Stop,' said the judge, 'you yourself are now liable to punishment, in that you have committed an offence. I stand here in the name of the law, and in the place of the King, your father. I beg you, therefore, Prince, to show a better example of the law to your future subjects. You must now surrender yourself for lack of due respect for the law, and remain so till the King has pronounced his verdict.'

The Prince was so struck by the calmness of the judge, that of his own will he gave up his sword, and, making the judge a profound bow, he departed to prison without saying a word.

The occurrence was at once reported to the King. The courtiers, on hearing, were furious at the presumption of the judge, and whispered of his disloyalty. King Henry, lifting his hands and eyes to Heaven, said, 'How can I thank Thee, gracious God, for giving the land judges who are not to be diverted from right and law by any threats, and for giving me a son who has sacrified his own will to right and law!'

TATTERS.

AN INFIDEL'S TEARS.

A MECHANIC in London, who rented a room very near the Orphan Working School, was unhappily a determined infidel, and one who could confound many a thoughtless Christian with his sophistical reasonings on religion. He, one day, however, said to another man, 'I did this morning what I had not done for a long time before—I wept.'

'Wept?' said his friend; 'what made you weep?'

'Why,' replied the infidel mechanic, 'I wept on seeing the children of the Orphan Working School pass; and it occurred to me that, if religion had done nothing more for mankind, it had at least striven to prepare those ninety-four orphans for respectable and honourable situations in life.'

THE GREAT MEN OF OLD.

I.—Homer.

THE greatest of the Greek poets lived at so early a period that we know very little with any certainty about him, though he was the author of the grandest epic poems in the world, 'The Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' Even the Greeks themselves only had traditions about Homer. These are preserved in a work attributed to the historian Herodotus. As Herodotus lived in the fifth century before the Christian era, and states that the poet flourished four hundred years before his time, we must place Homer in the ninth century before Christ.

According to ancient tradition, Homer was not the original name of the poet. His mother called him Melesigenes, because he was born near the river Meles, at Smyrna. She married a man who was a teacher of music, and who had a large school; and under his guidance the boy soon excelled all his fellow-scholars, and on his father's death he was able to manage the school, and he made poetry which the citizens of Smyrna thought very wonderful.

Amongst the merchants who visited Smyrna was one Mentes, who persuaded Melesigenes to leave his school, and go with him to Leucadia, his own country. The young poet gladly assented to the proposal, for he longed to see the manners and customs of different lands. But during the voyage he was greatly afflicted by a disease in his eyes, and at Colophon he entirely lost his sight. Finding himself blind, and in a strange land, he made his way back to Smyrna, expecting to meet there with sympathy and help. But his fellow-citizens had lost all interest in him; he was neglected, and nearly starving; so the poor blind poet resolved to go to Cuma, which had been the birthplace of his parents. He supported himself on the way as he best could, by reciting verses to the music of his lyre, or when this failed, by begging. At one little town he was well received, and was able to live by his recitations for a time; but he soon found himself as hungry as ever, so he again set out on his journey to Cuma.

When he arrived there his songs were received with such delight by the people, that he asked the Council of the Elders of the City for a maintenance, promising in return to make Cuma the most famous city in the world. Most of the Council were in favour of granting his request, but one of their number said that if they began to support all the 'homeroi,' or 'blind strollers,' the city would soon be bankrupt. And so the poet's petition was rejected; and from that time he was called Homer; 'homeros' meaning a blind person in the dialect of the Cumæans.

The poet then left Cuma, and went to Phocæa, where he supported himself as at Cuma by frequenting the public assemblies, and reciting his verses. Here a teacher, named Thestorides, saw the beauty of Homer's poetry, and he offered to support him, if allowed to take down his verses in writing. Homer agreed, glad of an escape from cold and hunger. But when Thestorides had written out several of the poets' compositions, he made off with them, and going to Chios, he recited them as his own work, leaving the blind bard to shift for himself. The rogue succeeded better with the poems than their real author had done, for he made both money and reputation by them, while poor Homer was starving at Phocæa. At length some strangers, arriving at that city, expressed surprise at hearing Homer recite verses which they had heard a schoolmaster at Chios repeat as his own composition. When Homer heard this, he resolved to go in quest of the thief; and persuading some mariners to take him on board their ship, he was landed at Chios, where his fame soon spread abroad, and the rogue Thestorides fled away. At Chios Homer set up a school, in which he instructed the youth of the city in music and poetry, and fortune smiled on him at last. He married, and settled for the remainder of his life. Here he is said to have composed his two greatest works, the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey;' and his fame penetrating from Ionia into Greece, he was persuaded to make a voyage to that country. He first went to Samos, where he passed the winter, supporting himself as usual by his art. Every new moon, led by a chorus of boys, he went round to the houses of great men, and sang a hymn at their gates, for which he received gifts. In the spring he pursued his voyage towards Athens, but the ship touched at the island of Ios, and Homer, being very ill, was carried on shore by the sailors, and laid on the grass near the sea; for the poet was too weak to reach the city.

As he lay there some men of the city came down, and were filled with wonder at the discourse of the eloquent stranger; but some fisher-boys happening to land from their boat, asked him a riddle which he was unable to solve, and shortly afterwards he died. This led to the absurd story that Homer died from vexation at not being able to answer the boys' riddle.

He was buried near the sea-shore by his companions, and in later times, when his fame filled all the Grecian world, a monument was erected to his memory, bearing this inscription:—'Here doth the earth cover the head of divine Homer, who immortalised the heroes in his song.'

Thus, according to ancient tradition, 'The Father of Poetry' lived in poverty and hardship, and died amongst strangers; but after his death so great was his renown that seven cities contended for the honour of having been his birthplace, and Alexander the Great had a copy of his poems enshrined in a golden box.

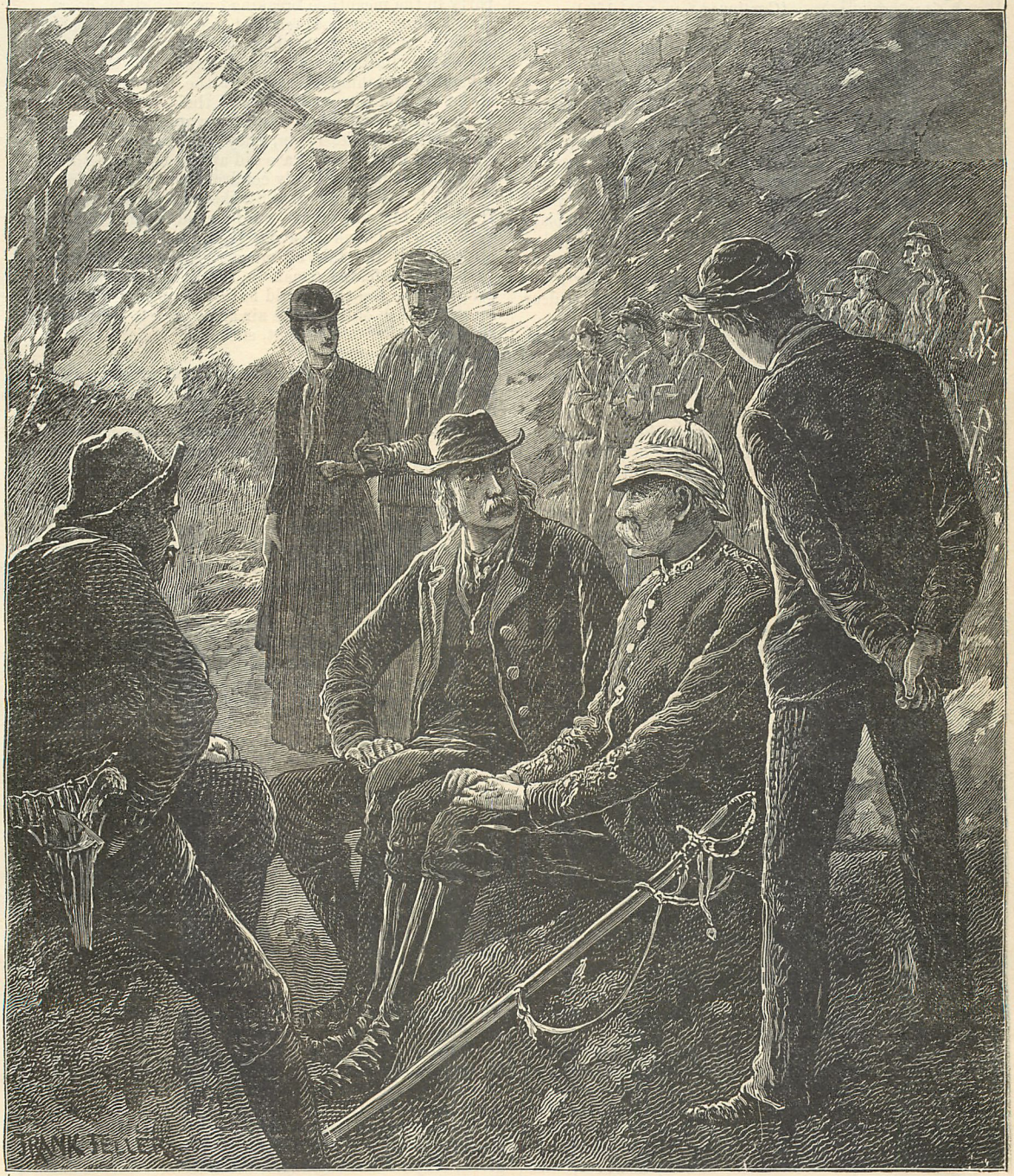
In Homer's time poets did not publish their poems, nor is it certain that they even wrote them. They were always musicians and accompanied their recitations by playing on the lyre, an instrument which originally had only four strings, and these were struck with a little staff called a plectrum. The poet, most likely, played a bar of music as a prelude to his recitation, and in the course of it struck a chord now and then. The poems of Homer continued to be recited long after his death, and it was not until the sixth century before the Christian era, that the different versions of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' were



Homer.

all collected and revised, and the two mighty poems appeared in the form in which we now possess them.

The 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' are the only undoubted epic poems of Homer that are extant, though he was said to have composed several others, besides a number of hymns. The first treats of incidents in the Trojan war. The second narrates the adventures of Ulysses after the fall of Troy. A. R.



"My poor old house! no chance I see of saving anything."

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 139.)

WITH what joy the victors were received we need hardly say. Although the folk in Grahamstown quite expected the result, yet there was, in every mind, the uneasy feeling that the English troops might possibly sustain a reverse, and no one could doubt in that case what would happen. The whole place would be turned into a shambles, and the streets would run with blood. Therefore it was that rejoicings were universal, except for those who had, perhaps, lost a relative—perhaps a dear friend—in the hot conflict.

No sooner had they obtained food and drink, than Colonel Phillips dispatched strong parties of troops, using for this purpose all the mounted men he could lay hands on—he had no regular cavalry—to protect the houses and farms a little way outlying, in case stray parties of Caffres should attack them. He himself, with Woodthorpe, and a party of picked men, set off with all speed for Major Havering's house, where the Colonel's son and daughter were.

Woodthorpe had had time, before they were ready to start, to snatch a few moments with May Havering, to whom he had given a promise that he would not run into dangers that he could possibly avoid. Then he hurried off, and joining Colonel Phillips, the expedition started at once.

They pushed along at their best speed, but as darkness had already fallen, they could not make such rapid progress as they would otherwise have done.

Whilst still a good way from their destination, Woodthorpe, after many an upward glance at the sky, at last said to Colonel Phillips, 'That redness over there looks to me ominous. I see no cause in the elements to make that colour in the sky.'

'Well, I dare say that out of a feeling of revenge some stray parties of Caffres may have set fire to any shed, or what not, they could find, belonging to their white enemies,' began Colonel Phillips in reply, when Woodthorpe said,—

'Unless I am very much out in my calculations, that redness in the sky is caused by a fire at the Homestead itself. We must push on faster. Heaven alone knows whether we are not already too late to avert mischief.'

In silence they hurried along over the *veldt* at the best pace their tired horses could command, and ten minutes later they plainly saw the flames, indeed, leaping up around the doomed Homestead.

As they got up to the burning house, all was still. No sign, either of Caffre or white man, about the place, and an awful chill fell on the hearts of both Woodthorpe and the Colonel, as each, in silence, had to face the loss of those near and dear to him. The whole party, quickly dismounting, sought about for means to extinguish the fire. Water, however, was very scarce—appliances still more so, and ere many minutes had elapsed, it was plain that nothing could save the Homestead from complete destruction. They therefore turned their attention solely to saving the stables and adjoining outbuildings, some of the party in the meantime breaking open the stable doors and leading out the terrified horses, which were quickly conveyed to a place of safety.

Colonel Phillips and Woodthorpe, silently and diligently searching the ruins of the burning house, spoke no word to each other of their terrible fears. Each man's heart was too full for words, and as their quest went fruitlessly on, they got more and more convinced that, if any trace did appear of those they sought, that it would only confirm their worst fears.

Hark! What was that? a shout? Yes, a shout from the far end of the garden, and in an English voice, too! Thank Heaven, then, one at least was alive to tell the tale of murderous revenge on the part of the defeated Amakosa, for that such was the origin of the fire they could hardly doubt. The two searchers rush out into the air again, and to their unspeakable relief and delight, encounter Major Havering, safe and sound.

'We are all right, every one safe and unhurt; all, that is, except poor Jack, who has got a crack on the head, but he will be well again in an hour or two, poor fellow. I am thankful, indeed, that you have come. I have sent one of your men down to where the rest of us are hiding, to tell them of your arrival and our safety. Now, tell me what's been happening. Of course, we have heard the distant firing all day in the direction of Grahamstown, but whether the Caffres were attacking you, or you them, or, in short, what was happening, or has happened, we are in complete ignorance of. My poor old house!' he added, as he gazed, sorrowingly, at the charred ruins before him; 'no chance, I see, of saving anything. However, I must not complain, but rather be most thankful that we have all escaped with our lives to-day.' And then, seating themselves on the mud wall of the compound, the Major listened to Woodthorpe's recital of the important events of the preceding twelve hours around Grahamstown—events with which the reader is already familiar.

As Woodthorpe concluded his narrative, Jack Havering and the two Phillips appeared, the first-named certainly looking rather pale from the effects of the blow on his head, spoken of by his father, but seeming at the same time to derive some satisfaction from the fact that he was leaning on the arm, not of young Phillips, but of young Phillips' sister. The young lady, on her part, seemed thoroughly content to be used as a crutch, and the two old soldiers exchanged a meaning smile as the youthful couple arrived.

'Now, Havering, it's your turn,' said Colonel Phillips; 'tell us how these ruffians fired your house, and how, above all, you made such a lucky escape.'

'I will—but first of all, let some of your men go to the stables and barn, and help my Hottentots to prepare a sort of shake-down for us to-night. We must stay here till daylight, I'm afraid, in case any Caffre thieves are lurking about to see what they can steal from us,' and the necessary orders having been given, Major Havering began his recital.

'As soon as we heard the sound of musketry, we knew that the soldiery had given battle, and hoped that the Caffres would receive so decisive a defeat

that the country would soon resume its usual settled condition. Meantime, however, we could not disguise from ourselves that great danger would arise to all the outlying estates, even if the enemy were defeated. What would happen should they prove victorious, we did not dare even to think about. We waited and watched during the greater part of the day in deep anxiety, as you may imagine, but towards five o'clock we could just make out small parties of the enemy, evidently in retreat, and then we knew that the English cause had been triumphant. It at once occurred to me, though, that the retreating Caffres would be very likely, if fate brought them this way, to do any mischief that came to their hands, so I cautioned everybody not to leave the place, and to keep a sharp look-out.

'Sure enough, an hour or so later, I saw what looked like a large body of men coming towards the house from the direction of Grahamstown. It was, by this time, nearly dark, and I ordered no lights anywhere about the place, trusting that they might pass us by unnoticed. I carefully watched them, keeping well out of sight myself until I imagined they were going to hurry past, and leave us alone. Most unluckily, however, Jack, who had been up to see the oxen, was just returning to the house, and met them full tilt. The leading Caffre, without a word of warning, swung his knob-kerry round, and dealt him a tremendous blow on the head, felling him to the ground. All this, by the way, was hidden from me by the angle of the house, and I have only learnt that part of the affair from Jack himself since. Seeing them, as I thought, pass us in peace, I was just going to tell Miss Phillips and her brother of our good luck, when the crackle of burning thatch fell on my ears, and at the same moment Jan, the Hottentot, came tearing up to me, saying the place was on fire. I rushed down, found your son and daughter, Colonel; hunted in vain for poor Jack who, as I afterwards heard, had been left for dead outside by the savages, and then took the two young people down to the barn and hid them there, returning at once, both to see what had become of my son, and to ascertain if the Caffres were looting, or whether they had just fired the house in passing as a piece of revenge.

'I soon discovered that, as regarded the Caffres, the latter had been the case. Soon after, I discovered Jack, lying on his back, and dangerously close to the burning house. I got him water, and managed to support him down to the barn. It must have been just then that your party arrived, and I can't tell you how thankful I was to find the place in charge of you, instead of, as I half feared, the Caffres. On the whole, we must be grateful for having escaped so lightly. The house, it is true, is burnt down, but we had, luckily, sent nearly all we valued into Grahamstown with the ladies. The horses are all spared, and, mercifully for us, the savages were in too great a hurry to search for us, or our lives would certainly have been sacrificed. Evidently they had a lively dread of pursuit by the victorious troops, and so contented themselves with doing any harm by the way that came easy to them, and did not delay their retreat. I don't think we need fear any further trouble from that quarter yet awhile—not, at all events, until they have had time to recover themselves, and re-form their army. How was it, though, Phillips, that you did not follow and cut them up when they began to retire after the fight?'

'For the very simple reason, my dear friend, that I had no regular cavalry to do it with,' returned the Colonel, laughingly; 'otherwise, you may be very sure I should not have let them off so lightly as I did. The number of mounted irregulars was too small to effect any good.'

'Well, we are all pretty well tired out, I suppose,' said Major Havering. 'You see, I can't very well offer you the hospitality of my house, for very obvious reasons. But the stables and barn together will afford us, at least, shelter for the night; to-morrow we can get into Grahamstown, and sleep in peace, a thing that we, here, have not been able to do for some time past,' and so saying, the Major led the way to the 'shake-downs.'

Colonel Phillips, having carefully posted some of his own men and some of the Hottentots as sentries, soon followed his host's example, as did the rest of the party a little later on, and without anything further happening to disturb their peace of mind, they managed, in spite of the unusual surroundings, to obtain a fair night's repose.

(*Continued at page* 158.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

6.—Squared Words.

1. Square a river in Egypt with a bird inhabiting the same country, the edge of a woollen material, and a town in Italy.

2. Square a period of time with a pleasant condition of mind or body, a continent, and a small Spanish coin.

3. Square a much-used beverage with a succession of years, and a river in Switzerland.

4. Square a river in Siberia with a receptacle for corn and an accommodation for travellers.

5. Square a month of the year with a liquor made from malt, and a word expressing affirmation.

6. Square an amusement with a word of the same meaning as 'parched up,' a measure of length, and the name of a beautiful garden.

7. Square the entrance to a building with the name of a female writer, unctuous substances, and repose.

8. Square a word expressing a great quantity, also the wood of a tree, and a verb meaning to distribute, with a woman's name, the plural of a fermented liquor, and the end of a series.

C. C.

7.—Riddles.

1. What is that which belongs to yourself but is most used by others?

2. What goes all the way to Newcastle without moving?

[*Answers at page* 187.]

ANSWERS.

5.—1. 6 and 42. 2. A, 88*l.*; B, 44*l.*
3. 15 and 21. 4. A, 24*l.*; B, 60*l.*; C, 192*l.*

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Emanuel Hospital.

EMANUEL HOSPITAL, charitable foundation of Lord and Lady Dacres, for the maintenance of ten poor men and ten poor women, and twenty poor children, under the government of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London. 1795: the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London resolved that five poor aged men and five poor aged women should be relieved as out-pensioners. 1819: resolved that two additional boys be educated and maintained in Emanuel Hospital, two additional girls having been added to the number of girls in 1795. 1857: establishment consisted of sixty-eight.'

So runs the inscription upon one of the tablets of Emanuel Hospital, Westminster. On the corresponding tablet are similar records giving the history of the place during the intervening period, and commemorating the erection of the schoolroom and dormitory for boys. A recent visitor to the spot describes it thus:

'Pushing open the crazy iron gate, I entered the courtyard. It was very quiet; there was no sign of life. There was a certain look of trimness about the centre grass-plot, and an iron roller showed that it was not wholly neglected by the gardener, whoever he might be; but otherwise the place was melancholy in the extreme. Ruin seemed to have set its seal upon it. An artist was busily engaged sketching the quaint architecture of the almshouses, and the clock turret surmounting the entrance to a little chapel.



Emanuel Hospital, Westminster.

No one said me nay as I walked along the paths, passing cottages which, for the most part, were quite deserted. Yet the chapel itself was clean and had not fallen into decay. It contains a queer little organ in an alcove, a pulpit of oak, curiously carved, and on a ledge, partly hiding the organ, the model of a handsome tomb, which I take to be that of the Dacres monument in old Chelsea Church.'

This visit was paid during the last days of the Hospital's existence, which accounts for its neglected appearance. The old pensioners left it in 1892.

The Dacres lived in A.D. 1574; the hospital was incorporated in A.D. 1600, and the guardianship of the charity descended to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London in A.D. 1623. The buildings



Mary Allan's thoughtful Kindness.

in our illustration were erected in the reign of Queen Anne. The school has been detached from the foundation, and the Emanuel School, now at Wandsworth Common, has nearly two hundred boarders, of whom one-fourth are admitted free. Thus, though the old pensioners have departed from the Hospital at Westminster, the good work designed by Lord and Lady Dacres still goes on.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

MARY ALLAN was the only daughter among eight children, while her mother was a widow, very feeble in health, rather poor in circumstances, and certainly not able for the cares and burdens which fall upon a woman in such a trying position of life. How fortunate it was for her then that her only daughter Mary had been gifted by nature with a disposition so loving and generous, that she was quite willing to take upon her own young shoulders the whole burden of her seven brothers; the only reward she looked for being a smile from her mother, and a loving kiss when, the day's work being over, the little girl was preparing for her well-earned nightly rest.

Mrs. Allan was, indeed, thankful to God, Who had given her such a dutiful child, for she had seen many homes where young sisters would have grudged to give up their time to the task of amusing fretful baby brothers, or to tidying up the parlour, after three or four noisy boys had turned everything upside down and inside out. Certainly Mary had what some girls would call 'a hard time of it.' But it never seemed so to her, for her young heart was full of love to those dear though noisy brothers, who were quite heroes in her eyes.

But Mary's active and unselfish routine of duty was brought to a sudden close one day, by an attack of influenza, which laid her aside for some weeks, during which time an aunt came to take charge of the household and to nurse the good little daughter. After this illness had passed away, Mary was sent to a country village to recruit her strength more fully. This was a time of great happiness to her, for there were aged people and neglected children there—as everywhere else—and to such sufferers her loving heart prompted her to be as kind as possible. The dear girl had no money to give, but what is a money-gift compared with thoughtful kindness springing from a gentle and sympathising heart?

When Mary left the village to return home, many blessings were given to her by her various friends, and by none more sincerely than by widow Cole, who lived alone, having neither children nor grandchildren to comfort her in her old age. Mary's quick eye had soon noted the poor old woman sitting alone in church, with none to place a hassock at her feet, or to find the place for her in her hymn-book, and her kind heart at once prompted her to do these small kindnesses for the old body. 'Dear bairn! how am I to part with thee?' said the old woman, almost in tears, as Mary called at the cottage to say farewell. 'You must come again,' she added, 'for a look at your bonny face is like a sunbeam to my heart.'

Boys and girls, would not you like to return to your homes, after a country holiday, with words such as these sounding in your ears? Try to be unselfish, both at home and abroad, and then though you may not have money to give away, you may be sure of this, that the blessing of the poor and the feeble will follow your steps! K.

THE SILKWORM MOTH.

THERE are several varieties of this Moth, the larvæ of which are so useful to us in providing us with silk. They are natives of North China, though they have been for a long time acclimatised in many European countries. The perfect insect is about one inch in length, and of a brownish grey colour; it produces numerous eggs, which are fixed by a gummy substance to the surface on which they are laid.

The caterpillar is at first very small, but it rapidly increases in size till it attains the length of fully three inches; it feeds on leaves and young shoots of trees, principally those of the white mulberry, and is, like most caterpillars, very voracious; it has a large head and is of a yellowish grey colour. During its growth the caterpillar changes its skin four or five times. When it has reached its full size and is about to spin its cocoon, it ceases to eat and becomes somewhat lethargic. The spinning organs, which are double, pass along the whole length of the body to the mouth; the thread produced, if examined under the microscope, will be found to be double also. When spinning, the worm remains stationary, moving its head about from side to side, gradually enveloping itself in the filmy covering, the whole process occupying about five days. The cocoon, when finished, is about the size of a pigeon's egg, of a yellowish white colour; if left to itself it will burst in about three weeks, and the perfect insect will emerge from its prison; but as this injures the silk the cocoons are thrown into boiling water which destroys the insect, and the silk is gradually unwound and carded. Since the introduction of the silkworm into Europe, the cultivation of silk has formed a great branch of industry in Italy, Turkey, and Greece, and to some extent also in France, Spain, and Portugal. The quantity of silk raised annually is enormous. Britain alone imports about a million pounds weight of the raw material, besides manufactured silk to the value of six millions sterling. About sixteen hundred worms are required for the production of one pound weight of silk. M.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

GLASS.

THERE are many sorts of glass, and no two are made in exactly the same way. One very familiar kind, largely manufactured at St. Helens, in Lancashire, is that which is called sheet, used in windows. It is made from sand, chalk or limestone, sulphate of soda, and 'cullet' (broken window glass). Other ingredients are also used, but as these are added solely for bleaching purposes, or to make the glass white,

the four things named, when melted at a high heat, may be said to produce window glass.

The materials are mixed together, and put in a pot of the shape of that in common use for flowers, which pot is made of clay obtained from Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, the finest in the world for resisting high temperatures. Several of these pots—the whole, whatever the number may be, are spoken of as 'a batch'—are placed in a furnace and subjected to the greatest possible heat.

Furnaces used in glass-making are of various shapes and sizes, and some are simple and some rather complicated. In the simplest forms, the structure is of fire-brick, bound together with iron bands. At each end is a fireplace, and along the sides are holes, through which the pots containing the glass can easily be reached.

As soon as a furnace has been charged with a 'batch,' it is 'fired up' as rapidly as possible. When the material in the pots begins to melt, it settles down, whereupon more is added, and sometimes this is done twice. In about sixteen hours all the sand and other materials have become molten glass, and then the fires are allowed to become lower, so that the glass may get thick and ready for working. The time allowed for cooling is usually about eight hours.

When the 'metal,' as the glass-makers call it, is ready, the men proceed to make it into window glass. Each worker takes his blowing tube—a hollow pipe about five feet long, with a mouthpiece at one end and a knob at the other—and gathers on it, by several dips, about twenty pounds of glass, which he puts on a block of wood and turns about, while his assistant drops water on the block, to prevent its catching fire. By re-heating the glass, blowing down the tube, and swinging the mass round his head, the man gradually gets it into a long cylinder, one end of which is closed and the other is round the pipe. Next he puts his finger over the mouthpiece of his pipe, and holds the bottom end of the cylinder towards the furnace. The heat causes the air inside to expand and burst open that end, which is then trimmed with a pair of scissors.

At this stage the cylinder is like a glass shade, the top part being attached to the blow-pipe. To remove that tool, a string of hot glass is put round the cylinder and allowed to stop there for a few seconds, after which it is taken away and a cold iron placed to the heated part, when the imperfect top snaps off. After this the cylinder is allowed to cool.

The next thing done is to cut off two or three inches from the end which burst, and which is necessarily very thin. Then a diamond is run from end to end inside the cylinder, for the purpose of splitting it. In this condition it is passed to a man called the 'flattener,' who lays it on a smooth plate with the cracked side uppermost, and runs the plate inside a furnace. The heat causes the glass to open where the diamond has cut, and it sinks down on the plate as a flat sheet of glass, 45 inches by 36 inches in size. Then it is passed to the annealing oven, where it is deprived of its brittleness and becomes tough. If this were not done, it would crack and break very easily; but by heating it to the highest point possible before that at which it softens, and then allowing it to cool gradually, it becomes tempered. The glass must be annealed.

We likened the sheet of glass, at one stage of its making, to an ordinary shade. One of these familiar things is, in fact, nothing but the cylinder we have seen made before the bottom end is burst.

Plate glass is manufactured by a process more simple than that of sheet glass. The materials used are white sand, soda salt, caustic lime, nitrate of potash, and 'cullet.' These being melted in pots, are transferred to what is called the casting pot, which is lifted by a travelling crane over a large iron table, with strips at the side. On this the glass is poured, and spread out to the thickness required by a heavy metal roller.

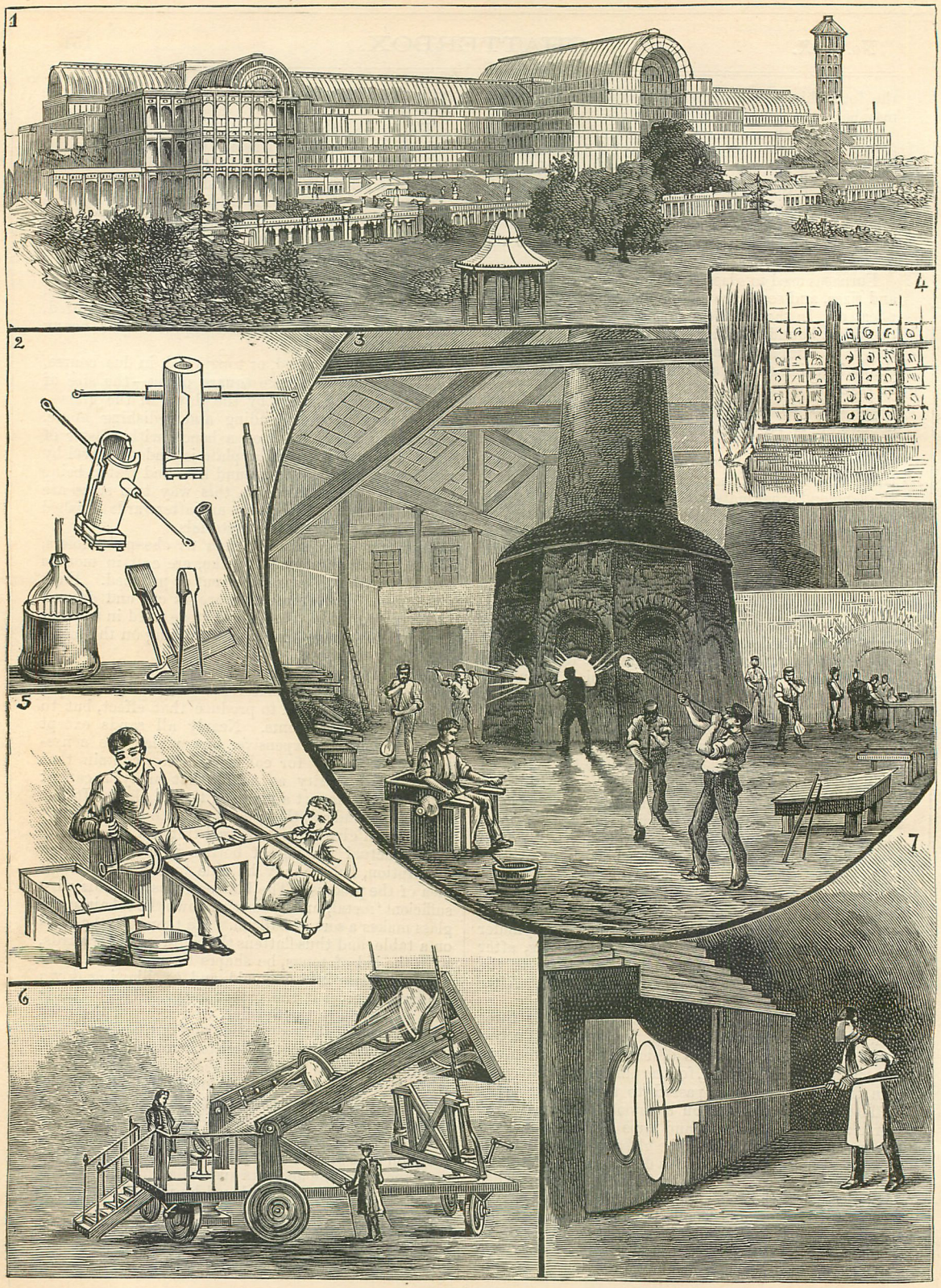
The glass is annealed, or toughened, in due course, and is then cut into large square pieces—the size of these being limited only by the flaws in the glass—which pass to the grinding and polishing house. Here one plate is fixed on a bench with plaster of Paris, and over it a smaller plate is made to travel by machinery, fine sand or ground flint and water being thrown between them. In this way two sides are ground at once. The plates are afterwards finished and polished with various materials.

Common glass articles, such as cheap tumblers, dishes, cream jugs, and the like, are cast in moulds and sold without being either cut or polished. Flint glass, used for ornamental ware, is cut and ground on revolving pieces of metal or stone fixed in a lathe, fine sand or emery and water running on the metal or stone from above.

Green bottles are made in enormous quantities from the commonest materials. The colour is due, not to anything added to produce that effect, but to iron in the ingredients. Nearly all sands except those which are expensive, and which are consequently used only for colourless glass, contain that metal. A quantity so small that analysis cannot detect it will impart a greenish tint to glass. It has been found, indeed, that one twenty-thousandth part of gold will give a rose-coloured tint to flint glass.

The actual making of bottles is almost beyond description, but we may be able to convey a rough idea of the process. The blower gathers on his pipe sufficient 'metal,' and by blowing down the tube into the glass makes a sort of balloon. He then rolls the glass on a table, and thus flattens the sides, and afterwards, with the aid of tongs, he shapes the neck. Next he puts the glass into a mould, and by blowing down his pipe he gives it the proper shape. The bottle is then passed on to the finisher, who re-heats the neck in the furnace, shapes it inside and out, and, taking a small quantity of 'metal,' twists it round the top and makes the rim. Many bottles, however, are made without a mould; the blower judges by his eye what size and shape to give them. In either case the quickness of the man is marvellous.

Of the many other kinds of glass we can only mention that known as 'frosted.' This effect, which was known to the ancients and which for many years was a lost art, can be produced by plunging hot glass into cold water, afterwards re-heating it at the furnace, and expanding it by means of the blow-pipe. Articles made of this glass appear covered with cracks, but they 'ring' quite clearly. W.



GLASS.

1. Crystal Palace. 2. Moulds and Tools. 3. In the works. 4. Window, showing punty-mark or bullseye
5. Shaping a flint-glass vessel. 6. Bernières' great burning-glass. 7. Making crown or window glass.



"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush."

A BIRD IN HAND.

BEHOLD Master Fox hurrying off with a plump duck which he has managed to secure, and which will soon have quacked for the last time. No doubt he thinks that the 'bird in hand'—rather, we should say, 'in mouth'—is better than two, or any number of rabbits, in the hedgerow. As he rushes along to his den, the rabbits in the copse fly hither and thither, alarmed at his approach; but for the present they are safe, he is not likely to meddle with them just now. Still, when he is strong and well, a fox has a remarkably good appetite, and poultry of all sorts, game, hares, and rabbits, are all acceptable to him, and he is bold enough to make a prize of a very young lamb if he has the chance.

Foxes are such thieves that it is necessary that they should not be allowed to multiply too fast. But the way in which the fox is hunted is needlessly cruel. There are other ways in which foxes could be caught and destroyed besides the chase, and many farmers would rather suffer all the injuries they get from hungry foxes than have their crops damaged and fences broken by the fox-hunters. There are few foxes now, in most parts of Britain, compared with what there used to be; there are not as many hiding-places for them and their families as formerly.

The persecuted fox often shows much intelligence, as this story, published in a Cumberland paper, proves:—One was roused from his lair on Lonsdale Crag, and pursued at a tremendous pace by a pack of hounds for about two hours. After crossing and re-crossing a road several times, the poor animal turned towards a stackyard. It was getting very tired, and hoped to find a hiding-place, but could not. Returning to the road, he came upon a man who was driving along a flock of sheep. Knowing that he had nothing to fear from these animals, he got into the middle of the flock, and went at their pace, and travelled with them some distance, hoping in this way to escape his pursuers. One would think the creature's instinct might have awakened pity, but the driver forced him to leave the sheep, and he had again to fly for life. Next he ran towards a cottage, and entered the open door, but one of the women drove him out. Outside the cottage was a patch of grass, and there the poor animal laid down panting for a few minutes. Alas! there was no rest for him. He heard the voices of his pursuers, and again he had to fly. Now, however, his strength was gone, and very soon he was overtaken by the dogs and killed.

You may have seen a wild flower which grows in the woodlands, which is called the fox-glove, and perhaps have wondered how it got the name. Some people have fancied that it was at first 'folks-glove,' and for the reason that the bells of the plant were somehow associated with the elves, fairies, or 'folks,' which our forefathers believed in, and thought they came out at night to dance in retired places. But there does seem to be reason for supposing that this plant had really the name of fox-glove in the olden time. You must understand that many, many years ago, gloves were not made with places for the fingers and the thumb; they were entire, like a sock, and so people likened the bells of this flower to tiny gloves. Then, as to the first part of the name, it appears that, as in Ireland even yet, so in some parts of Britain formerly, a superstitious fear of the fox was to be found amongst the peasantry. We are told that some of the Irish now will not mention the fox by his common name; they call him the 'red fellow,' the 'gentleman,' thinking that he can hear a long way off, and that, if he feels himself insulted, he will be likely to revenge himself on their ducks or chickens. More than that, it appears that a laughable custom did at one time prevail of making mittens—shall we call them so?—or gloves of lamb's-wool, for the fox to put on in his nightly wanderings. A goodwife would make these, and lay them somewhere near a fox's retreat, in the hope that he would be so pleased with this attention as to leave her poultry alone when he was out in search of his dinner or supper!

J. CLIFFORD.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY.

A Tale in Rhyme.

PART I.—SONG OF THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

THEY may talk as they will of the old coaching days,
And our gaffers and gammers may sing in their praise,

But, for my part, I ne'er wish to see them again,
But cry hail! to the days of the swift railway train.

Just hark, while the great engine's charms I relate,—
His brass and his iron are shining like plate;

And his proud head erect, ere he scampers away,
Like a war-horse impatient to join in the fray.

You can hear how he snorts and he pants and he roars,
Like a giant asleep with great deafening snores.

One shrill, piercing whistle—he wakes with a start,
And past the long platform he's off like a dart.

Like a fiery young comet he rushes through space,
And his long tail of carriages keeps up the pace.

If you get in his way it must be at your risk,
For his tail, like the lion's, bears death in its whisk.

We're safe in this carriage, we'll see all the fun,
How posts, fields, and hedges, all set off and run.

The engine flies one way, and they fly the other,
And each telegraph-post rushes after its brother.

The wires between them go up and go down,
You can scarce read the miles that are marked up to town.

The sheep and the cattle that nibble the grass,
Fly off helter-skelter when sudden we pass.

And when in our journey we meet a quick train,
We join like two whirlwinds, then dart off again.

As we pass the snug village the boys raise a cheer,
Though their mouths are wide open no sound can
we hear.

And the babe, in a puzzle 'twixt wonder and fright,
Laughs and cries, while the girls wave their hand-
kerchiefs white.

Ah, here is the tunnel, we've plunged into dark,
And our lamp has gone out, we can't see the least
spark.

A silence has dropped on the children around,
And the tongues that had chattered don't utter a
sound,

Till a hand touches mine and a small voice I hear,
Which is murmuring faintly, 'Dear auntie, you're
here!'

But now a faint light in the tunnel is shown,
And daylight is streaking the side of each stone,

And at last we emerge with a sigh of relief,
As when hope shines again in the darkness of grief.

All voices are laughing and chatting again,
And here's the great station—the goal of our train!

PART II.—THE JUNCTION.

Now all the passengers descend
Upon the platform long;
Guards, travellers, and porters make
A noisy, bustling throng.

The luggage quick is tumbled out
With many a sounding thump;
That box that pleads for 'glass with care'
Can ne'er have stood that bump.

The happy children much rejoice
To stretch their limbs and run,
And some one thinks it's just the time
For Banbury-cake or bun.

We buy old *Punch*, that good old friend,
And laugh at all his jokes,
And when we've had enough of him
We look at all the folks.

There's Mr. Smith arrived too soon
By half an hour or more;
His family pace up and down,
And wish the waiting o'er.

The works of art on station walls
They needs must now survey;
And praise of mustard, cocoa, soap,
Must while the time away.

The ticket-man enjoys his pipe,
And pulls his shutter down;
And Mr. Smith declares he'll write
To papers in the town.

And when the young man opens it
To all the travelling world,
What storms of Mr. Smith's hot wrath
On his poor head are hurled!

And here's another group we mark,
Who on the platform stand;
A woman with a child in arms,
Another holds her hand.

Her form is frail—a breath would blow
Her right away, you'd think;
And yet upon her poor, worn face
There's just a tinge of pink

For seven long years she had not walked
Through field or leafy bower,
Her town-bred children ne'er had plucked
A bonny, fresh wild flower.

But now kind friends had sent them out
To spend a happy day,
And country folk had made them glad
With rest and food and play.

But, ah! a sudden cloud of fear
Across her face has passed;
'Her ticket surely can't be gone!
When did she have it last?'

She shakes her gown a dozen times
In hope to see it fall,
Unclasps her shabby purse to find
One penny left—'tis all!

She looks around to seek, perchance,
Some unknown helpful friend;
Oh, might good luck but favour her,
And some kind fairy send!

A grumbling sound has struck her ears,
Halfway 'twixt groan and grunt;
The voice is hard, the accent rough,
The manner short and blunt.

'And what on earth's the matter now?'
She turns—the fairy's come,
In shape of crusty Mr. Smith.
'Oh, sir, we can't get home!

'The ticket's lost, the money's spent,
Our home's far off,' she said.
'A woman can't go half-a-mile
But she must lose her head,'

He answers roughly, but he slips
A coin into her hand;
Then hurries off, for words of thanks
Are things he cannot stand.

Ah, Mr. Smith, the neighbours say,
And now I see they're right,
That though your bark is very bad,
'Tis much worse than your bite.

But if you'd only cease to bark,
You'd be more to our mind,
For words and deeds and manner, too,
Might just as well be kind.

(*Concluded at page* 166.)

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

St. Giles, Cripplegate.

ST. GILES was a Gallican saint of the seventh century. A legend declares that, in his wish to mortify his body, he refused to be cured of an accidental lameness, hence he was held to be the patron saint of cripples. Although he was not an Englishman, yet many English churches were dedicated to him.

The parish of St. Giles-without-Cripplegate is one of the most interesting in the City of London. It derives its name from two sources—from the church dedicated to St. Giles, and from the postern or gate through which was the only access to the City from the moor at the time the church was built.

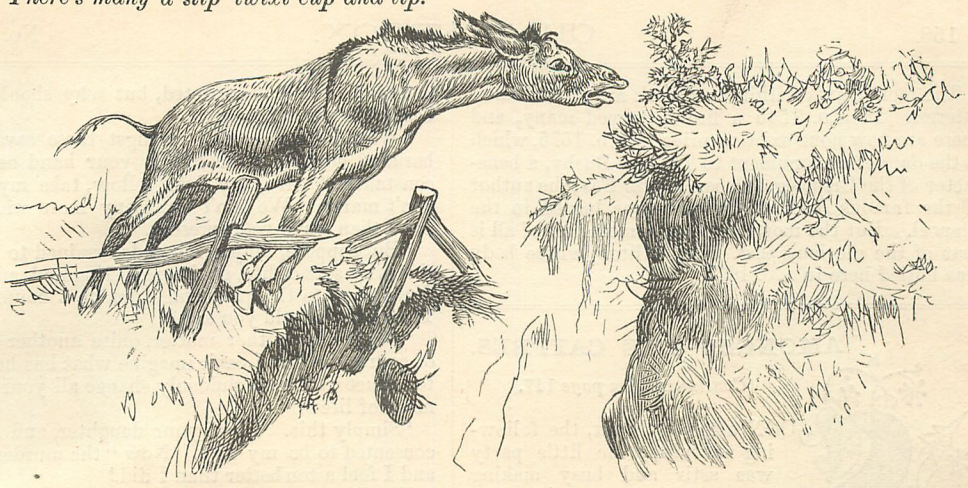
The first church upon this site was erected about A.D. 1090 by Alfune, afterwards Hospitaller of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. From him it passed, through his sons, to the canons of St. Paul's Cathedral, and from that time, through the eight intervening centuries until now, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have appointed the successive vicars. Stow, to whom we are indebted for so much information concerning London's 'Old Spots,' says that 'the Church was as first a small thing, but hath been since at divert times much enlarged as the parish hath increased, and was newly builded.' This took place about A.D. 1392, and what was then rebuilt is, in the main, the same as that now standing.



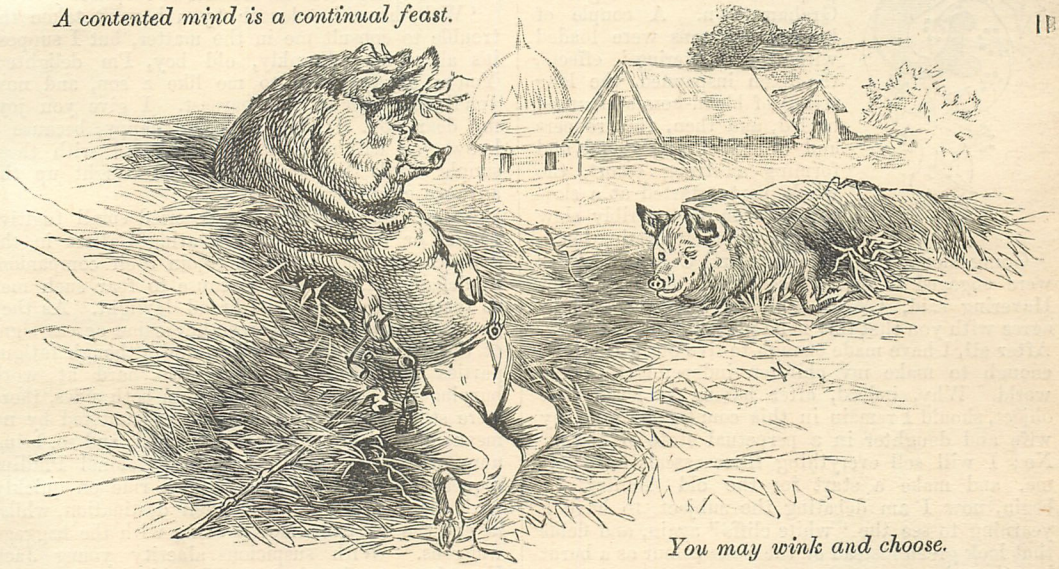
St. Giles, Cripplegate, and Old Houses.

The parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, suffered much during the Plague. In A.D. 1636 there were no less than 2491 burials on the register-book for the year, being three times the number for either the preceding or succeeding years. But the most fearful outbreak was in A.D. 1665, when 8000 persons died. The vicar, Dr. Pritchett, fled to the country. Three of the churchwardens, the sexton, and the majority of the vestrymen died of the malady; there was no responsible official left to relieve the poor or to carry on the ordinary work of the parish.

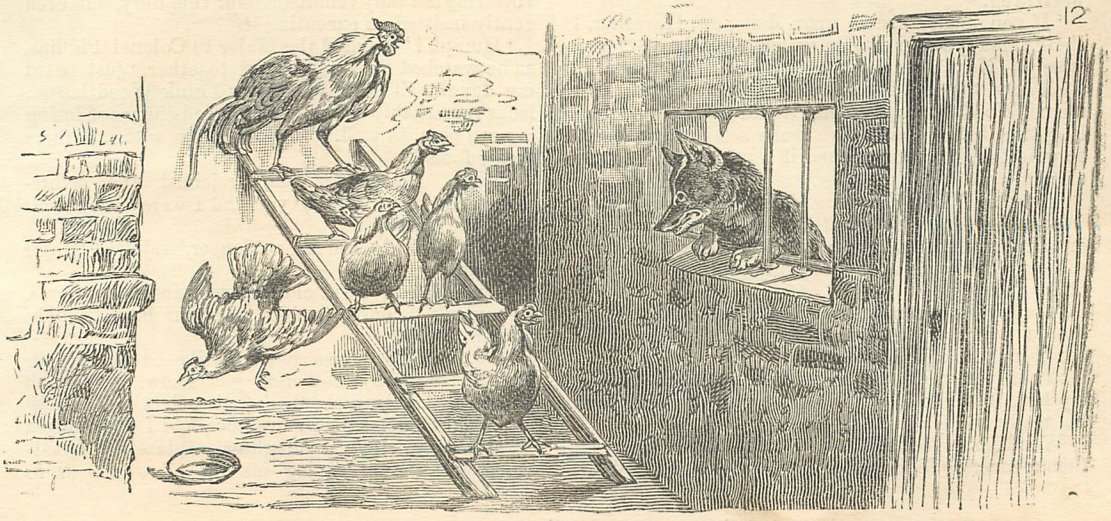
There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. 10



A contented mind is a continual feast. 11



You may wink and choose. 12



The monuments within St. Giles's are of exceeding interest. In A.D. 1545 a fire destroyed many, and there are now none existing prior to A.D. 1575, which is the date of a monument to Thomas Busby, a benefactor of the Cripplegate poor. John Fox, the author of the famous *Book of Martyrs*, was buried in the chancel. But the most interesting memorial of all is that of the glorious poet, John Milton, whose body was buried here in A.D. 1674.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 147.)

SOON after daybreak, the following morning, the little party was astir and busy making preparations for moving into Grahamstown. A couple of bullock-waggons were loaded with the Haverings' effects, the oxen inspanned, the long string of blood-horses mounted or led, and then, the troopers and others closing round and forming a strong escort, the whole party started at a slow pace — oxen are terribly slow beasts—for their destination.

Going along, the Haverings and Colonel Phillips were engaged in earnest converse. At last Major Havering said, 'Well, Phillips, I am inclined to agree with you that this is no place for us just now. After all, I have made enough to live on in comfort, enough to make my children independent of the world. Why, indeed, after having achieved that object, should I remain in this country, keeping my wife and daughter in a perpetual state of alarm? No; I will sell everything these rascals have left me, and make a start for the old country. I begin, now I am debating the subject, to have a yearning to see the "white cliffs" again, and fields that look green instead of the same colour as a burnt hearthrug.'

'If you finally decide upon doing so, Havering, I shall think you, in your circumstances, have chosen wisely. Next year my time will be up here, and I shall hope to see a good deal of you at home. Our friend Woodthorpe says that it will probably be some long time before the Caffres really settle down again to peaceful occupations; and if I were you I should certainly go.'

Then the Major, dropping back to have a chat with Woodthorpe, the latter thought it a favourable opportunity for speaking to him upon the important subject which was now occupying so great a portion of his thoughts.

'Major,' he began, in his usual direct style, 'what should you say if I told you I was thinking about becoming a married man?'

'That you took me for a bigger fool than I am, my boy, to think I should believe you, that's all,' was the ready answer.

Woodthorpe looked for a moment rather annoyed, then recovering his good humour, he resumed, 'Well, it may be rather unexpected, but why should I *not* become a married man?'

'What! going about amongst these savage barbarians, holding your life in your hand as you do constantly? No, my dear fellow, take my advice, don't marry. We don't want any more widows on hand than we have at present.'

'But suppose, Major, I had determined to give up this wild sort of life, go home to England and settle down there to the quiet and calm of a country life. Then what should you say?'

'Oh, that's another matter, quite another matter, of course! Only I can't imagine what has happened to induce you to so suddenly change all your present mode of life?'

'Simply this. I love your daughter, and she has consented to be my wife. Now "the murder's out," and I feel a ton better than I did.'

The Major gave a low whistle of surprise.

'Well,' he said at length, 'you haven't taken the trouble to consult me in the matter, but I suppose it's all right. Frankly, old boy, I'm delighted. You've always been to me like a son, and now you'll be a son in real earnest. I give you joy, my dear boy. It has made me happy, because I know you will make her happy,' and with these simple words they pushed on and caught up the advance guard again.

From time to time they descried small fugitive parties or wounded and retreating Caffres in the distance hurrying along to rejoin their companions in defeat. There was no cause to fear such men as these, especially in the broad daylight. As they got nearer to Grahamstown they came across signs of the previous day's conflict, and although fatigue parties had been for some time hard at work burying the bodies of the slain on both sides, there were still sights that had to be encountered by no means of a pleasant nature for a girl, and so, being now within sight of the town, Colonel Phillips requested one of the young men to ride on quickly with his daughter towards their destination, whilst he and the rest came slowly along with the baggage waggons. With suspicious alacrity young Jack Havering not only volunteered for this duty, but even gently insisted on executing it.

'Humph!' grunted the Major to Colonel Phillips, as he watched the two ride off together, 'just heard my daughter's going to marry Frank Woodthorpe: looks remarkably as if I stood a good chance of losing my son now, as well. Just the way with all these young fools!'

'Well, Havering, well,' rejoined the white-moustached old Colonel, 'you and I were young fools once, you know.'

'Yes; but we are so no longer,' rejoined Major Havering.

'Quite right; we're old fools now instead. Come, we mustn't be unreasonable; no great harm will be done, after all.'

'No, no; of course not,' hastily exclaimed the Major; 'only my nonsense, you know. Only too pleased if the young people *do* find each other's society so pleasant; but here we are now, and I must hasten off to see my wife and daughter. I dare say Woodthorpe won't mind helping me—at all events, as to

the latter part of the business. Well, good-bye for the present, Phillips. I'll drop in and see you to-morrow.'

'Good-bye, my dear friend, good-bye; and very many thanks, once more, for all your kindness to my young people.'

During the following week the change from war and all its horrors was a very pleasant one for Woodthorpe, and he and May made the best use of their time together, joining in picnics, rides, and dinner parties with the keenest zest.

Jack Havering, too, was assiduous in his attentions to the girl who had been so unexpectedly thrown in his way, and altogether there was some ground for the half-comical complaint of Major and Mrs. Havering, that now they were again all together, as a matter of fact, they never were together at all!

Mrs. Havering was especially rejoiced at the idea of going home to England. She had never really liked colonial life, with its many little discomforts and drawbacks, its loneliness and want of society; and so she more than willingly fell in with her husband's views when he proposed settling their belongings, and making their way, as soon as they could, to Capetown, thence to sail for England with all convenient speed.

It had given Mrs. Havering genuine pleasure to hear that Frank Woodthorpe, whom they had all known so long, was about to become an actual member of their family. It would have been a real sorrow to her if her daughter had married a man living in South Africa, when she with her husband and son were just going back to England. However, such happily was not the case, and her future son-in-law was to return now to the old country with them, and the wedding was to be celebrated in the land of their birth shortly after their arrival.

Fortunately for Major Havering the times were good for the disposal of his somewhat extensive stud of blood-horses, and within a very few days of his coming in to Grahamstown he had disposed of all his thoroughbreds at good prices.

When this matter was settled, his next step was to go to the coast and charter a sailing-boat to convey him and his family to Capetown, as it was not safe in the then unsettled state of the country to risk the long land journey. After some consultation it was determined that the attempt to get a suitable vessel should be made at the mouth of the Great Fish River. With this object Major Havering, accompanied by Frank Woodthorpe, travelled as rapidly as they could to that point, and after some delay they arranged with the Malay crew of a good-sized schooner to embark them in about a fortnight's time, and convey them and their goods and chattels down the coast to Capetown.

The return journey occupied rather less time than the outward one had done, and getting back to Grahamstown, they at once made their final arrangements for bidding farewell to the colony for good and all. A week later, and their leave-takings of the Phillipses and other friends being over, the Haverings and Woodthorpe left Grahamstown and began their journey to the coast.

Before parting with Maude Phillips, Jack had persuaded her to consent to an engagement; one that need not be made public until her parents came home to England, which in the ordinary course of events would be some time during the following year; then, if they were still both of the same mind, they were to become formally betrothed. With this understanding Jack had come away very well pleased indeed.

Woodthorpe had made a strong effort to get Taori to come to England with him, but the black could not be moved to do so. He had made up his mind to return to Australia and live amongst his own people again, and so, when his master saw that he was thoroughly set on this, he ceased to persuade him any more.

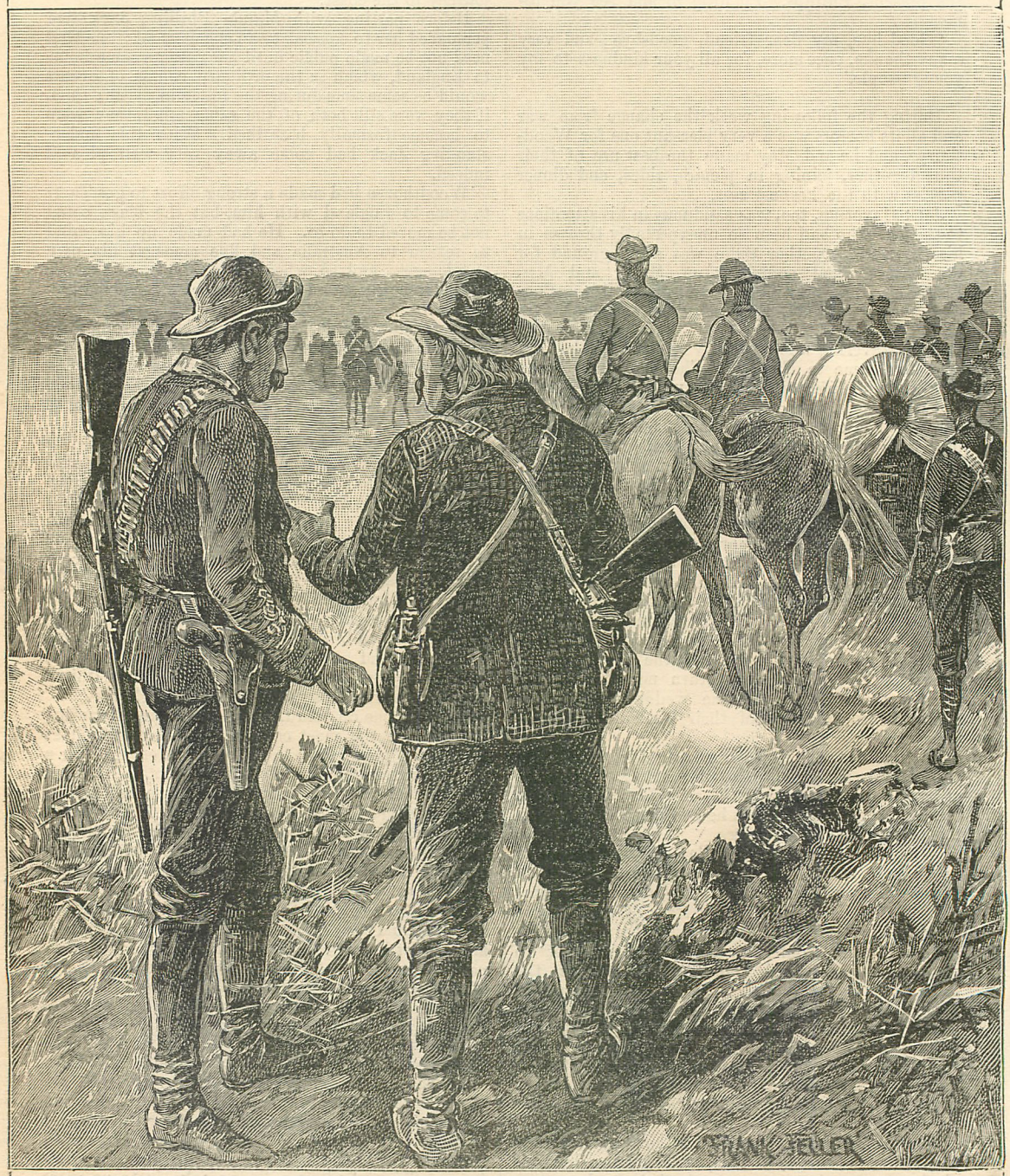
Taori, however, had intimated his wishfulness to be with Woodthorpe as long as he could, and therefore he asked his permission to accompany the party from Grahamstown down to the Great Fish River. Woodthorpe, on his part, was only too glad to have him there.

Profiting by their previous experience of the country the Major and Woodthorpe piloted the party expeditiously to the coast, which they reached without trouble or delay. At the mouth of the river they found the Malay boat awaiting them, and though neither craft nor crew looked very inviting, yet without any lingering they went on board after an affecting leave-taking with the Australian. Woodthorpe had previously presented him with all his wild-life belongings, both arms and accoutrements, reserving only a brace of pistols and his trusty long knife. He had also delighted Taori by promising to make a voyage out to Australia to see him within a couple of years of his getting back to England.

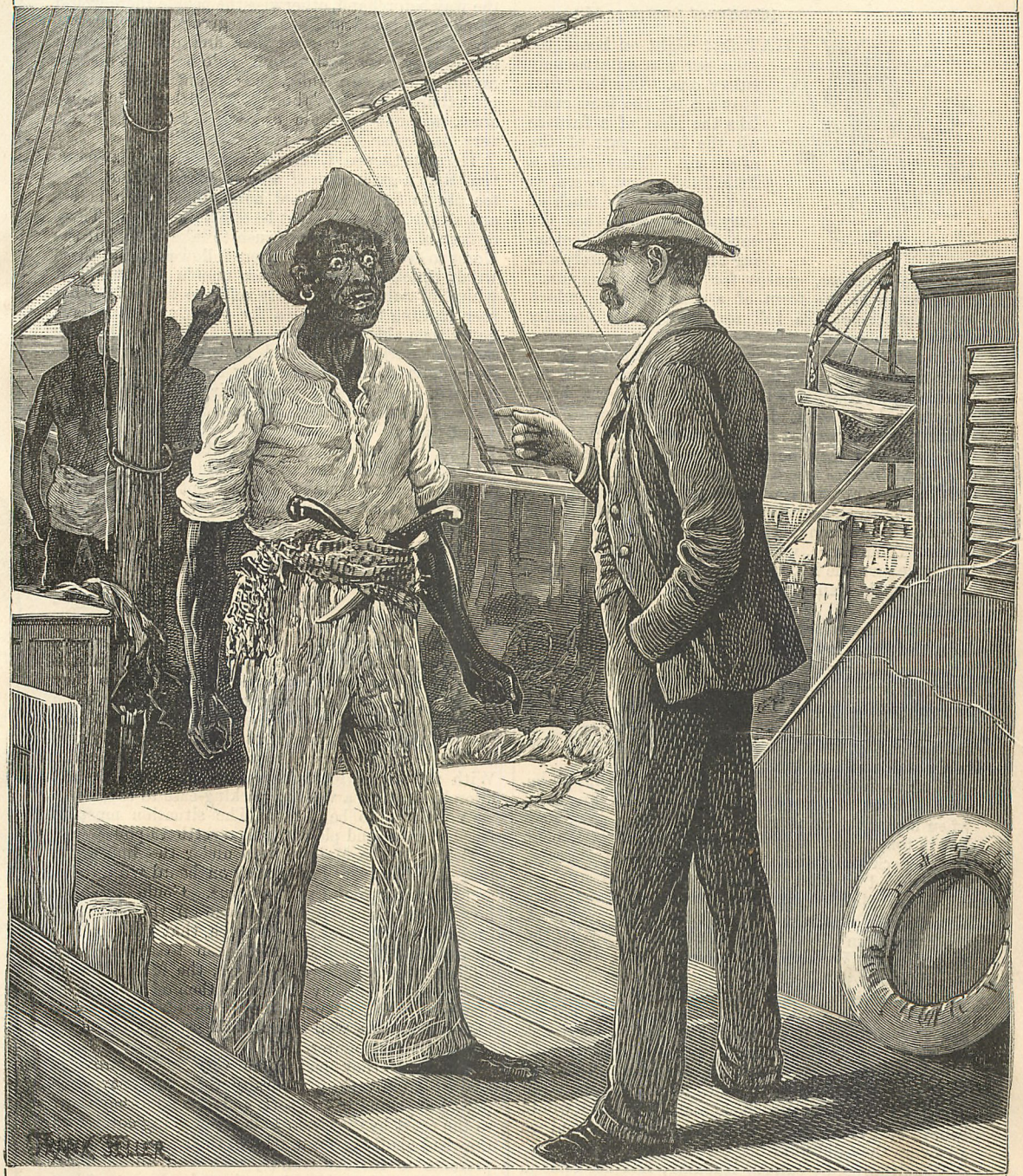
Having gone on board, and installed Mrs. Havering and May in the most comfortable cabin, which at best was a poor place, the three men engaged in a long conversation with the Malay Captain, through the medium of Woodthorpe, who alone understood their language. They were not long before they got under way, the baggage having, in the meantime, been put on board, and standing slowly out from the mouth of the Great Fish River the schooner ploughed her way out to the open sea.

They stood right off the shore, with its ever-rolling surf, high and dangerous even in the calmest weather, and of that beautiful, almost indescribable, blue seen nowhere in such perfection as on the burning shores of Africa. Then Major Havering, turning to his son, said, 'Well, Jack, we are really off at last, you see. I'm sorry, in a way, that you will have no more chance of living this free, open-air sort of life; but, at all events, the training in this country will have done you good. You have learnt pretty well all there is to know of stud farming, and if we can succeed in getting some suitable land for the purpose at home, I think that that sort of life will agree with a man of your temperament far better than any work in an office. And now let us take just one more turn, and then we will go below to see what there is for dinner.'

(*Continued at page* 162.)



"I love your daughter, and she has consented to be my wife."



The Malay Captain outwitted.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 159.)

THAT first night on board the schooner was an extremely sultry one. The hot wind blowing off the land came like the blast of a furnace all the latter part of the afternoon. They stood a little further out to sea, so as to avoid it as much as they could, and when the rapid twilight came, deepening almost immediately into complete darkness, except for the countless stars, relief came in the form of a cooler breeze, which just kept their sails full and sent them steadily through the water.

Though the white passengers had retired early to their cabins, sleep came to few of them. The excessive heat, coupled with the rolling of the boat, was enough to keep most of them awake, to say nothing of the constant tramp of feet overhead upon the deck. At last, however, the heat abated, the cool night breezes swept the ship from stem to stern, and the crew above grew more quiet in their movements. Then those below were enabled at intervals to snatch a few minutes of repose; all, that is, except Frank Woodthorpe, whose curious gift of wakefulness, whenever he had the least suspicion of danger around, again came to drive away sleep from his eyelids.

Rousing himself he went without noise up on the deck, and there lay himself down to rest and think. Sleep, he felt pretty sure, would not visit him that night, so he would just lie awake here in the cool, and enjoy the sight of the light, fleecy clouds drifting across the moon, while he thought of May Havering and the happy life which he hoped to spend with her in the old land at home.

With such thoughts flitting through his mind, he was looking out for a comfortable place on deck, when his quick ear caught the sound of voices, very low in tone, proceeding from the far side of a boat on the deck near him. He leant forward slightly, and listened to what was being said. The speakers were the Malay captain, the man who did duty as mate of the schooner, and two of the crew. A stray word in the Malay tongue had caught the attention of Woodthorpe, a word with the ugly meaning of 'plunder.'

'It could easily be done. There are nine of us, and only three men amongst them. It would be best to kill them; if we let them live we shall risk our own lives by their turning evidence against us.'

'They must have plenty of money about them, and hardly anybody seems to know that they came on board. There was the black man; but who would believe him if he swore that they embarked and we all swore they did not?'

Woodthorpe, by careful listening, had ascertained that the first speaker was the mate, the second he was not quite sure of.

Then the Captain struck in, 'We should have to put in to Formosa in any case for water and provisions, and so it would be best to put them out of the way beforehand, otherwise the people there would see them on board, and be able to give evidence against us. But I wish we could first find out how much money they have with them. I do not want to risk myself and my ship unless the amount is sufficient.'

'A thorough Malay,' thought Woodthorpe. 'Utterly cruel, without principle or kindly feeling; but so very particular to save your own skin.'

The mate then said, 'The fat man' (Major Havering) 'has been a great man of war in his time, but he is too old to fight very hard now. The youth is big and strong, and would not be easily overcome. Three or four of us must make a rush to take him; but the worst to deal with is——' (here followed two or three words which the listener was unable to catch, but which, of course, could only refer to himself)—'has been fighting the Amakŏsa for years, and they have never been able to kill him yet. With him be very careful. Perhaps it would be better to overpower them down below whilst they sleep. Then, whilst it is still dark, we can throw their bodies overboard, and their boxes too when we have taken all we want out of them.'

'Yes,' was the reply. 'To-night?'

'No, I think not to-night. There is plenty of time to do it to-morrow night. We are not prepared now. Everything can be arranged by then. We will stand out to sea now, and be a long way off the coast before day breaks. We can easily tell them it is necessary to do this in order to avoid some shoal-water. That will delay us so that when we put them overboard we shall still be within easy sail of our landing-place.'

The rest murmured their approval of the leader's scheme—evidently they were no new hands in the trade of robbery and murder—and one by one they quietly drifted off to various parts of the ship, none of them, however, coming within view of Woodthorpe's place of concealment. Then he lightly rose also, and quietly slipped down the stairs of the cabin. With a troubled look on his sun-burnt face, he sat himself down on a wooden packing-case to think.

What was to be done? The situation must be faced at once, and plan of action settled upon.

Evidently the Malays were under the impression that they had plenty of money on board with them, and to some extent this was true. Could he somehow or other contrive to put them off the scent? to induce them to think, for instance, that their money was all safely banked; nay, even to appear in a difficulty about being able to pay the Malay skipper for the actual journey they were then on? Then he pondered what chances the three of them would have against the well-armed, half-savage crew in the event of an encounter.

Unluckily they had come very badly provided against an attack. Naturally they had never expected anything of the sort, and their journey down to the coast by the Great Fish River being completed, they had gladly given nearly all their arms as parting presents to the Australian, who had all his race's passion for the possession of such things. Then, again, they would have to face three times their own number. This Woodthorpe would have cared little

about but for the unnerving fact that his loved May was on board, and in the event of defeat would be, together with her mother, entirely at the mercy of these wretches. This thought made him active of brain, keen to see any way out of their terrible scrape without running the risk of placing defenceless women in the hands of such men.

Then the cool, well-practised head came to his assistance. He carefully conned over a little scheme now floating in his mind, thought it out again and again, and finally determined that when the morrow should come he would at once put it into execution.

Unwilling to be the bearer of evil tidings sooner than he was obliged, and not wishing to do anything which might give rise to suspicion on the part of the Malays themselves, he decided not to say anything about his unpleasant discovery until he had a chance of speaking to the Havering men in private the next day.

Next morning, at the earliest moment possible without arousing suspicion on the part of the Malays, Woodthorpe drew the Major and Jack aside, and told them all he had overheard on the previous night. Although in more than one hard-fought battle Major Havering had proved himself possessed of a stout heart and a strong hand, yet, as he listened to Woodthorpe's recital, and thought how completely his unfortunate wife and daughter would be at the mercy of these ruffians, in the event of their murdering their three defenders, his heart failed him. Unfortunately for them, they knew that the ruffianly crew were all well armed; they themselves were hardly armed at all. Therefore it behoved them, if there were any possibility of so doing, to avoid a struggle, which, humanly speaking, could only end in one way. Then Woodthorpe told them his plan for gaining time, and, precarious though their position was, they had a quiet laugh over the scheme to themselves.

An hour later, and whilst standing gently in shore, Woodthorpe strolled up to the Captain and engaged him in conversation. After discussing the question of how long the passage to Capetown would take, the merits and demerits of the schooner, and other matters, he said, 'When we get into Table Bay, we shall have plenty of money; but at present, for the expenses of getting provisions and other things at the places we shall have to touch at, I wish you would lend me a little. You shall be well rewarded by getting your money back, with heavy interest, when Capetown is reached; but just now we are in want of a little.'

During the utterance of this small speech, Woodthorpe's keen eye had never left the other's face, although he took good care to avoid the appearance of watching him. The change that came over the Malay's features was so funny that the Englishman felt sorely tempted to laugh outright.

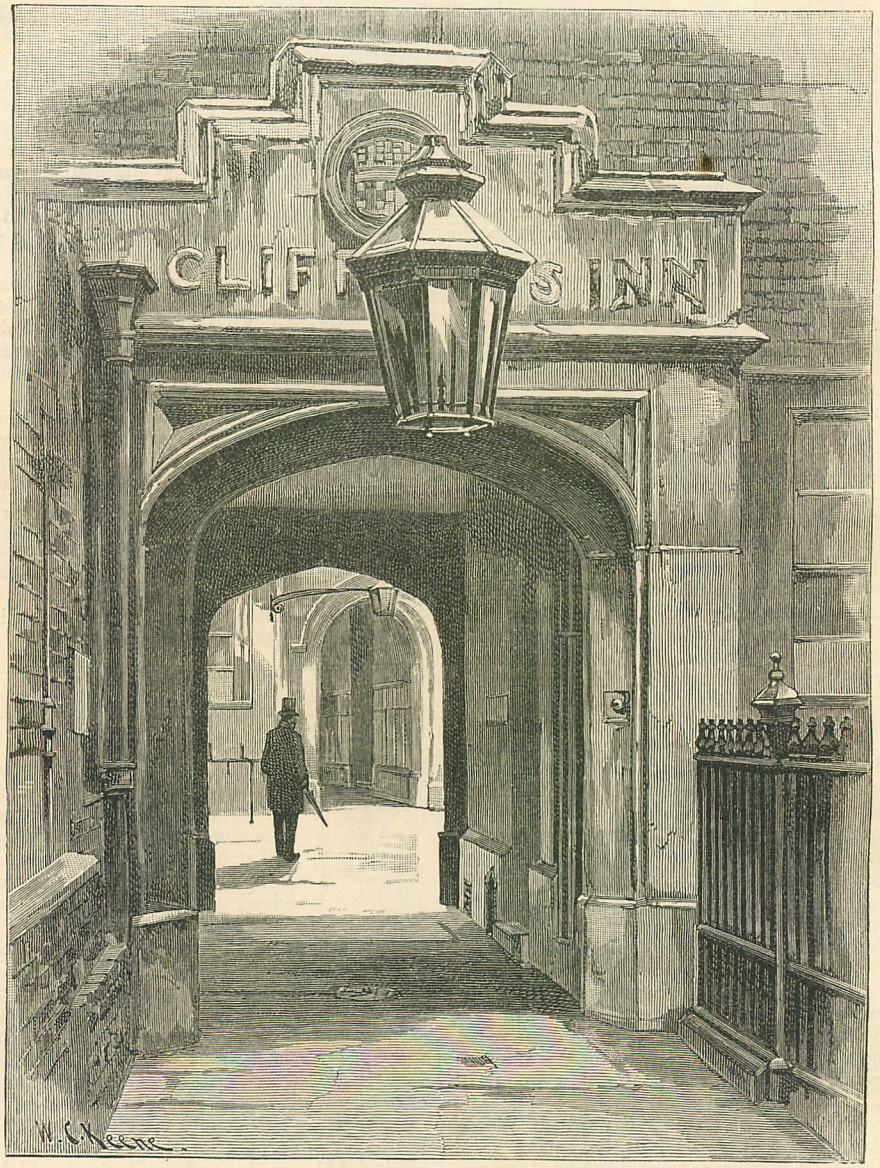
'No money here!' gasped the Captain. 'I thought you all had plenty of gold in your boxes!' he continued, betrayed into telling the truth by the genuine astonishment that possessed him. 'If—if you have no money, how will you pay me for the ship's hire? How can you pay for ——'

'Oh, don't trouble yourself at all about that,' returned Woodthorpe, casually. 'Our nation—we white people—keep all the money we have in the big banks; otherwise, you see, it might tempt rogues and scoundrels'—here he looked blandly straight into the face of the disappointed cut-throat—'to even murder us, if we were so foolish as to carry it about with us. So you will lend us just a little when we touch at Formosa or Zitzikamma, won't you? We shall not want much—only just enough to buy provisions with, you know; and we shall deal very liberally with you at the end of our journey. You will get your deserts when we reach Capetown—I will specially charge myself to see to that,' he added, with, it must be confessed, a rather false smile on his face.

The Malay captain almost groaned aloud in his disappointment. Here was a discovery for him to make, just a few hours before the intended carrying out of as comfortable a little scheme of murder and robbery on the high seas as ever even he had plotted! It really was too provoking! 'How ridiculous,' he thought, 'for people to put money into banks in the towns when they might just as well carry it about with them in those fat-looking boxes which they had brought on board.' And he had, after mature deliberation, concluded, with much gusto, that the 'game was well worth the candle,' that the risk involved would be well repaid by the possession of his intended victims' coffers. So crafty was he, that he had even got a scheme in his own mind for cleverly defrauding his own crew in the division of the spoil. (*Continued at page* 173.)

THE DUCK-BILL OR WATER-MOLE.

THERE is only one certainly-known species of this animal which inhabits the rivers of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land. It is a creature so singular in appearance and structure, that the first description of it brought to this country was received with incredulity, and even when a stuffed specimen was produced, it was curiously examined, lest it might have been manufactured for purposes of imposition. The whole length of the body, including the tail, is from twenty to twenty-three inches; it is thickly covered with a glossy hair, with a short felt close to the skin; the head is small, the eyes also small but very bright, while, instead of the mouth and teeth of ordinary quadrupeds, this singular creature is furnished with a bill exactly resembling that of a duck, but broader in proportion to its length; and with this bill it dabbles in the mud for its food, which consists of insects, molluscs, and even small fish. The legs of the water-mole are short, the fore feet have five toes furnished with strong claws adapted for burrowing, and a connecting membrane for swimming which extends even beyond the claws, but is capable of being folded back so as not to hinder the animal while digging; the hind feet are also webbed, but the web does not extend beyond the claws. The tail is strong, broad, and flat, and covered with coarse hair above, while on the under surface it is nearly bare. This creature lives chiefly in water, swimming generally



Entrance to Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street.

with only the head above the surface, as it is very wary, and constantly on the look-out for enemies. When captured (which is a feat very seldom accomplished) it does not attempt to bite, but makes violent efforts to escape, while its skin seems to cover it so loosely that its captor feels as though he were holding an animal loosely enveloped in a fur bag.

The water-mole is a burrowing animal; the burrow, which begins close by the edge of the water, is of great length, often twenty feet, terminating in a roomy chamber or nest where they rear their young; of these there are generally two at a birth, and it is well for them that they are securely hidden in their comfortable nest, as they are at first extremely feeble and imperfect. The voice of the water-mole is not unlike the growling of a young puppy; it carefully dresses its beautiful fur, and when asleep it rolls itself up in a ball. Besides the peculiar bill of this quadruped, it has some other anatomical peculiarities resembling those of birds.

D. B.



Clifford's Inn.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Clifford's Inn.

CLIFFORD'S INN is the oldest of all the Inns. Originally a town house of the Lords Clifford, to whom it had been given by Edward II., it was first let to students of law in the eighteenth year of Edward III., at a time when 'might' was too often mistaken for 'right,' and hard knocks decided legal questions more frequently than deed and statute.

In the hall of Clifford's Inn, after the Great Fire of A.D. 1666, sat Sir Matthew Hale and seventeen other wise and patient judges, to adjudicate upon the claims of the landlords and tenants of burned houses, in order to prevent future lawsuits. The difficulty of discovering the old boundaries, under the mountains of ashes, must have been immense; and forty thick folio volumes of decisions in the British Museum tell of many a legal headache in Clifford's Inn.

An eccentric dinner custom prevails in the hall of Clifford's Inn. The Society is divided in two sections —the Principal and Aules, and the junior or 'Kentish Men.' Dinner over, the chairman of the Kentish Men, standing at the junior table, bows gravely to the Principal, takes from the hands of a servitor standing by four small rolls of bread, dashes them three times on the table, and then pushes them down to the other end of the board, from whence they are removed by a servant. Perfect silence is preserved during this mystic ceremony, of which not even the oldest member of the Society can give any explanation. An antiquary has tried to explain the custom by saying that as cakes, sacred to Ceres, usually terminated ancient feasts, the rolls at Clifford's Inn may at first have been thrown down as an offering to that goddess, who in pagan times was believed to have first instructed mankind in the use of laws, and to have invented lawyers! Of course, this gentleman *may* be right, but it does not appear very probable!

CHARLES V. AND HIS FRIEND.

WHEN Charles V. became Emperor of Germany, after the death of his father, Ferdinand, he went to Madrid to take possession of the kingdom of Spain. Amongst his retinue was a French count, named De Bossu. The prepossessing qualities of this young man, his bodily dexterity, and his readiness to oblige, made him a great favourite with the Emperor, so much so that he always had him with him.

Once Charles had arranged a large hunting party. He pursued a wild boar so far into the forest that he lost his way, and no one ventured to follow him but De Bossu. He unfortunately wounded himself with a poisoned dagger, which weapon it was the fashion to carry in Spanish hunting. As soon as Charles observed that blood was flowing from his favourite, he anxiously inquired if the wild boar had wounded him. The count related what had happened to him, and said that he had no one to blame but himself. The Emperor knew the deadly effect of the poison. To save his friend's life he never thought of the danger of losing his own. Springing from his horse, he commanded the Count to arise at once and submit his whole will to him.

The Count made many objections; but the King, insisting in his noble decision, tore the cloth away from the wound, and sucked the poisonous blood out. This prompt treatment rewarded the King with the joy of having saved his friend's life, and without any evil result to himself.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY.

(*Concluded from page* 155.)

PART III.—THE JOURNEY.

AND now comes up our second train,
At steady jog-trot pace;
It goes as if it did not care
To win in any race.

We look on carriage doors to find
The number and the name,
For even here upon the line
Our lots aren't quite the same.

There's poor, near-sighted Mrs. Bounce
Is blundering about,
A smoking carriage she is in,
And hurries to get out.

Her parcels all come tumbling down,
Her bandbox and her muff;
Well, certainly for one small dame
She has packages enough.

Good Mother Bounce, although I see
You're always in a hurry,
You've time enough to do what's kind,
In spite of all your flurry.

That crying child you're passing by
You comfort with a sweet;
Its smiles break out, its tears are dry,
Consoled by such a treat.

The parcels scattered here and there
Are picked up by the mother,
Who smiling says that 'One good turn
She's sure deserves another.'

Now to the carriage where we sit,
Quick steps are drawing near;
That voice can only be Miss Sharpe's,
She's coming in I fear.

She brushes past my little niece,
And then I hear her say,
'They should have children's carriages
To stow them all away.'

She moves our parcels on the rack,
And wants to try each place;
To speak a word of kind regret
She has not got the grace.

The bell rings; we are moving off,
When, half a minute late,
There bustles in, quite out of breath,
Unpunctual Cousin Kate.

She tumbles over all our toes,
And yet we must rejoice
To see her beaming countenance
And hear her laughing voice.

'I don't mind where I sit,' she cries;
'The window as you please:
'Tis lucky for my travelling friends
I'm everywhere at ease.'

Miss Sharpe was rattling down the blinds,
A draught blew on her head,
And yet I hope that she could hear
What Cousin Kate has said.

Miss Sharpe has got her sandwiches
And eaten every one;
While Kate sends round her basket, filled
With many a cake and bun.

My little maid exclaims, 'How dull
This cutting is, dear aunt!'
'But look,' cries Kate, 'there's something bright,
That climbing yellow plant!'

Its cheerful flower in dullest spot
Is like the sunshine's glow;
There's some one in the carriage here
Who's just like that, I know.

How pleasant is our journey made
With fun and merry chat!
Miss Sharpe herself must seek in vain
For aught to grumble at.

And then we talk of all the good
Which railway trains have brought,
And Kate says journeys are the time
For talk and books and thought.

And so we all exchange our news,
Then take our books and read,
Till some one says, 'Of this fair view
'Tis shame to take no heed.'

So books are shut and eyes are turned
To all the scenes we pass;
The window forms the picture-frame,
And we look through the glass.

The carriage next our own is filled
With laughing girls and boys;
They're letting off their bubbling fun
In all that merry noise.

The holidays have come at last,
They'll soon be home again;
They can't be long upon the road,
Thanks to the hurrying train.

But yet more welcome railway speed
To one poor traveller still;
I heard a woman tell her friend
'Her son was lying ill;

'She feared he scarce could be alive;'
And yet this journey fleet
Had lent her just a ray of hope
That they once more might meet.

And now a thickening cloud of mist
Is slowly sinking down,
In which great London modestly
Is wont to veil her town.

Her suburbs we are rushing through,
And o'er the roofs we pass;
And when we see these drear abodes
We needs must cry, 'Alas!

'Can poor folk live in these dull walls
That we see clustering there,
Where smoke and dirt have well-nigh hid
God's gifts of sun and air?'

'Tis well rich folk should have a chance
To gaze on such a sight,
That they may think if they can help
To make those homes more bright.

And now we reach the station fine,
Where we must leave the train,
And there's a rush, for each one would
His goods and chattels gain.

And as we go our several ways
The wish comes to my mind,
'May all our travellers from their friends
A loving welcome find!'

And if you think I've talked too much,
'Tis no surprise, since I
Am like your book, a 'Chatterbox,'
And so, young friends, good-bye.

EDITH C. RICKARDS.

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

13. A PROVERB showing the evil of procrastination may be made from the following words:—

Steam.	Chine.	Tent.
Vain.	Isis.	

A PROVERB PARAPHRASED.

14. When the surface of lake or river shows placid and smiling to the eye of the observer, then is the time to dread most surely the dark and treacherous depths beneath.

15. Transpose the letters of the following so as to make correct words, and rearrange the words formed so as to make a proverb:—

Yee thaw eth esse earth ton het out sure.

C. C.

Illustrated Answers, page 188.

BRAZIL NUTS.

THE Brazil nut of commerce is the fruit of a very beautiful and majestic tree, entirely tropical, and often attaining to a height of 120 feet. It is found all along the banks of the Orinoco, and the northern parts of Brazil. It produces a round woody seed-vessel, about the size of a large melon, and of extreme hardness; within this receptacle the seeds or nuts, in considerable numbers, are arranged. The nuts themselves have also an extremely hard shell; they are triangular in shape, with a pure white kernel which has an agreeable taste; these kernels yield a large quantity of oil, which burns with a clear, bright flame. In one of the numerous varieties of this tree, the seed-vessel resembles a rusty iron pot, with a lid; this lid drops off at the proper season, allowing the nuts to escape. These are of very superior quality, but have not as yet become an article of commerce, as the tree grows only in the interior, and more inaccessible parts of the country, from which these nuts seldom are brought to the coast. D. B.

THE VIOLET.

DOWN in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colours bright and fair;
It might have graced a lady's bower,
Instead of hiding there.



"Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew."

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed,
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.



"My friend, I have not given you jewels."

THE JEWELS.

A RICH Chinaman was very proud of wearing a dress which was trimmed all over with costly jewels. An old priest, who was very shabbily dressed, one day met him in the street. He stood in front of him, and looked him over from head to foot, then he bowed down to the ground before him, and thanked him in the warmest manner for his jewels. 'My friend,' said the rich man, 'I have not given you any jewels.'

'Certainly not,' replied the old priest, 'but you have given me the pleasure of seeing them, and you yourself can get no further enjoyment from them. Therefore the only difference between us is, that you have the trouble of wearing and guarding them, whilst I am spared that burden, and can also enjoy them when I see them.'

PIPPINO ASSISTS AT AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

MR. DURAND'S sister had married, greatly against her brother's will, a young curate, who had died three years after the marriage, leaving his wife and little son to the tender mercies of his brother-in-law.

Mr. Durand and his sister had been the only children of their parents, who were long since dead, and there had always subsisted between them a strong attachment, which even her marriage had not destroyed; and when she came, a sad-faced young widow, to his house, he had offered her and her boy the shelter of it, promising to act as a father to the lad. And certainly, as far as parental chastisement could go, he well fulfilled his promise.

Frankie was too like his father, the Rev. Francis Lamb, to attract much favour from his stern uncle, who scarcely ever looked at him without a frown, or spoke to him without a reproof, though he veiled his disfavour towards the boy under a semblance of duty, and professed never to punish him except for his own good—even going so far as to say that the infliction of a flogging, which happened far too often, gave himself as much pain—if not more—than it gave his victim.

Frankie's mother did her best to shield him, and she indeed suffered as much as he did on the occasions on which he fell under his uncle's wrath. But Mr. Durand usually managed to have an appearance of justice on his side; for Frankie, though so gentle, was full of spirit, and often got himself into trouble, though he never got any one else into it, and was as kind to all around him, including the dog, the cat, the inhabitants of the poultry yard, and even the insects in the garden, as his tender-hearted mother herself could have desired.

Now it happened one midsummer's day that Frankie, coming home from a game of cricket, saw a big butcher's boy tormenting Brownie, Frankie's Scotch terrier, who was to him as a younger brother. No one was in sight at the time, and the boy—whose name was Billy Blodgers—had deposited his basket inside Mr. Durand's gate, and was tantalising the poor animal, who had been fastened by a rope to an old fig-tree, by holding a piece of raw meat just barely out of his reach, dangling it in front of him, and yelling and hooting at his frantic efforts to get hold of it. Billy had added injury to insult, by emptying out the poor dog's water, and turning his bowl upside down; and Brownie, with fiery eyes and lolling tongue, was a picture of suffering and rage, when his young master appeared on the scene, from a turning in the road.

Now Frankie's uncle had forbidden him ever to speak with strange boys; but in the excitement of the moment he quite forgot the injunction, and he rushed up to Brownie's tormentor, and screaming out, 'Leave my dog alone!' he struck Billy with his bat.

The butcher's boy was only too glad to turn his attention from the dog to the 'young swell' before him. 'Coom on!' he valiantly responded; and the next moment the two boys were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, which might not have ended without serious results to Frankie had not his uncle just then appeared upon the scene, and with an expression on his face which betokened that he also was ready to join in the fray.

'How *dare* you fight, sir?' he began, addressing Frankie, as he stepped between the two antagonists.

Before Frankie was able to get out a word of explanation, Billy Blodgers, suddenly assuming the air of an injured victim, drew his dirty blue sleeve across his eyes.

'He hit me with his bat,' he whimpered; and as if the recollection of the blow had quite unmanned him, he now began to blubber, and after lingering for a minute, he turned away with his basket and vanished round the corner, Mr. Durand having been too much taken up with his nephew to spare him a thought.

'Haven't I forbidden you ever to speak to strange boys?—and yet here I find you engaged in a disgraceful fight with that rascally butcher's boy! What have you to say for yourself? Come this way, sir!' and he took hold of the boy's collar.

'Yes, but, uncle——' began Frankie eagerly, for he had a great deal to say for himself on this occasion, if he had only been allowed to say it. But his uncle would not listen to an answer, nor even give the boy time to stoop to Brownie for a moment.

'I should be shamefully neglecting my duty towards you,' he said, having now quite recovered his composure, 'if I failed to punish you for such an act of disobedience. Don't answer me, sir!' he repeated sternly; and Frankie could only submit to what was coming, knowing by experience that it would be worse than useless to make any further attempt at explanation.

Mrs. Lamb was at the hall door when they came in, and she threw her arms round Frankie, on seeing him in his uncle's clutches.

'Oh, what have you done, darling?' she broke forth. 'Tell Uncle Henry that you will never do it again, and that you will always do your best to please him, and he will forgive you this time,' and she looked imploringly at her brother.

'I caught him in the act of fighting with a butcher's boy,' said Mr. Durand; 'and I think even you, Laura, will acknowledge that he deserves some punishment.'

'But you didn't begin it, Frankie, did you?' interrupted poor Mrs. Lamb. 'Tell your uncle how it happened!'

'He won't listen, mother,' said Frankie, with pale lips, and a rather defiant light in his eyes.

'He has nothing to say for himself, I tell you, Laura,' asserted Mr. Durand impatiently, and without much regard to facts; 'you know that I'm only acting for the boy's good, and it always makes matters worse when you interfere,' and snatching Frankie from his mother's arms, he drew him into his own study, and locked the door upon himself and the trembling boy.

But a certain goblin called Pippino had skipped into the room before them, and—himself unseen—was regarding Mr. Durand with his mocking eyes, delighted at the turn which affairs had taken.

'I can assure you, my boy,' now observed Mr. Durand to his nephew, 'that it gives me just as much pain as it does you, whenever I am obliged for your own good to cane you.'

'We will make that assertion come true for once, reflected Pippino; and he capered about the room with glee.

But Frankie guessed not of the presence of his unseen ally, as with much inward trembling he prepared to submit to the terrible ordeal, which he seemed to-day to dread more than he had ever done before; while Mr. Durand, in spite of the share he had professed to take in his victim's sufferings, was as cool as possible, and even had to check himself in the humming of an opera air, as without any more delay he brought forth a cruel-looking cane. And the next moment there descended on Frankie's defenceless little person whack number one.

Frankie had bitten his lips to restrain his cries of pain; but there had been no need to do so this time, for lightly as a feather the stroke had fallen on him. But what had happened to Mr. Durand? For something very like a howl had escaped him, he not having had his teeth clenched in preparation for the encounter.

'Take care, sir,' he muttered, regarding his nephew with an agitated and bewildered countenance. But the boy looked so pale and inoffensive, that he fancied his blow must have slipped in some way or other, and gathering up all his energies, he lost not another moment in dealing whack number two.

But the result was the same; a sigh of relief from Frankie's white lips, and something very like another howl of pain from Mr. Durand, who now, in quick succession, and without giving himself time to consider, dealt whack number three, and whack number four, but with the same result. The strokes, indeed, had descended on Frankie, but all the shock and pain of them had been diverted by Pippino's fairy power to their inflicter, who now began to think that he could not endure much more of the operation if this was to be the order of it, for he was feeling bruised and sore all over under the unwonted experience. Frankie, on the other hand, did not know what to make of his uncle at all, and was frightened through all his sense of relief at the strange inarticulate sounds which proceeded from Mr. Durand at the repetition of each stroke, which fell so lightly on him for whose benefit they were intended.

Pippino, on his part, had seldom experienced a happier sensation than he did at the result of these manœuvres, and could scarcely refrain from exclaiming in an audible voice: 'It is altogether for your own good, my dear sir! It gives me just as much pain as it does you, I can assure you!' And with redoubled gusto he transferred whack number five, and whack number six, from their intended destination to the shoulders of him who dealt them. But Mr. Durand's powers of endurance were now exhausted.

'Look me in the face, boy!' he suddenly thundered to his nephew. And Frankie lifted up to him his innocent countenance, pale with conflicting feelings, but with such a sweet, half-sympathising expression in his blue-grey eyes, that Mr. Durand was touched in another quarter—even his heart—with something like a pang of pain, and had to resist a momentary inclination to do what Frankie had never known him do before, and that was to kiss his nephew's fair young face. But he showed no sign of this sudden softening towards him.

'*Get* away out of my sight!' was all he said; and Frankie obeyed the command with even more than his usual readiness, obedient though he always was to his uncle, and ran to tell his mother of the result of his visit to the dreaded study.

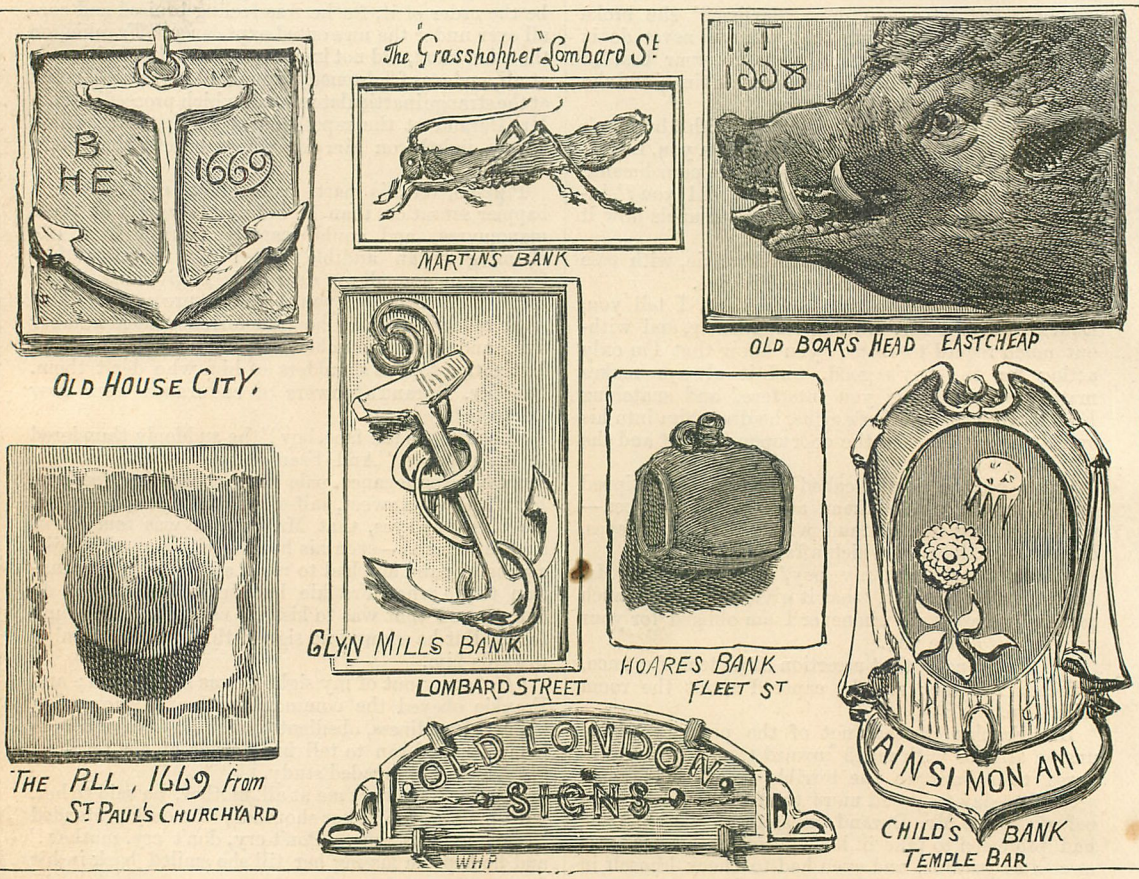
'Uncle didn't hurt me at all, mother,' he said to her, with his arm round her shoulder; 'he only pretended to cane me this time. Don't cry, don't cry, mother!' and he kept on kissing her till she smiled back in his face.

Mr. Durand, meanwhile, was left to enjoy or to endure the now to him novel sensation experienced by an urchin just released from the hands of his chastiser, and he did not know what to make of it at all. He was a very superstitious man, and almost fancied that some supernatural agency must have interfered in behalf of his nephew.

'I won't flog him in a hurry again,' he muttered, his resolve, however, being dictated by more considerations than one. 'My hand must have been bewitched,' he added, as he thoughtfully rubbed his arm and shoulder, wondering if there would be any marks on them, which there certainly were not.

'I'll turn over a new leaf with the boy,' was his next reflection, as he recalled his sister's look of anguish on his drawing him ruthlessly from her arms.

And Mr. Durand kept his word. His change of conduct may at first have been dictated partly by motives of prudence, but it soon became a matter of habit, and affection was not slow in following. For, to give him his due, he was genuinely astonished and delighted at the many brave and noble qualities



which he discovered in his nephew, now that he was fairly trying to study and to appreciate him. And one evening, not very long after the incident we have related, he delighted his sister by saying to her: 'I'm getting to be as fond and as proud of the boy, Laura, as if he were indeed my own son.' P. W. R.

OLD LONDON SIGNS.

IN the Guildhall Museum in the City of London many old signs are preserved, and they show us something of the way in which business was done two hundred years ago. The Old Boar's Head was the sign of an ancient city tavern, but not the original one, as the house had been burnt down in 1630, and its sign was sold at Christie's auction rooms not long ago. The Pill was the sign of a medicine warehouse in St. Paul's Churchyard, and it shows that folk were as fond of taking pills then as they seem to be now, to judge by the advertisements.

Bankers in old times were money-lenders and pawn-brokers, and they vied with each other in their signs. Child's Bank dates from A.D. 1670, and is the oldest in London. It was almost a part of Temple Bar. Its original sign is still preserved in the Bank over the doorway. It represents 'The Sun and Marigold.'

Other bankers' signs shown in our picture are 'The Grasshopper' of Martin's Bank, which was the sign of Sir Thomas Gresham, a famous city benefactor, who probably lived in the house now occupied by the Bank. We have also the 'Leathern Bottle' of Messrs. Hoare, and the 'Anchor' of Glyn, Mills, & Co. The Anchor with the date 1669 is taken from an old house in the City, and is preserved in the Guildhall Museum.

'AVERAGE' is rather a difficult word to define, but an Inspector was somewhat startled when a little girl defined it as 'what a hen lays eggs on.' He was not one of those men who assume that the giver of a wrong answer is necessarily a fool, so he tried to find out what was in the little girl's mind, and as a reason for her definition she pointed to a sentence in her reading-book which said that 'the hen lays four or five eggs a week on an average.'



Jack Havering keeps watch.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 163.)

AFTER all the 'white cargo,' as the Malays called them, had gone below to rest that night, Woodthorpe again crept stealthily on deck, and on his hands and knees stole up to where he saw the Malay captain in earnest colloquy with three or four of his crew, up in the bows. As soon as he got within earshot he heard—'told me himself they had not got any money on board—nay, the white-faced dog wanted to borrow money of me! Had nothing to pay for provisions. He promised us plenty of money to be paid at Capetown, but said they had none here at all! Shameful, most shameful!' And here the ruffian whimpered, as though he had received a severe blow. 'You

fool!' he suddenly said to the mate, as his mood changed from weeping to cursing; 'what ass's head is your's that you should tell me the boxes were full of money? How did you know anything about them? You knew nothing, but yet pretended to be wiser than any of us! Bah! we should have risked our ship, and our necks, and all to find, when we had put these people out of the way, that nothing but boxes of no value were to be our reward. They already suspect us, both at Algoa Bay and Port Elizabeth, of kidnapping those four travellers from the Vaal River that we threw overboard. Had we done this affair, and anything had been said against us, they would have been only too ready to arrest us, and we should have worked out the remainder of our lives in the Capetown Docks, wearing the prison dress, and all for nought! It was my cleverness only, in finding out from this dog of a fellow this morning that they had no money on board, which has saved us from doing so foolish a thing!'

Woodthorpe patiently waited until the group of scoundrels gradually dispersed, and then, with all caution, he moved from his vantage-place on deck, and rejoined Major and Jack Havering in their cabin below. To them he narrated all that he had overheard, and they were relieved when they heard the story. Woodthorpe's plan had evidently taken the desired effect upon them: if they could not murder to some tune, they would not murder at all! Not that they had the slightest compunction. Oh, dear, no! They were old hands at the game, but they were not the men to run the risks attendant upon murder unless there was a substantial return for the crime. Although the three men agreed that they were probably safe under the circumstances, they nevertheless thought it only a measure of common prudence to leave one of their number to watch throughout the night, in case anything should induce the Malays to alter their minds. Jack Havering, therefore, armed with the only brace of pistols which they had amongst them, quietly took up his position at the foot of the cabin steps for the rest of the night, while his father and Frank Woodthorpe turned in to take what sleep they could get.

The night passed in perfect quiet, and Jack Havering's vigil was not disturbed. The Malays, indeed, seemed to have been entirely deluded into the idea that, in this instance at all events, murder would not pay. Indeed, they had already come to an agreement amongst themselves that it was to their own advantage that the 'white cargo' should be safely landed in Table Bay.

So the next day and the next wore quietly on to their close. The white party lounged idly about the deck, gazing at the lovely blue of the waves rolling in gentle undulations around the schooner, as though rejoicing in the heat of the semi-tropical sun. It is at times such as these that the desire to plunge overboard and revel in the cool of the rippling wavelets comes so strong upon the heated voyager. Woe betide any one, however, who should, in a moment of weakness, indulge himself in the luxury of a swim; for the waters teem with sharks, some of enormous size, called by the seafaring people whose business takes them into these parts 'tiger sharks.' Unfortunately, they infest not only the deep sea, but gather in ever-increasing numbers near the shores, and become especially dangerous in the harbours. Mossel Bay, for instance, a port constantly touched at by those splendid ships of the Union and other lines, is at times almost alive with them.

As they drew gradually nearer to the shores of Formosa (Uitenhage), Major Havering and Woodthorpe seriously debated whether they had not better all disembark there, trusting to chance for getting some means of transport to take them on to Capetown, rather than continue their journey with such a ruffianly crew. But in the end this idea was abandoned, as Woodthorpe, who had been to the place once before, pointed out that their abandoning their journey at this point would inevitably arouse the anger of the Malays, who would not tamely submit to see their prey slip through their fingers; and also, in the event of a fight or struggle of any sort arising, it was more than doubtful whether they would find the inhabitants of the place on their side or against them. In the latter case, they must all be murdered. On the whole, therefore, it was thought a wiser course to continue on board, still, of course, keeping their own counsel, and letting no hint as to the nature of their captain and crew escape them in the presence of the ladies.

None of the party went on shore. Neither Mrs. Havering nor her daughter cared to do so, and, naturally, the men, finding this to be the case, thought it would be more prudent for themselves to remain with them. Woodthorpe again preferred his request to the Captain for a loan of money, in order to keep up the appearance of having none of their own on board; and, finally, it was settled that the Malay should buy the needful provisions, and be repaid at Capetown twice over—a pretty liberal arrangement this, and one which it was hoped would be even an extra inducement to the skipper to land them at their destination in safety.

Towards evening they were again standing out to sea, and rapidly losing sight of the land of which they had had such a brief glimpse. The men determined to relax none of their vigilance, and this night the Major sat at the bottom of the cabin stairway, pistol in hand, whilst the other two slept. Woodthorpe himself felt pretty confident that no attempt would be made on them; but still, in so critical a position, it was only wise to maintain the strictest watch compatible with not doing anything to excite suspicion in the minds of men whose only attribute on which one could rely was a desire to save their own skins, and to 'do no murder' unless it offered a fair chance of remuneration.

In due course the schooner made her way along the coast, passing Plettenbergh, Mossel Bay, the Aqulhas Bank, and Danger Point, the last-named place the scene of the terrible shipwreck of the *Teuton* on that September evening in 1881, when three hundred souls were hurried into eternity within sight of the shore, and then, missing False Bay, they soon came in sight of the noble Table Mountain. In a short time they entered the bay with a fair wind, and once more came within sight of civilisation and safety.

And now it was that the Malay skipper showed a curious unwillingness to make any closer acquaint-

ance with the beauties of Capetown. He said that he would rather stand off in the bay, and send the 'white cargo' to the land in the schooner's boat. Woodthorpe, to whom he announced his intentions, made no objection to this, although he could not help feeling rather suspicious on the subject. However, it was no business of his, and he at once fell in with the skipper's expressed desire that one of the crew should accompany the passengers to the bank, and there receive the promised passage-money. Then the Malays would put out to sea again, and go back.

This arrangement would, without doubt, have been carried out, but that the wind dropped from very light to a dead calm, and so had something to say in the matter. The breeze having at last entirely failed, the schooner was rapidly drifted down by the tide towards the guard-ship's station, and the long oars or sweeps had to be got out to prevent the Malay vessel from being swept on to the Government ship. The dark-skinned crew worked with a will to prevent their craft getting too close to the other, and they just succeeded in clearing her.

As they drifted slowly past the man-o'-war, some movement was noticed on her decks as of men running about. An order was given in sharp tones, and a minute later a boat was lowered from her, quickly manned, and then pulled rapidly in the direction of the Malay schooner.

These proceedings seemed to cause the greatest alarm on the part of the skipper and mate. The skipper suggested to Woodthorpe that they had better say they had only just arrived from Struys' Point; or, in fact, anywhere but from the Great Fish River; and, on Woodthorpe stoutly declining to lie to the boat's crew for the express benefit of the Malay, that swarthy gentleman favoured him with so ugly a look that Woodthorpe laughingly observed to Jack Havering that it was perhaps as well that they had completed their voyage, and would not have to pass another night on board.

A few minutes later and the four-oared boat belonging to the war-ship came alongside. The Lieutenant in command was standing up in the stern sheets and narrowly scanning the dirty-looking little vessel and its still more dirty-looking crew. Then his eye lighted on Woodthorpe, whom he recognised as an old friend. The bow man having laid in his oar, and caught hold of the schooner's chains with his boathook, the Lieutenant jumped on board and shook hands with him warmly.

'A good long time since we last met, isn't it? You remember the fun we had down at Simon's Bay! But I must get through my business here first, and then, if you will come on board the *Dido* here, and have a bit of dinner with me, we'll have a good talk over old times. Hi, Mr. Jerry-my-lingo!'—this to the Malay skipper, who had been very slow in coming forward to meet the Queen's officer—'where are you from?'

But the person thus irreverently addressed, not understanding any language other than his own, merely shook his head with the air of a person apologising for his lack of knowledge. Thereupon Woodthorpe volunteered to act as interpreter.

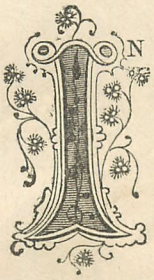
(*Continued at page* 178.)

'LOOK IN' AND 'LOOK OUT.'

A LITTLE Frenchman was once travelling in an American barge up a river. As the boat was passing under a bridge, the captain shouted 'Look out!' The man obeyed the order by popping out his head, and at the same time it received a thump against the side of the bridge. He quickly drew it back, exclaiming at the same time, 'What foolish men these Americans are! they say "look out" when they mean "look in."'

HAPPY IN EXILE.

The Large Aviary.



IN the great aviary at the Zoological Gardens we find a large and a happy family; happy because they are not crowded too closely together, but have room to amuse themselves, without being annoyed by a troublesome or bad-tempered neighbour. There is therefore little quarrelling among them, though now and then an angry scream may be heard, which shows that a difference of opinion has arisen between two of the members of this happy family.

One of the birds, a quiet-looking individual, seated on the roof of his house (at the top of the picture) is the Laughing Jackass, an Australian bird, whose strange name has been given to him because his voice is so harsh and unmusical that it sounds exactly like the bray of a donkey.

Quite near him may be seen a stork, just about to alight on the top of his house, while another stork, probably his mate, with outspread wings, is flying in an upward direction. Storks are found in many European countries, and are easily tamed. They have no voice, though they sometimes make a clattering noise with their mandibles, as though they wished to speak to each other. Then on the ground we see several strange-looking birds with very long legs. Why have they been provided with such lengthy limbs? Well, for a very good reason. These birds all live upon fish, and in their wild state they find their food by wading in the rivers, and watching till some silly little fish comes near them, when they pounce upon it in a moment, snap it up in their long beak, and swallow it down at once.

We see also in this picture various other birds of the duck tribe, some resting on the land, with their heads tucked beneath their wings, others swimming on the surface of the water, but every one of them quite contented and happy.

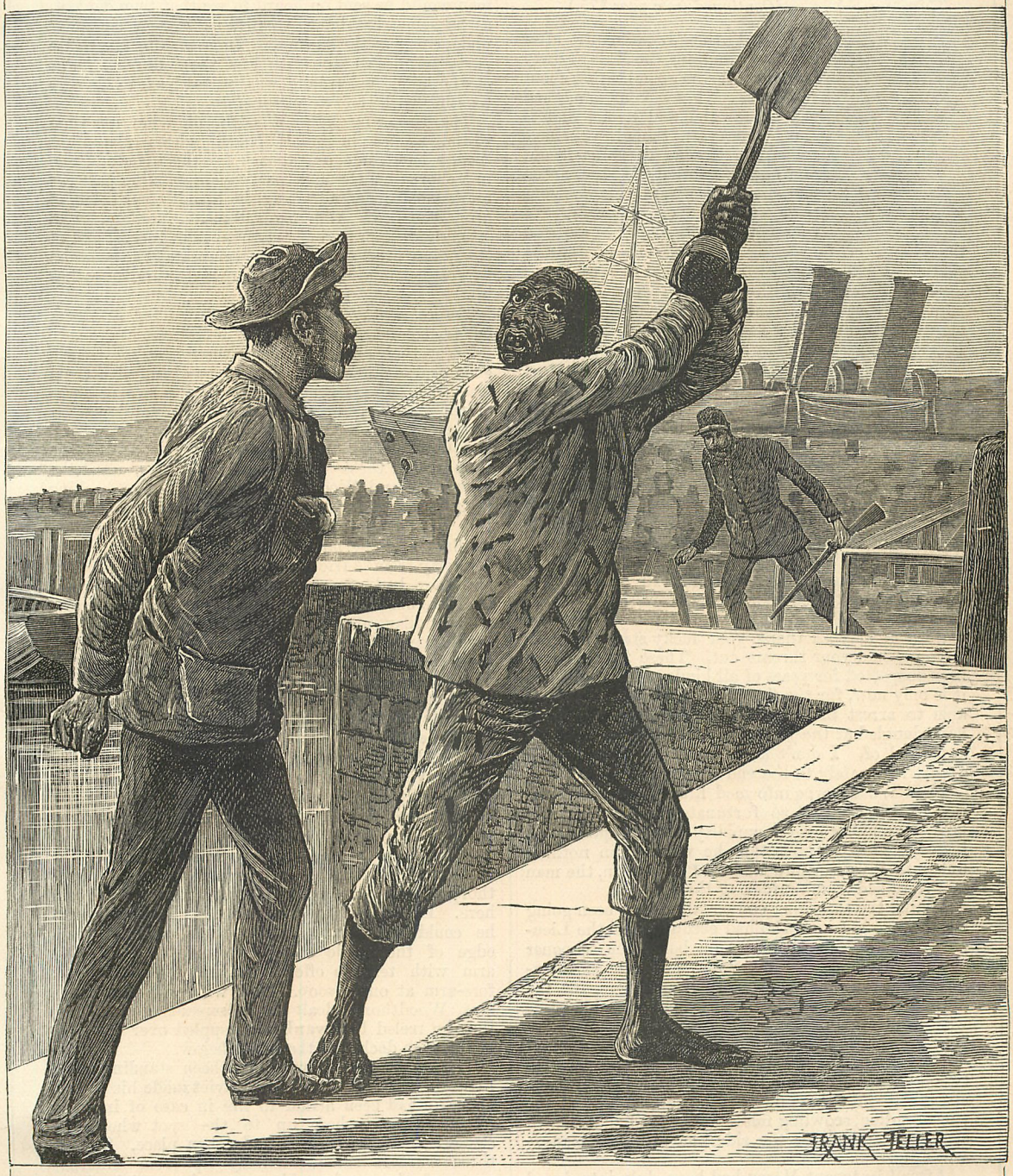
In bygone years all these pretty birds used to be confined in cages at the Zoo, or if not in cages they used to have their wings cut short lest they should fly away; but now that this beautiful large aviary has been built for them and roofed over, their wings are never cut, nor are they shut up in small cages. Now they are at liberty to fly about as much as they please, and if we may judge by their looks they are all quite happy in exile.

M.



HAPPY IN EXILE.

The large Aviary at the Zoölogical Gardens.



The Convict Skipper's attack on Woodthorpe.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Continued from page* 175.)

'NOW,' said the Lieutenant, after narrowly scanning the Malay's dirty features, 'it's no good beating about the bush. I know your name and the name—the real name, that is—of your craft, though you have taken the trouble to paint it out and put up another. I shall arrest you, and I also want that precious mate of yours, on the charge of robbing, and it may be also on the charge of murdering as well—but of that, I confess, I have no satisfactory evidence as yet—a party of four Englishmen, who went on board your boat at the Great Fish River about three months ago, and who have never been seen since. It is just possible they might have escaped with their lives, but we have ample evidence that a short time since you and your mate were known to be in possession of their portable property. I suspect you made them all "walk the plank," poor beggars; but, as I have said, unless we get proof of that, we can't hang you. But, at all events, you will have to answer the charge of robbery, and so back you come in my boat, and in chokey you'll sleep to-night.' Then, turning to Woodthorpe, he said, 'How far have you and your party come with this scoundrel?'

'We embarked at the Great Fish River, and have come all along the coast here,' he answered.

'Well, from what I know of both skipper and mate, you may all thank your lucky stars that you have not had your throats cut. These fellows have been suspected for years of all kinds of misdeeds, and it is only now, for the first time, that we have been able to arrest them. Many better men than they have dangled at the yard-arm for less than they are suspected of. I don't know how they have let you all get here safely to the end of your journey.'

Then Woodthorpe informed him of the conversation which he had so fortunately overheard, and how, by playing on the cupidity of the Captain, and inducing him to think that he would gain nothing unless they were safely landed at Capetown, the man had refrained from murdering them.

Whilst the foregoing conversation had been going on, the two marines who had accompanied the Lieutenant in the boat had come on board the schooner at a sign from their commander, and ranged themselves one on each side of their prisoners, for the Mate had been fetched from below to take his place with the Captain.

'Slip the bracelets on them,' said Lieutenant Merry. 'No, no, not that way; only one pair between them will couple them together. There, that's all right. Trot them down into the boat.' And the pair of sullen, scowling miscreants were bundled with small ceremony over the side and into the man-o'-war's gig.

After Lieutenant Merry had been duly introduced to the ladies, and had shaken hands with all the men, he, too, prepared for departure, first intimating that the schooner's crew must consider themselves, for the present, as prisoners at large, and that a few men would be sent on board to see that they did not, as he somewhat breezily called it, 'sling their hook' under cover of the darkness. Then, making the white party promise to dine with him the following night at the hotel, he left, and was pulled back to his ship together with the two prisoners.

The Haverings and Woodthorpe were all then rowed ashore in small boats, whose clamorous rowers had come out to ask for their custom, and in a short time the little party were walking past the market-place, and admiring the breadth and splendid proportions of Adderley Street. Monkey, who strongly disapproved of sea voyages in general and of the Malay crew in particular, celebrated the occasion by getting up a fight with another dog and defeating him.

Before setting sail from Capetown for England, our friends had much business to transact in order to wind up their affairs. During their stay, they saw a good deal of Lieutenant Merry; he dined with them frequently, joined them, together with two or three of the younger officers of the *Dido*, in picnic parties and excursions to Calk Bay, Simonstown, Wynberg, and Constantia. Very pleasantly, indeed, did the time pass in these 'jousts and junketings,' until the Haverings and Woodthorpe had to think of booking their passages for the homeward journey. When this was arranged, frequent trips between their lodgings and the noble ship that was to bear them far away from Afric's sunny shores, became needful, and they had often to pass along the Dock road. On these docks are to be seen the convicts at work, under vigilant and armed warders. Here it was, one sweltering hot morning, that one of the gang, resting for a moment from his toil, suddenly caught sight of Woodthorpe, as he strolled along the dock path down to where the *Africander* was lying. A gleam of hate shone out of the convict's eyes, and with a bound he stood before the white man, who had so successfully befooled him on board his own vessel, for the convict was none other than the treacherous Malay skipper. Hissing out a malediction upon Woodthorpe and all his race, the wretch raised the spade he had been working with, and dealt a tremendous blow at the other with it. Surprised as he was at the wholly unexpected meeting, Woodthorpe's cool nerve stood him in good stead again here. He dodged the blow with his head, although he could not escape it altogether, and the sharp edge of the spade came crashing on to his left arm with terrible effect, breaking collar-bone and fore-arm at one swoop. Sick with the pain as he was, Woodthorpe dealt the miscreant such a blow that he reeled backward, and toppled over the edge of the deep dock into the water below.

The armed patrol, who had been standing some little distance off when the convict made his attack, and who had been afraid to fire in case of injuring Woodthorpe, rushed up to the spot where the struggle, such as it was, had taken place. Two or three warders came hurriedly up from different parts of the works. However, they might have spared themselves their trouble. When the body of the Malay rose to the surface, it was plain that

all his troubles were over, and that the long list of his misdeeds was completed.

A doctor was quickly in attendance, summoned by one of the warders. He at once said that his services would be useless as far as the Malay was concerned; he therefore turned his attention to the injured Englishman, and after having him conveyed into the town, and brought to his surgery, he set the broken bones with the utmost care, and then saw him — much against the sufferer's will, and in spite of his strenuous protests — safely into bed at his lodgings.

After the lapse of about a week, Woodthorpe was again able to get about, and two days later the *Africander* was due to sail.

Those two days were spent by the injured man and May Havering in wandering about the pretty suburbs of Capetown, ascending the Kloof, visiting Signal Hill, and all the other sights and wonders of the place.

At last came the day for sailing—Lieutenant Merry, R.N., as host, presiding at a luncheon at the principal hotel in Adderley Street. Amongst his guests were the Haverings, Woodthorpe—who was sitting next to May, in order that she might cut up his meat for the helpless man—and three or four *Dido* officers. After luncheon, amidst that peculiar rumbling noise heard through the open windows as of a mighty vessel getting up steam, Merry rose and said, 'We must drink one toast, "A happy voyage, a happy marriage, and, to our next merry meeting!"'

An hour later, and all the hearty farewells said, the majestic *Africander* steamed slowly out into Table Bay, and the Cape was soon fading into a dim, shadowy outline in the ever-increasing distance.

The voyage between the Cape of Good Hope and England is a delightful one. On leaving the sunny shores of Africa, you see the melancholy Leper Island, Robben Island, and Snake Island, to pass thence on to the swelling expanse of trackless ocean. Many days later you catch a faint glimpse of distant Teneriffe, succeeded in due time by the grand vision of its upreared head, towering some twelve thousand feet above the deck on which you stand. Then you pass Desertos, and not many hours later the anchor is dropped off Funchal, in the lovely island of Madeira, and then, amidst the misgivings of the more timid souls on board, you brace up your courage to face the troublous seas of the dreaded Bay of Biscay, and that safely passed, at length you strain your eyes to see the Lizard, foremost point to be seen upon the rugged Cornish coast.

Nowadays, with the advance which our marine engineers have made, the journey is done in sixteen or seventeen days, but at the time of which we write, thirty to thirty-five days was looked upon as no bad passage.

All our party of friends proved to be good sailors. On board ship they greatly enjoyed the society of each other and of their fellow-passengers. They had concerts, and a little dancing, when the motion of the ship permitted. At other times deck quoits or cricket matches whiled the time away. These cricket matches were great fun on board ship. The game is played thus:—A small wooden stand, with three holes in it for the stumps, is placed on the deck, and a similar one at twenty-two paces off. In these are fixed the stumps themselves, surmounted by the bails, just as in the field on shore. The creases are marked out with chalk. As much space is cleared as it is possible to get. The awnings, both overhead and on the tops of the bulwarks, are put up, and all is ready to begin. In the meantime, half-a-dozen balls have been cleverly manufactured out of string-stuffs by one of the hands; this number is requisite in order that the game may not be brought to a sudden conclusion by an energetic batsman sending the one in play overboard. Sides are chosen, and then the fun begins. So great, in this confined space, are the chances in favour of the 'out' side fielding and of the bowlers, that a batsman rarely hits up a score of more than six or eight runs. This, however, does but add to the liveliness of the contest, and rarely does an interval of five minutes elapse without the fall of some wicket or other, more or less illustrious, as the case may be.

(*Concluded at page* 190.)

A BOY IN THE STREAM.

A LITTLE boy, while leaning down to drink,
Fell in a stream, and soon began to sink;
A man in passing heard him as he cried
For aid, and, running to the river-side,
Began to scold the boy with all his might
For getting into such a dangerous plight.
'Oh! save me—save me first!' the child replied,
'And then there will be time enough to chide.'

Of men in trouble we may say the same:
Assist them first, and gain the right to blame.

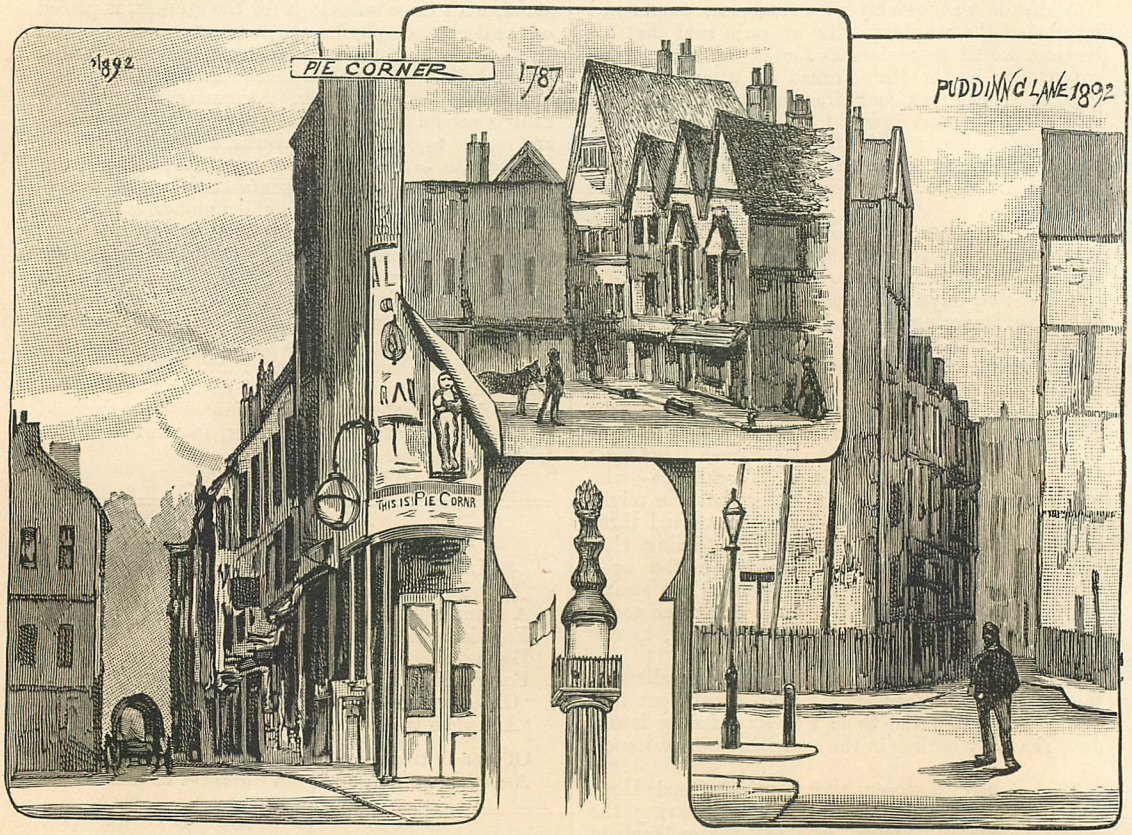
OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

THE MONUMENT, PUDDING LANE, PIE CORNER.

EVERY one who has ever been near the Monument must have remarked the curious names of the streets in that neighbourhood. The Great Fire of A.D. 1666 broke out at a baker's shop in Pudding Lane, and reached its limits at Pie Corner. The latter spot is still marked by the figure of a fat boy, which had formerly the following inscription attached: 'This boy is in memory put up of the late fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666.'

According to Stow, Pie Corner derives its name from the sign of a much-frequented hostelry which anciently occupied the spot. Strype makes honourable mention of the Corner as 'noted chiefly for cooks' shops and pigs dressed there during Bartholomew Fair.' But Pie Corner seems to have been renowned for other things besides eatables. A ballad from Tom D'Urfey's 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' describing Bartholomew Fair, eleven years before the fire of London, has these lines:

'At Pie Corner end, mark well, my good friend,
'Tis a very fine dirty place;
Where there's more arrows and bows
Than was handled at Chevy Chase.'



The Monument, Pudding Lane, and Pie Corner.

Samuel Pepys gives a graphic account of the horrors of the Great Fire. He writes in his quaint way 'Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging them into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire.'

The Monument, raised to commemorate the Fire, is a fluted Doric column, designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Its summit is crowned by a symbolical 'flame.' The inscriptions which formerly had place upon the four sides of the Monument were long, prosy, and not altogether trustworthy. One of them laid the burning of the city to the charge of the Papists, stating that it was 'begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction.'

We cannot wonder that Pope, who was a Roman Catholic, abhorred the Monument, and wrote of it thus:

'Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.'

A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

—o—

FATHER, this is a lovely place,
The air so fresh and sweet,
And then the river, silver bright,
Flowing just at our feet.

I think I almost hate the town,
So hot, so dusty too;
Oh, how I wish our home were here!
Now don't you wish it too?

Willie, like you, I love this spot.
I lived here as a boy;
And, ah! I never can forget
My happiness and joy!

But when my parents died I went
(A poor and homeless lad),
To town, in search of honest work;
I found it, and was glad.



"Father, this is a lovely place."

And, Willie, thanks to mother dear,
And you, my darling boy,
I find that even a city home
Can give me much of joy.

And yet—a summer holiday.
It is a treat to me;
In this sweet place, for sure, on earth
No lovelier spot can be!

K.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

CHEAP JEWELRY.

ALL people of sense will have nothing to do with imitation articles—such as imitation sealskin, imitation gems, imitation furniture—but they particularly discountenance the wearing of sham or imitation jewelry. A brooch made of brass is as useful as one made of gold, and really, the cheaper metal ought always to be preferred; for the use of a brooch is to fasten, and it ought not to be worn, as it too frequently is, merely for show. But if the brass brooch is covered with a thin covering of gold, and if the 'stones' in it are artificial gems, then it is a miserable imitation, and, as such, should be avoided.

Clear as all this should be to everybody, there is an enormous demand for cheap, flashy jewelry, and Birmingham manufacturers supply that demand and do their utmost to encourage it.

The best kind of cheap jewelry they call plated, because a thin plate of gold is joined to a thicker one of brass and copper. Usually the latter plate is about forty times thicker than the former. When the two are combined, they are sold in the sheet at about a shilling an ounce. Gilt jewelry, which is the second-best quality, is so called because after a brass article is made a thin deposit of gold is put on it by what is called the electro process. How exceedingly slight that deposit can be made may be judged from this fact—that a whole gross of buttons can be finished with three pennyweights of gold. The cheapest jewelry of all is made from 'compo,' or a special composition of cheap metals, which varies and which is a trade secret. No doubt, however, it largely consists of brass.

All kinds of gems are used with these metals. A very small real diamond, perfectly cut, can be sold for a shilling, and such low-priced gems are sent into Birmingham by the bushel. Then the sardonyx is cheap and is largely used. But the bulk of the 'jewels' put into cheap jewelry are clever imitations, mostly made in France. False garnets, the size of a bean, and costing as little as *3d.* a dozen, are amongst the most common. Recently some extraordinary artificial rubies have been sent from France. The cleverest comparison and analysis of them with real stones shows that the only difference between the two is in the shape of that tiny air-bubble which gives to the ruby much of its peculiar beauty.

Having briefly glanced at the materials used for making cheap jewelry, let us now see how they are used. The first step, it is clear, is the production of the various parts. Without going into details, we may say that this is done by means of dies such as we have described in the article on buttons and in that on pens. The pieces, in a word, are stamped out of sheets of metal.

These 'blanks,' as they are called in the trade, are taken to workmen who sit at benches with a gas jet at the right hand of each. Before them are the various parts of the articles they are making, and their business is to put them together. Let us suppose that a locket is to be made. The worker takes up a side, and fixes a rim on it, putting moistened solder round the joint. Then with his blow-pipe he blows the gas jet on the locket until it becomes red-hot, when the two parts are securely joined. In this way he goes on until he has fixed rims on all his sides, after which he proceeds to put on the hinges. With a little file he cuts out a part of the rim, and in the hollow he places a little piece of tube. Through this a bit of wire is eventually run, and the whole fastened with solder as before, and then the hinge is complete. When the ring has been soldered on, the locket is finished, too—so far as the jeweller is concerned, though sometimes a raised ornament is soldered on one of the sides.

Afterwards the locket is polished by a girl, who applies it to a revolving brush on which is grease, rottenstone, or some like substance. If the article is plated, it is soon brightened, but if it is of 'compo' a portion of the surface has to be rubbed away before it is showy enough. In the making of other articles of adornment the processes are very similar to those followed in the case of lockets. When the ornaments are to contain real or imitation gems they pass finally to the 'setter,' who fixes the stones. There are two ways of doing this—'Colleting' and Roman setting. The former consists in turning down little tips left in the metal so that they clasp the stone. Everybody is familiar with this plan, as shown in diamond rings and diamond pins. By the other a hole is made, or one made by the stamp is deepened, so that the stone just fits into it, and then a part of the metal is scraped down in order to secure it firmly in its place.

It is surprising how cheaply what are familiarly called 'Brummagem goods'—that is, sham jewelry and the like—can be made. A gaudy shawl brooch now, if we follow it through all the stages of its making and its passing from hand to hand, has quite a long history, and it is readily bought by some foolish girl for a shilling. Yet very likely it cost the manufacturer not more than a single penny. In the same way many articles which sell for sixpence are turned out at a halfpenny each, and some for only a farthing. Again, some years back, many thousands of 'book lockets' were sold. This trinket was in volume shape, had hinges and clasp, and had on the sides a rather pretty ornament. Inside were recognisable likenesses of the Prince of Wales. One penny bought the whole, and the man who sold it gave only about a halfpenny for it! Birmingham manufacturers in fact, making as they do nearly all the sham jewelry which is put on the market, have wonderful appliances for producing showy trinkets at the least possible price.

They also, we may add, produce a great quantity of genuine jewelry. It is estimated that they melt down more than a million pounds' worth of gold and silver every year for that purpose.

One of the curiosities of cheap jewelry is that large quantities of brass rings are sent from Birmingham to adorn the arms and legs of the native African. On one occasion an order was received there for 20,000 dozen of these articles, which, when made, weighed 23½ tons. Such a quantity, one would

think, would go a very long way; but as some African chiefs wear about thirty or forty such rings, each as thick as a finger, it is clear that they would not. Birmingham also turns out many coils of thick brass wire for the wealthier Africans, who likewise wear them on their legs and arms. It is very easy to laugh at the poor savage for this way of showing his rank and wealth; but he is not much worse, after all, than some of our titled ladies who deck themselves with jewels representing a princely fortune.

W.

THE GREAT MEN OF OLD.

II.—Aristomenes, the Messenian Hero.

FOR five hundred years Sparta was the leading state in ancient Greece; but before she attained her supremacy she had to contend with many powerful neighbours, chief of whom were the Messenians, whose capital city was Ithome.

The first Messenian war broke out in the year B.C. 743, and the Spartans, after nineteen years of constant fighting, obtained possession of Ithome, and reduced the inhabitants to servitude. But after groaning under the galling yoke of their conquerors for nearly forty years, the Messenians made an effort to recover their freedom under the leadership of Aristomenes.

This hero, who was born in Andania, and was of royal descent, attacked the Spartans with a small force in B.C. 685; and though he did not succeed in gaining the victory, he fought with such bravery that his countrymen offered him the crown. He declined it, but accepted the rank of General of the Forces. Entering Sparta in the dead of night, he affixed a shield to the Temple of Athene, with the inscription, 'Dedicated to the goddess by Aristomenes, from the spoils of the Spartans.'

And now the war raged with varying success, but was going against Sparta. The combatants were joined by their allies, and amongst them was a bard named Tyrtæus, who was sent to the Spartans by the Athenians. This man could do but little fighting, for he was lame; but he was a wonderful poet, and by his fiery verses he urged on the Spartans to deeds of desperate valour, whilst on the other side the Messenian priests encouraged their countrymen.

Aristomenes renewed his attacks on the Spartans, plundering their towns and villages, but was wounded in a conflict in which he put their army to flight. As soon as his wound was healed, he set out again, and surprising a number of Spartan girls who were celebrating the festival of the goddess Artemis, he carried them away captives, treating them well, and restoring them again to their parents on the payment of a heavy ransom. But in a second attempt of the kind he was unfortunate, for a great crowd of women, who were engaged in the sacred rites of their goddess, surrounded him, and stunning him with their blazing torches, bound him with cords and confined him in the temple. But he either burst his bonds or was released by the priestess, for the next morning his place was empty, and he was well on his way home.

One night Aristomenes made a descent on Amyclæ, gathered his booty, and was gone ere sunrise. But on another occasion the Spartans were waiting for him with a large force, and surrounded him. Fiercely he fought, and long he kept his foes at bay, till, exhausted and weakened by loss of blood, he was made prisoner, together with fifty of his companions. They were taken to Sparta, and condemned to be hurled into a deep pit. All were dashed to pieces in the fall, except Aristomenes, who reached the ground unhurt. But escape seemed impossible, for all around him rose the precipitous sides of the rock, at the base of which was a dark cavern, so, wrapping himself in his cloak, he lay down to wait for death. On the third day, however, his hopes revived, for he saw a fox in the cavern. He thought that he might get out by the way by which it had entered. Seizing it by the tail, he followed it as it struggled to escape along a narrow, dark passage in the rock, and at length he saw a glimmer of light which shone through a hole. He enlarged this with his hands till he made his way out into the open air; and the next day he was again in Eira—a fact of which the Spartans were soon convinced by his descending from the mountain with his warriors, and destroying a detachment of Corinthians who were marching to their aid.

And so the war went on for years, till, during a truce, Aristomenes, having ventured too far beyond the border, fell into the hands of his enemies, who bound him and lodged him in a house for security; but a maiden who dwelt there, moved by compassion, released him, and he escaped with his benefactress, whom he rewarded by marrying her to his son Gorgus.

But now his good fortune began to desert him. He was supposed to have provoked the anger of the gods by polluting their festivals with bloodshed.

His fall was compassed by treachery. In the ninth year of the siege of Eira, a herdsman belonging to the Spartan general deserted to the enemy with his master's cattle. He found that as Aristomenes was disabled by a wound from making his usual rounds, discipline was relaxed, and in bad weather the sentries left their posts to seek shelter. He told this to his master, thinking thereby to secure pardon and reward. On a tempestuous night the Spartans, under his guidance, scaled the walls of the citadel, and were soon within. The Messenians seized their arms, and Aristomenes, though suffering from his wound, led on his men to the fight. Whilst the lightning flashed, and the rain poured down in torrents, a furious struggle went on, in which even the women joined. For three days the devoted band of defenders fought without rest or food. Then, Theoclus, the seer, urging Aristomenes to abandon the struggle, rushed into the thick of the fight and was slain.

Aristomenes now formed his remaining warriors into a hollow square, placing the women and children in the centre, and, advancing alone towards the enemy, he asked for a free passage. The Spartans, fearing to drive desperate men to extremity, opened their ranks, and the little band made good their retreat to Arcadia, where they were hospitably



Aristomenes.

received. Afterwards fifty of the exiles fell on the Spartans, who were still ravaging Eira, and died, sword in hand, in their native land, whilst another band, led by the sons of Aristomenes, left the country and settled in Italy. But the hero himself still nursed the hope of vengeance, and went to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphi. He there met a Rhodian king, to whom he gave his daughter in marriage, and accompanied his son-in-law to Rhodes, where he ended his days in peace.

The Rhodians raised a monument to him, and the Messenians worshipped his memory; and centuries afterwards, when they regained their place amongst the nations, B.C. 371, they fancied that his apparition fought for them against their ancient foes, the Spartans.

A. R.



The Condor.

THE CONDOR.



THIS remarkable bird is mainly found along the entire length of the immense mountain chain of the Andes, which may be called the backbone of the South American continent. In Chili and Peru these birds are numerous, but they do not associate much together. There, 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, amid the fury of the storm, in the regions of perpetual snow, on some isolated peak or crag, the condor rears its hardy brood and looks down from this towering elevation on the plains and valleys beneath, with a keen and piercing gaze.

The condor lives mainly upon carrion. When he sees the carcase of a dead horse or cow, or some such carrion, he descends upon it in a sweeping flight; and gorges himself with it so that sometimes he cannot fly off. The condor will sometimes pounce upon living animals; it has been known to carry off a lamb, and when pressed with hunger it will kill and devour a huge snake.

Of the many birds which soar to a great height in the atmosphere, such as the eagle, the frigate-bird, and others, the condor surpasses them all! Humboldt mentions in his travels in South America, the extraordinary powers of flight which these birds possess. He observed them in the Andes, at a height not less than 20,000 feet above the level of the sea. 'From the cave of Antisana, elevated 12,958 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean, he saw this bird soaring at a perpendicular height of more than 6000 feet. He says it is a remarkable circumstance, that this bird, which continues to fly about in regions where the air is so rarified, descends all at once to the edge of the sea, and thus, in a few minutes, passes through all the variations of climate. At a height of 20,000 feet, the air-cells of the condor, which are filled in the lowest regions, must be inflated in an extraordinary manner.' At these heights, man finds himself reduced to a painful state of debility, while the condor appears to breathe freely.

The appearance of the condor is very remarkable. The head and neck are covered with a wrinkled, dusky-reddish skin, bare of feathers; on the top of the head, somewhat flattened, is attached a large comb or caruncle, extending from the crown of the head some distance along the beak; the upper mandible of the beak is arched, and terminates in a strong curved hook; behind the eyes, which are clear and piercing, the skin of the neck is wrinkled, descending in folds from the back to the underside of the neck; on the lower part of the neck, of both male and female, is a broad white ruff of downy feathers, forming a line of separation between the naked skin of the neck and the feathers covering the rest of the body. The general colour is a bright black mingled with a greyish tinge. The tail is short and wedge-shaped, the legs powerful and of a bluish grey. With regard to the size of the condor, Humboldt states that the wings sometimes measure from nine to eleven feet across. W. A. C.

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

PART I.

I WAS born, I believe, in the month of May, 1748, in the City of London. My father, of a Hanoverian family, was a purveyor to the Court of King George, and my Uncle Sam was a bluejacket without a right arm, who fought his battles over again by our sea-coal fire.

I pass over my earliest days, for I would not weary my readers with the ailments that threatened to abridge my mortal span, nor with the scrapes which I got into at school as I trod the byways of learning.

My Uncle Sam came to live in our house when I was eight or nine years old. He had been, I know now, with Admiral Byng in the Mediterranean.

When I was older my uncle told me the sad story of the unfortunate Admiral's execution. 'Ah, my lad, he was not a chip of the old block, d'ye see. Folk thought it would be "Like father, like son;" but not a bit on it. He hadn't half the go of old Lord Torrington, and this was what angered people. They were taken in, and so were we. Wanting in pluck? Not a bit of it! That wasn't it, my boy. Our Admiral died game, he did. A chum of mine was at Portsmouth and within hail of the *Monarque* on that dark Monday morning. He could not see much, for the Admiral, you know, was shot sitting in a chair on the quarter-deck by marines; but they do say he wanted to die with his face uncovered, so that they might see fear hadn't whitened his cheeks. But as they thought the Admiral's figurehead might make the soldiers nervous, he agreed to clap a handkerchief over his face, and so he died, every inch a Briton.

Soon after, as I well remember, there was a proclamation for a public thanksgiving to be observed on Thursday, the 29th of November, for the defeat of the French Army in Canada and the capture of Quebec. My father brought home an account of the death of the immortal Wolfe, and he and Uncle Sam drank deeply that night. All I can remember now were the words which have since become part of our English history—'They run! They run!' said a voice near the dying hero. 'Who run?' asked Wolfe. 'The French,' replied the voice. 'Then I die content!' said he; and so he died.

The year before the old King died—it was summertime I remember, for I thought how much better it would be if you were wounded to lie out in a July night than in the cruel snow—in that summer the battle of Minden was fought. It was something about Hanover I believe. Our leader was a Brunswick prince, Ferdinand by name, and the Frenchmen were under Marshal Contades. But my reason for mentioning Minden was to say something about Lord George Sackville. He commanded some dashing dragoons, and he was ordered to charge the disordered Frenchmen, and he refused.

As my uncle used to say, 'My lad, he refused! The Marquis of Granby, God bless him! had he been in his lordship's shoes, he would have flashed out his sabre and ridden with all his brave fellows at his heels, and those Frenchmen would have been clean ridden over; but alack for our fellows!

There they stood, burning to get the word to charge, and there stood his lordship, saying he did not understand the foreign fellow who rode up and gave the order!'

My uncle, you see, had no belief in Lord George. On the contrary, my father thought him a very ill-used man, and blamed the King for ordering his name to be struck out of the list of his Privy Councillors. But then, my father was not, like Uncle Sam, a fighting man, and knew little or nothing about the value of prompt obedience to the commands of a superior on the battle-field.

I must now notice a sight which young folk never see now. I remember seeing Dr. Shebbeare in the pillory. Boys may need now to be told what a pillory was. It was a wooden frame raised several feet from the ground, and behind it stood the man who was to be punished. His head and his arms were thrust through holes in the frame, and there the poor wretch was forced to stand. Sometimes the mob pelted him to death, and sometimes they pitied him and made a collection for his benefit. I remember hearing of a coachman, named Read, who was pilloried on St. Margaret's Hill and killed by the mob, and notice was taken of the affair in the House of Commons. But Dr. Shebbeare was a favourite, and a servant in livery was allowed to stand by his side and hold an umbrella over his head. This favour, however, got the under-sheriff into trouble. It was a day in winter, not far from Christmas, when the Doctor was pilloried, and it was at Charing Cross. He had been tried the June previous by the Chief Justice, Lord Mansfield, for writing a letter to the people. I remember my uncle bringing in a printed handbill before the day the Doctor was punished, in which 'the friends of the liberty of the Press and of old England' were invited to be 'at Charing Cross at 12 o'clock on the 5th of December to see the British Champion.' My father, as a very strong Hanover man, tore the bill up and put the torn pieces on the back of the fire; but my uncle vowed that he would go and pitch a turnip at the Doctor's head. When he got there, however, my uncle thought better of it and kept his turnip in his pocket, for the vast crowd cheered and waved their hats, as if the Doctor were enjoying a triumph instead of suffering disgrace.

I was too young then to know or care what the Doctor had done to deserve such treatment. All I knew was he had written against King George.

Then there was another doctor, named Hensey, who roused the wrath of our house much more than the scribbler Shebbeare. This man was in the pay of France. He was a physician without money, and his need drove him into evil and dangerous courses. His plots against England were discovered, and he was lodged in Newgate to await his trial. The Doctor was placed at the bar in Westminster Hall before the Chief Justice and three other Judges. He was arraigned by the Crown lawyers, and he had two able men to defend him and see fair play.

From his letters, which had been written to a fellow-student in France, it appeared that he was a great lover of the French people and willing to serve their country; and from other sources it appeared that Hensey had received 100 guineas a year to give the French Government the best information he could about the affairs of England. As this salary was not enough, the Doctor petitioned for more, and it was agreed that he should have twenty guineas a month, on condition that he sent intelligence by every post. He wrote an ordinary letter with common ink, and interlined it with Government secrets written in lemon juice.

The Doctor had a careful trial, and the jury brought him in guilty, whereupon Lord Mansfield ordered him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, on Wednesday, the 5th of July.

There was a great crowd, my father told us, that morning at Tyburn to see the Doctor suffer, and they were very disorderly when they found themselves baulked by a reprieve. The Doctor was to have a fortnight's respite in consequence of certain revelations which he offered to make to the Government. The respite was further extended, and at last he cheated the hangman altogether.

(*Continued at page* 194.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

8.—Arithmetical Questions.

1. Out of 100 guineas there was paid away as much as 99 pounds, 99 shillings, 99 pence, and 99 farthings. How much was left?

2. How much greater is the sum of 529 guineas and 437 half-crowns than that of 529 half-sovereigns and 437 florins.

3. How many labourers would 26*l.* 8*s.* pay if each received 16*s.* 6*d.*?

4. How many pairs of boots at half-a-guinea a pair will cost a sum of money equal to 63 half-crowns.

5. How often can 3*s.* 7½*d.* be subtracted from 38*l.*, and what is the value of the last remainder?

6. How many florins would it take to make the same value as twelve thousand and sixteen half-crowns?

7. Tom and Fred divide 23 yards of string between them, Tom getting 4 yds. 2½ ft. more than Fred. What length had each?

8. Divide 90 nuts among A, B, and C, giving B twice as many as A, and C five more than B. C. C.

9.—Floral Anagrams.

1. He sees a rat.
2. No path is set.
3. Smile, cat.
4. The hare.
5. Rise, romp.
6. One name.
7. The poor lie.
8. Slower fun. C. C.

[*Answers at page* 222.]

ANSWERS.

6.—1.
NILE
IBIS
LIST
ESTE

2.
YEAR
EASE
ASIA
REAL

3.
TEA
ERA
AAR

4.
OBI
BIN
INN

5.
MAY
ALE
YEA

6.
GAME
ARID
MILE
EDEN

7.
DOOR
OPIE
OILS
REST

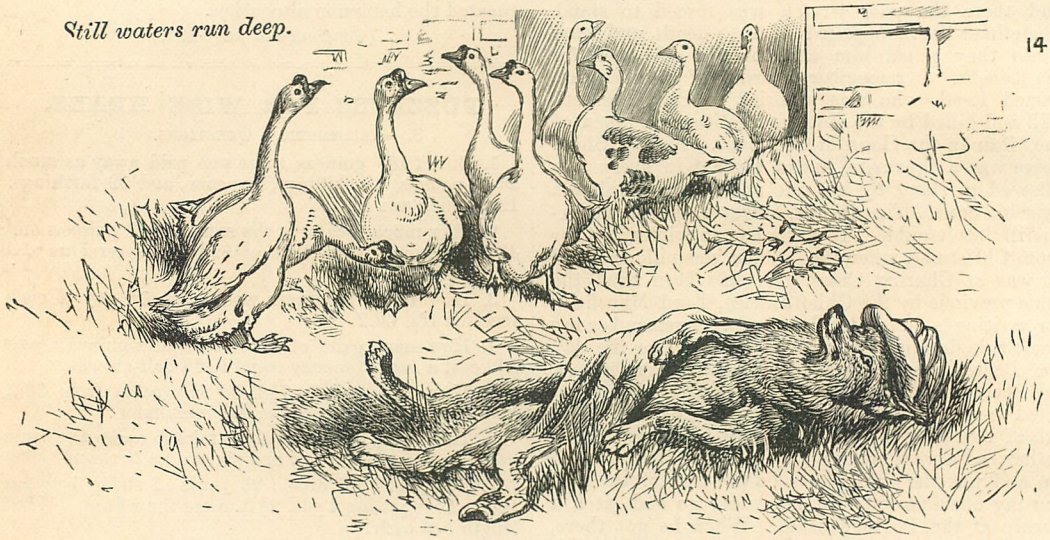
8.
DEAL
ELLA
ALES
LAST

7.—1. Your name. 2. The railroad.

A stitch in time saves nine.

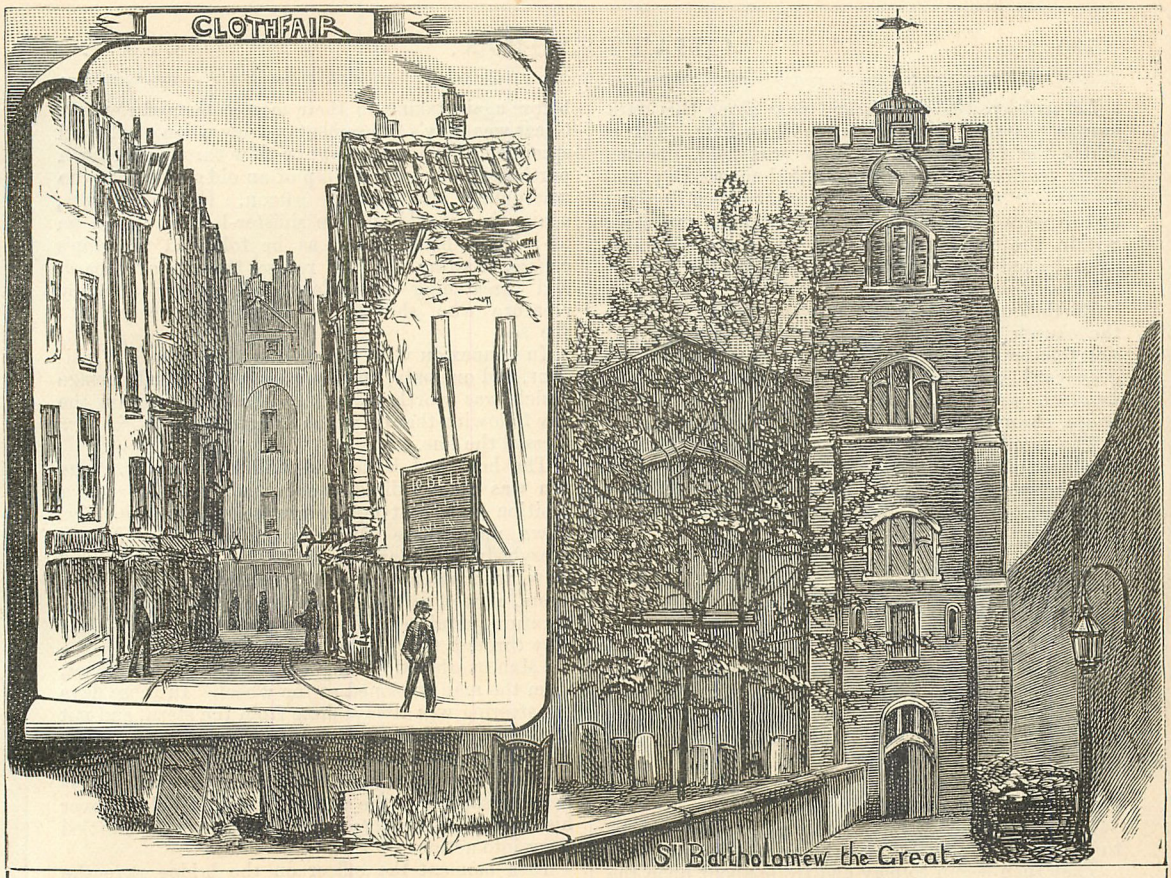


Still waters run deep. 14



What the eye sees not, the heart rues not. 15





OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

St. Bartholomew the Great and Cloth Fair.

HENRY I. had a jester and revel-master named Rahere, who, according to the custom of that time, went on pilgrimage to Rome. While there, he was very ill, and had a wondrous vision which led to great results. In his vision, Rahere was borne by a beast with four feet and two wings up to a high place, whence he saw the mouth of the bottomless pit. As he stood crying out and trembling, a majestic man, who said that he was the Apostle Bartholomew, came to his succour. The saint said that he had chosen a spot in the suburbs of London upon which Rahere was to found a church bearing his name. Of the cost the builder was to be careless, he (the saint) would see to that.

On Rahere's return to London he told of his commission. The king made him a grant of the land, and the church was founded early in the twelfth century. The spot was not a promising one, although called 'The King's Market,' for it was almost all marsh, and on the only dry part of it stood the Elms gibbet. Rahere, however, undaunted by difficulties, completed his task, and himself became the first prior of the new priory.

Rahere died A.D. 1143, leaving a little flock of thirteen monks, who lived very well upon the offerings of rich Londoners. St. Bartholomew became a favourite with seamen, and the grateful sailors of a Flemish ship, who in their peril had addressed prayers and vows to the Saint of Smithfield, presented a silver ship at his altar.

The present church of St. Bartholomew is the choir of the old priory. The nave has entirely disappeared; the last line of the square of cloisters was turned into a stable, and fell down many years ago. The building has been thoroughly restored. Yet the walls and aisles on either side are still nearly the same as they were when Rahere last saw them. The high columns, the solid arches, the zig-zag early Norman ornaments, are there still.

The most interesting monument in the church is that of its founder. This is in the north-eastern corner, next the altar, and is of a much later date than that of Rahere's death. It consists of a highly-wrought stone screen of pointed Gothic, enclosing a tomb, on which, under a canopy, rests the prior's effigy. A crowned angel kneels at Rahere's feet, and monks of his order pray by his side. Each monk has before him a Bible open at Isaiah, li., of which the third verse runs thus: 'The Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places: and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.'

These words are certainly true of the church built upon the marsh. Hogarth was baptized at St. Bartholomew's in November, 1697, and Milton once lived close by, in Bartholomew Close.

Let us leave the church and pass along this dark narrow passage. Now we are in Cloth Fair. This is where the famous Priory Fair was held, opening every year on the eve of St. Bartholomew's Day, and lasting for several days. The clothiers of England and drapers of London had their booths and stalls within the priory churchyard, the gates of which were locked and guarded every night for fear of thieves.

Bartholomew Fair was a strange medley. While the church was filled with pious worshippers, and sick folk praying for health at the saint's shrine, its graveyard was thronged with traders, minstrels, jugglers, young men playing at nine-pins, clerks, friars, sheep, horses, mounted knights and ladies.

The monks looked down on the scene from the windows of the buildings bordering the Priory land, and the people whom the friars cherished in their hospital made holiday among the rest.

THE VIPERS AND THE SWORD-BLADES.

A Fable.

A FAMILY of young vipers once crawled through a hole into an armourer's shop. They had not been there long before some bright sword-blades lying on a wooden bench attracted their attention: so they made towards them.

The sword-blades said to the vipers, 'Do not come near us, for we may hurt you.'

The vipers at once replied, 'We have the liberty to go where we like, without being interfered with.'

They then began to play and frolic about upon the bench among the bright blades, when, to their surprise, they cut and mangled themselves in so terrible a manner that they were unable to crawl away, and a short time afterwards died of their wounds.

MORAL: We cannot be too careful in our dealings with dangerous or malicious persons, or as the proverb puts it, 'Children and fools should not play with edged tools.' H. BERKELEY SCORE.

AMONGST THE CAFFRES.

(*Concluded from page* 179.)

THE glories and mysteries of the Southern Atlantic, both by day and night, were, for the first time in their lives, revealed to the two younger members of the Havering family. The rest of the party had, of course, enjoyed them all before. It was like a new world opening out before them to lean over the side of the vessel, and watch the giant whales spouting and rolling heavily along, and to trace the course of the myriads of beauteous flying-fish as they rose from the blue water and clove the air for a brief period before again taking to their more congenial element. Great was May's amusement one day when a splendid specimen of the tribe leapt or flew through the open porthole, landing in the lap of an old gentleman who was quietly sitting in the saloon. Here and there, again, they would see the sinister-looking dorsal fin of a large black shark, as he followed the ship's course, waiting for the refuse thrown overboard, and threatening an awful doom to any unhappy creature who should, by chance, be swept into the sea.

In connexion with the sharks there was one incident, and one only, on this homeward-bound passage which was worth recording. It took place on the day following that on which the good ship *Africander* crossed the line.

The heat had been, and still was, terrific. The sun was almost directly overhead, and in such a position as to cast no shadow as it poured its rays down upon those standing on the deck. Nearly everybody on board, both of the passengers and crew, who was not actually on duty, was enjoying a siesta, as well as the circumstances and tropical temperature permitted. The ship glided on her noiseless way through the oil-like, glassy water.

'Man overboard!' rang out, in shrill, clear tones, from the man stationed at the wheel. In those days the steering was always done from the stern, and not from amidships, as it often is in the vessels of to-day. The steersman had just seen one of the quarter-masters involuntarily plunge beneath the slowly-heaving surface of the waters, which had closed over his head as his own cry went forth to call the startled crew into action.

In a moment the officer on the bridge gave the order to stop the engines, and, as soon as practicable, to 'turn her astern, full speed.' The boatswain's whistle was sharply sounded, and in a few moments the crew of the gig were 'standing by' the lowering tackle depending from the davits. Another moment and the boat was hastily, but in good order, lowered into the sea, and was leaping through the water on her errand of mercy.

Impelled by stalwart arms, inspired by eager, manly hearts, the boat seemed almost a thing of life as she sprang along in response to the bending oars. Each one of the crew knew only too well that each moment might mean the last for their unfortunate comrade, for the waters hereabouts were swarming with sharks, and, even as it was, the man had been a good many minutes exposed to this terrible risk, and was some considerable distance astern of the ship. They could make him out plainly now, beating his arms about with all his remaining strength to keep the savage monsters off him, for as long as one can do this it is well known sharks are chary of making a rush at their intended victims.

'Put your back into it, boys!' cried the second officer. 'Poor Bill's life, perhaps, depends on the weight you put into your oars.'

But there was no need to exhort them. Every man was doing all he knew, and soon she shot up beside the half-drowned man. He, with his last ounce of strength rapidly expiring, made a grab at the gunwhale, but, from sheer exhaustion, dropped his hold again. This, however, mattered little, for

two pair of muscular hands and arms gripped him, and he was hauled into the boat. Then it was that the danger to which he had been exposed all this time became apparent to his rescuers. As they drew him out of the water half-a-dozen black fins which had been beating round disappeared, and the water seemed to boil as from different quarters the white-bellied sharks made their final rush at the now-escaping man; but for their being unable to seize their prey, except by turning on their backs, our poor quartermaster's chance of life and limb would have been a poor one indeed. Mercifully they were a moment too late in their rush, and as the poor fellow's legs were got safely over the side of the boat, one of the seamen dealt his foremost pursuer a blow with the butt end of an oar that he dryly remarked 'would last him some time, and be a pleasant remembrance of a day's quartermaster-hunting.'

A little brandy and much hand-rubbing soon brought the man round, and then he explained that he had hardly been overboard a minute before two or three sharks were 'at him.' Knowing it was his only chance, he shouted and beat his arms and legs about, without cessation, to keep them off. They kept swimming round and round, but made no attempt to turn over for that fatal rush, biding their time, as if they were perfectly well aware that their victim must soon tire. He went on to say that he could see that he had been missed, and that a boat was to be sent out to him, and this gave him hope and courage to continue his exertions; but he was nearly spent when his rescue was effected. It takes far more time than most landsmen are aware of to take the way off a big steamship going ten or twelve knots an hour in a smooth sea, to lower a boat, man it, and then pull back to where the man overboard has drifted. To attempt, in any sea, to swim after the vessel you have fallen from would be the act of a madman; one's sole chance of life is to devote the whole of one's strength to striving to keep afloat until picked up.

Although apparently not much the worse for his painful experience, and able to go about his duties again without delay, the quartermaster never slept for over a week after the occurrence of this incident without dreaming he was surrounded by sharks and battling for his life again. On two or three occasions he awoke both himself and those around him by his shrieks for help. Poor fellow! it was many a long day before he could think over that terrible twenty minutes without a shudder.

The Lizard at last! and as the more eager and quick-eyed ones saw it a pilot-cutter was making the best of her way to the steamer, which presently stood by to take the pilot on board. Up a meagre-looking rope ladder climbed the red-faced, white-haired old fellow, who, 'dressed in brief authority,' became for the time almost a greater man than the captain himself. A pilot, indeed, is not to be, at any time, spoken of as a person—he is, at all events in his own opinion, a Personage, with a capital P.

At three o'clock that lovely Sunday afternoon the *Africander* let go her anchor close by Plymouth Breakwater, and the tender quickly steamed out to relieve her of her mails and passengers, or, at least, of such of her passengers as desired to land there. Then, after a brief delay, the anchor-chain rattled, the engines beat again with their monotonous thud, the screw began to slowly revolve, and the good ship was once more under way, and steadily steaming up Channel, on the journey to Southampton.

Here our party disembarked, and feasting their eyes on the verdure-clad fields, so different in their bright green tints to the brown, sun-baked land which they had so recently left, they travelled up to smoky London.

Jack, as he sat gazing at the—to him—novel sight of land, every inch of which was cultivated, and grass fields, every one of which was green, turned to his father and said, 'Africa is just like a scorched blanket compared with this.'

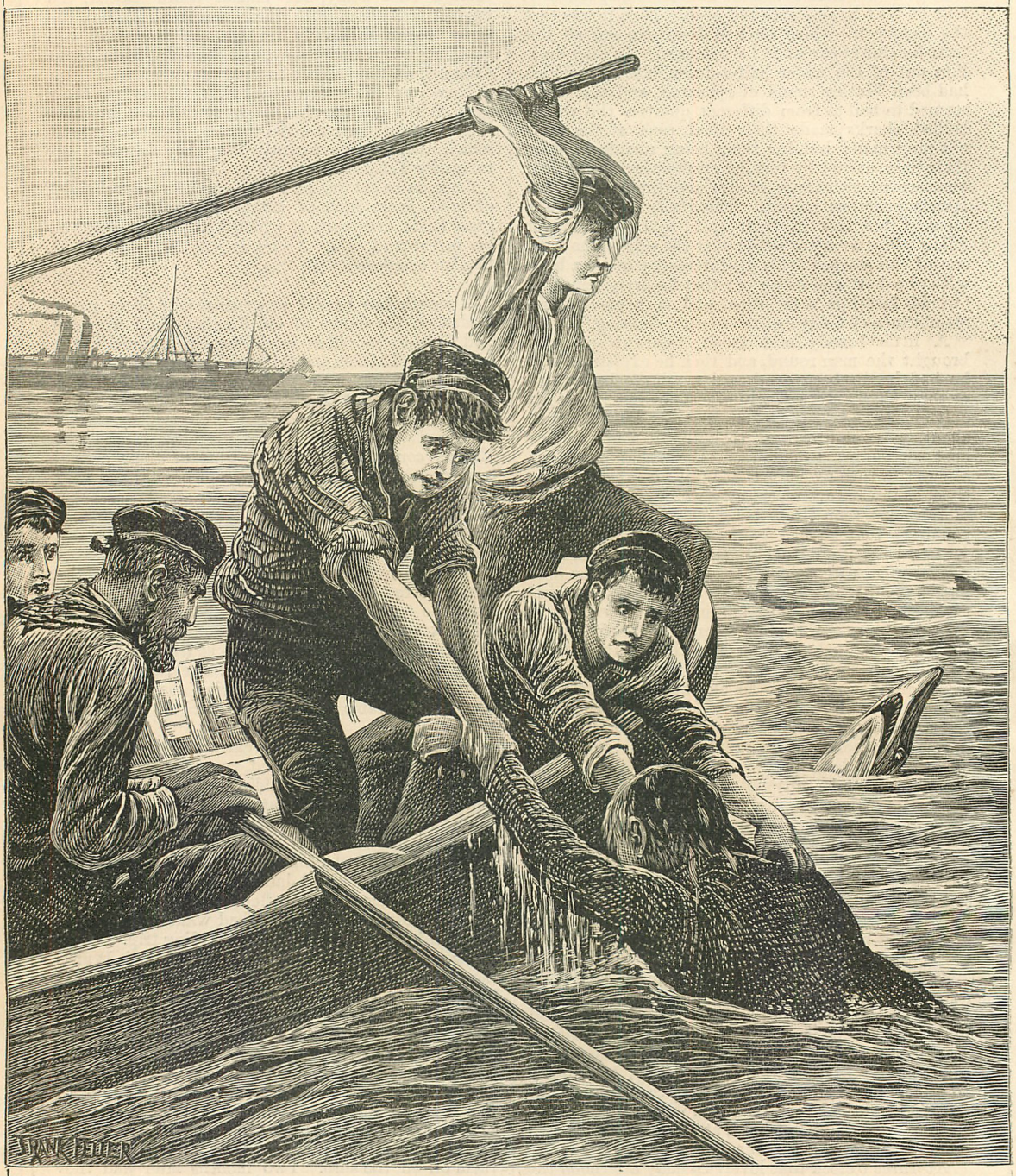
A month has passed away since our little party landed on the shores of old England, and now we find them ensconced in an old-fashioned house, at the front door of which the faithful Monkey may always be seen, standing in the midst of a beautiful park in the lovely district of Petersfield in Hampshire. It has been owned, though not occupied, by Major Havering's family for many years past, and the Major's cousin, who, at the time of their arrival from South Africa, was in delicate health, and very desirous of going abroad, gladly made arrangements with his kinsman, whereby the latter was enabled to instal his family in the Abbey, as it was called.

It had long ago been occupied by some worthy friars, before Henry VIII. ruthlessly drove them from the scene of their useful labours on behalf of the sick and poor.

Some loose-boxes, facing the south, are already being erected, and the Major and Jack, with Woodthorpe's aid, are just now scouring the country in search of suitable animals to stock a large stud farm.

Within the space of a year from the time our party had arrived in England, two important events happened. One was a wedding, Woodthorpe being united to May Havering at the old parish church, amid the ringing of bells and the gay fluttering of flags; and the other, the landing in England of the Phillipses. Colonel Phillips's time was up in Africa, and to the great joy of Jack Havering's young lady, she was once more to meet her lover.

Woodthorpe and his wife had what most people would think to be a very queer wedding trip. After a few weeks in the most lovely parts of North Wales, they took ship to Melbourne and directly after landing there, travelled up-country to visit the faithful Taori, who was so overjoyed at again beholding his former master, that he lost all his habitual silence and reserve, and executed a wild dance of delight to their no small astonishment. After spending some time in travelling about the country so familiar to Woodthorpe, and so full of novelty to his wife, they said good-bye to the black tracker, who insisted on going with them down to Melbourne and seeing them off in the ship. Two months later and they were again in the old country engaged in what Woodthorpe described as the most difficult sort of hunting that even he had ever had, namely, the hunt for a suitable house.



Saved from the Sharks.

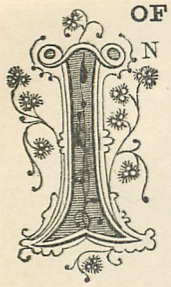
Here let us leave them; the old fever for scenes of excitement and danger comes now and again over Frank Woodthorpe, but should he ever let his thoughts have utterance in language, one glance at the troubled face of his young wife, one pressure of her hand in his, makes him take her in his arms and vow, for her sake, he will run such risks no more.

Fox Russell.



"Who are you? What's your name? Where do you come from?"

THE FATE OF BERNARD GODDARD.



IN the long-past days of slavery in America, in some of the Southern States it was dangerous for the children of what were called 'poor whites' to wander alone and unprotected, as they were often seized and carried off by men-stealers, who declared that such children were slaves. These men-stealers always had in their employ one or two negro ruffians to assist them in this dreadful work.

It was during these times that a poor shoemaker named Paul Goddard wandered into one of the Southern Slave States with his wife and little boy, and took up his abode upon a piece of waste ground which seemed to belong to nobody.

For some time he was not interfered with, but then he gave offence to another white man of his own standing, and in a scuffle Paul Goddard was slain. His adversary buried the body in a swamp, and as the poor shoemaker had no friends, no inquiries were made, and he was soon forgotten. Meanwhile Mrs. Goddard, a poor, timid creature, alarmed at her husband's absence, yet afraid to speak to any one lest she and her boy should get into trouble, closed the door and the window of her little shanty, and lived, or rather starved, upon the remnants of food which had been in the house the day Paul had left her; but Bernard, her little boy, could not get over the loss of his father.

Knowing that his mother would be afraid to let him leave the house, he did not ask her leave. He stole away one morning very early, resolved to search the forest, and never to return home unless he could bring his father with him. While wandering through the forest, looking for his father, he suddenly came on a negro who lay dozing upon the grass.

This man quickly rose and put the little boy on his shoulders and carried him off to his lair, where he was fed and sheltered for the night. The next day the man took little Bernard before the head of the gang of men-stealers. He was a tall, thin man, with lank black hair and fierce eyes.

'What have we here, Sambo?' he said. 'This boy is too white to pass.'

'No fears, massa,' replied the negro. 'I'se going to wash him over with walnut juice. Oh, leave him to me! Don't massa 'member the last white boy I brought him, and how well he sold?'

'But, you fool,' said his master, 'this boy is too old; he can speak, and tell his own tale! Stand up!' he roared in a voice like thunder (poor little Bernard having fallen upon his knees to beg for mercy). 'Who are you? What's your name? Where do you come from? Can't ye speak?'

Then the poor little fellow told his simple story, to which both men, but especially the negro, listened eagerly.

'Massa! massa!' he whispered, 'we might catch the woman, too! I know the place. We might have her this very night!'

'No,' said the other, 'it won't do; it's tempting, but it won't do. If we could have gagged her tongue! But she'll speak, and the country is up against us already; but seeing we have the boy, we'll keep him. Pick him up, and follow me.'

Thus Bernard was carried away into captivity. His skin was stained a dark brown, his own clothes removed, and the dress of a slave-boy put upon him. He was hustled about, sworn at, and kicked. After a month or two he became so confused in mind that he actually believed what his captors told him, that he was the child of a slave, and so the lawful property of whoever found him.

But this boy, more fortunate than many others, did not live and die in slavery. Having passed from hand to hand, he at last was sold to a lady, who trained him as a page, took him to a free State, and educated him. Here, after a time, he was set at liberty. But mother and son never met again. And what was her fate the poor lad was never able to learn.

B.

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

(*Continued from page* 187.)

PART II.



ABOUT the same time I remember how interested all the people were in the trial of Eugene Aram for murder at the York Assizes. I was somewhere about eleven years old at the time, and it seemed to me very strange that the murder for which he was being tried had taken place before I was born. I recollect my father saying, 'Murder will out,' and I asked him what he meant by that. 'Why, my lad,' put in Uncle Sam, 'if I were to knock you on the head with this here shovel in the darkest night, and were to bury your body under the hearthstone we're sitting on, my bad deed would be sure to be found out somehow, and I should be hung at Tyburn yonder, and so get my deserts.'

That same night I asked my uncle if he knew much of the murder all the town was talking about, and he gave me an evasive sort of answer; but the curiosity of a boy is not soon set at rest, and I was able before the end of that year to read some account of that strange deed. It seems that the man who was murdered was a certain Daniel Clark. He, together with Eugene Aram, and another person named Houseman, agreed to commit a robbery. Clark, who had been not long married, was to borrow silver vessels and other property. Who the easy-going people were that lent their plate and watches, diamond rings and snuff-boxes, I could not make out, nor why they did so. It is a proof, however, that Clark had friends who were both careless and well off. The booty was taken to Eugene Aram's house, and there divided; and after that Clark disappeared and was never seen alive again. A great stir was made, of course, by the owners of the borrowed goods, and as Aram and Houseman had been very intimate with Clark, their

houses and gardens were searched, and some of the missing valuables were found; but, as the plate never turned up, it was supposed that Clark had gone off with it to America.

Fourteen years after the disappearance of Clark, Eugene Aram was arrested for his murder, at Lynn in Norfolk, where he was acting as under-master in a grammar school. It appears that one day a skeleton was discovered in St. Robert's Cave, near Knaresborough, which discovery had a most remarkable effect on Houseman. When he heard of it he trembled and turned as pale as death; nor could he help letting fall some words which directed suspicion to himself. He was then admitted as King's evidence, and laid the blame of the murder on Eugene Aram and a man named Terry.

Houseman, the King's evidence, declared that Aram and Clark quarrelled about the spoil, and Aram felled Clark to the ground. He also said that when he asked Aram next day what he had done with Clark, Aram threatened him with a terrible vengeance if he ever mentioned anything about the matter.

John Barker, the constable who arrested Aram at Lynn, said that the accused man, when questioned, declared that he never knew such a person as Daniel Clark; and when asked whether he had ever seen St. Robert's Cave, he replied, 'Yes.' And the constable said, 'Aye, to your sorrow.'

The schoolmaster made a famous defence in writing, in which he asserted his innocence, and tried to prove that the skeleton in the cave must have been that of some hermit. The defence of Eugene Aram is very learned and ingenious, as became a man who could read the Greek and Latin poets with pleasure. But his efforts availed him nothing, and he was doomed to death. The morning after the verdict, Aram confessed that he was Clark's murderer, and that he, assisted by Houseman, dragged the body to the cave, and stripped and buried it there. He also said that the wretch Houseman pressed him many times to murder Mrs. Aram also, because he had an idea that she suspected them, and might any day communicate her suspicions to others.

On the morning of the murderer's execution he attempted to destroy himself by cutting his arms with a razor. He lost much blood in the attempt, and was hardly able to stand when he was led out to the scaffold. After the sentence had been carried out, his body was hung on a gibbet in the forest of Knaresborough.

While I am on such melancholy subjects as murders and executions, I may as well say a few words about 'the unfortunate earl,' as Lord Ferrers was called. He was a very passionate man, and being irritated on one occasion by his steward, he shot him, and he died.

The Earl was arrested next day on the bowling green. He was armed to the teeth, but was either unwilling or unable to make any resistance. He was lodged in the Tower about the middle of February, and his trial, which was before the House of Lords, took place in April. The Earl attempted to prove his insanity, but the defence broke down, and he was condemned to die at Tyburn on the 5th of May. Dressed in his wedding suit, and riding in his own carriage drawn by six horses, the unfortunate Earl was taken to the 'ignominious tree.' It was a long procession, and it went at almost a snail's pace through dense crowds of sightseers.

Let me say I never cared about seeing poor wretches hanged—a common enough sight in my young days. Still, some of my readers may like to hear something about Tyburn and its many victims. Men were in those days hanged for many misdeeds besides wilful murder; as for uttering counterfeit notes, highway robbery, burglary, returning from transportation without leave, shop-lifting, horse-stealing, and so forth. They were not all put to death at Tyburn. One place of execution was on Kennington Common. I remember a man named John Mills being hanged before the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn; but I don't know why, unless he had robbed it of its plate or books.

There was one crime very common when I was young, I mean that of highway robbery. I remember my father having to go over Hounslow Heath one evening to spend a night with a relation, and, as he said I looked poorly, he said that I should go too. I looked worse very soon, for he began to make most alarming preparations for war. The old-fashioned pistols were taken down, cleaned and brightened; new flints were put in the hammers; a lot of powder was dried; and Uncle Sam, who evidently liked the job, managed to cast a score or so of bullets. He saw I was rather frightened, and he said that he hoped my father would give the rascals a broadside, and send them off with a shot in their hulls. As it happened, we crossed the heath and reached our destination in safety; but I know my father would not have been surprised at an attack, for he kept a loaded pistol on each knee. I was indeed relieved when we had passed the worst part of the road; for I believe he knew about as much of firearms as an old cow, and I think he was just as likely to lodge a shot in my body or his own as into that of 'Sixteen-string Jack,' a famous highwayman of that day.

(*Continued at page* 202.)

THE PRICKLY PEAR.

THE Prickly Pear, or Indian fig, is a native of Virginia, and other parts of Southern North America, but it is now grown in many other warm countries. It belongs to the cactus family, those peculiar plants which have a thick, fleshy stem and no leaves. It grows well on the barest places, and is often seen spreading over expanses of volcanic ash, where scarcely any other plant could support life. Its prickles are so strong that it is much used in the East as a hedge-plant. The fruit is oval, about the size of a hen's egg, and of a yellowish colour. It contains a reddish pulp of a sweetish acid taste, perfectly wholesome, and in some countries used as an article of food. In the south of England it lives pretty well in the open air, and sometimes even ripens its fruit. The whole plant is a mass of prickles, from among which the flowers spring. Even the fruit has clusters of stiff prickles on the skin. K.

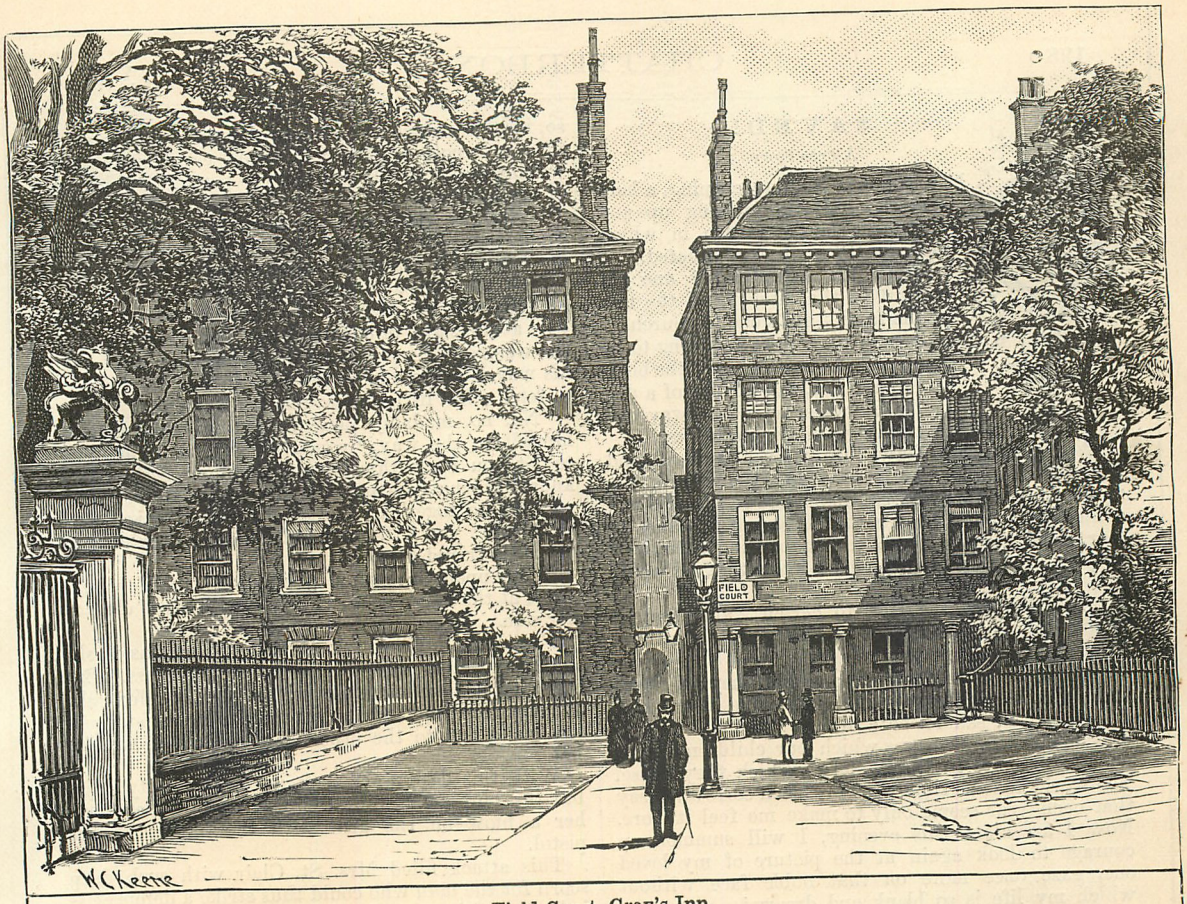


Baby's Grave. By W. H. J. Boot.

THE BABY'S GRAVE.

A LITTLE daisy-covered mound
Under the old yew-tree,
And as I have passed I've often thought
Whose that little grave could be.

'Twas early one bright spring morning,
As I neared that peaceful spot,
When a little girl I chanced to see
With a bunch of forget-me-not.



Field Court, Gray's Inn.

I watched as she knelt by the tiny grave
And planted the flower there;
Then I saw that a tear was brushed away,
Whilst her lips were moving in prayer.

'Are you in trouble, my little girl?'
I said as she passed me by;
She only said, in a tearful voice,
'Baby's now in the bright blue sky.

'He only stayed a few short weeks,
Then angels took him away;
And now he is up with them, singing—
So father and mother say.

'But the baby I miss so sadly,
And so often wish he was here;
And day by day I come to his grave
To say my morning prayer.

'But I must learn to think of him
As better off than I,
And I pray that God will take me too
To live with Him, when I die.'

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Gray's Inn.

GRAY'S INN, on the north side of Holborn, and to the west of Gray's Inn Lane, the fourth Inn of Court in size and importance, takes its name from the Grays of Wilton, whose residence it originally was. In 1505, a Lord Gray sold it to a certain 'Hugh Denny, Esq.,' from whose hands it passed into the possession of the prior and convent of East Sheen. By the convent the mansion (then called 'Portpoole') was leased to some students of the law. This arrangement lasted until Henry the Eighth's seizure of all the monastic property on which he could lay his hands. Thenceforth the benchers of Gray's Inn were entered in the King's books as the fee-farm tenants of the Crown, and paid annually into the Exchequer the rent formerly due to the monks of Sheen.

The celebrated Lord Bacon once resided here, and the Inn has many other interesting associations. It was originally divided into four courts, Coney Court, Holborn Court, Field Court, and Chapel Court. It now comprises South Square, Gray's Inn Square, Field Court (shown in our illustration), Gray's Inn Place, Raymond Buildings, Verulam Buildings, and the Gardens.

SAVED!

A True Story.

ON a summer Sunday evening, a lady was thoughtfully walking up and down the lovely garden in which her country house was situated.

With the exception of one old servant in the kitchen, all the rest of the family had gone to church.

It was very quiet: nothing to be heard but the twittering of the birds one to another, the barking of a dog in the distance, or a far-away call to the cows in the meadows.

With a light lace shawl thrown over her head, and her soft draperies gently sweeping the sward, the movements of this Mrs. St. Clair were so graceful and quiet that a large brown thrush, seeing no cause to fear, came hopping out of a neighbouring shrubbery to pick up the worm which he knew that he would find on the lawn.

'Yes,' thought the lady to herself, 'anniversaries are a strange mixture of sadness and sweetness. They are sad from the knowledge that the events they commemorate are over, and yet they are sweet from the thought that such joys have been ours. It is, indeed, sad to be a widow: to have no one to share in the pleasures which our children create, no one to share in the anxieties which they cause. The world tells us time will cure such sorrow; I say that each year seems only to make me feel it more. Now I am alone this evening, I will summon up courage to look again at the picture of my loved one, gaze once more on that noble face without which my life is so blank and dreary.'

Gathering up her draperies, Mrs. St. Clair went into the conservatory which led into the house. Absorbed in thought, she passed the palms, lilies, and other hot-house plants, and was about to enter the open French window, when she caught sight of a man standing by the writing-desk at the other end of the room.

For one instant she thought it might be her son, returned early from church, but a second glance showed that the figure was taller, and the shoulders broader than those of her boy. No; it must be somebody there with evil intent, for he is bending over the piece of furniture as if trying to open it. With a courage that few women possess, Mrs. St. Clair advanced across the apartment. The carpet being soft and thick, the young man was not aware of her approach, until he heard a gentle and musical voice say—

'May I ask what you are doing here?'

'What am I doing here!' was the gruff reply; 'why, looking for money of course, and what's more I mean to have it—so open this cabinet at once.'

The lady hesitated in horror and surprise.

'None of your dilly-dallying,' said the burglar, roughly, 'or I'll show you how to hurry up a bit.'

Thus saying, he suited the action to the word by touching the handle of a pistol, which was stuck in his breast-pocket.

Seeing that the man was desperate, Mrs. St. Clair determined to face it out as bravely as might be, so, in tones which she strove to keep firm, she said, 'There is nothing that you would care for in that writing-desk: it only contains the portrait and letters of my late husband.'

'Well, be quick and show me something that I should care for,' rejoined the burglar, fiercely, 'for I don't intend to leave the house empty-handed!'

Not wishing to disturb the old servant in the kitchen, who would have been frightened out of her wits at the sight of such a visitor, and knowing that she was powerless to resist this man, who had found his way into her house, the lady turned to the door to fetch what little money she had at hand.

'No, no, madam,' said the young man, placing himself in the way, 'you don't suppose I am going to let you leave this room without me. How do I know but what you are going to give the alarm? No, we will go together; and as "Prevention is better than cure," you will not mind the close proximity of my little friend here.'

Whereupon the ruffian pointed the muzzle of his pistol at the lady's head, as he placed himself close at her side.

Poor Mrs. St. Clair felt at that moment as if she must faint from sheer terror and helplessness. But retaining her consciousness with a strong effort, she thought that somebody might come to her assistance if she could run to the other window and scream for help.

With this design she took one or two hasty steps, but the burglar, seeming to guess her intention, gave her a blow on the arm with the handle of his pistol.

This attack filled Mrs. St. Clair with such deep scorn for the man who could thus strike a defenceless lady, that rising superior to her sense of danger, pain, and helplessness, she turned her gaze full upon her assailant, and said with infinite contempt: 'You coward to strike a woman!'

For a few seconds the ruffian looked somewhat ashamed of himself, but quickly regaining his self-possession, as he recollected that he had not yet got the coveted gold, he muttered, savagely: 'Why, that's only a touch. I would murder you as soon as look at you, if you made a sound.'

So, with the pistol pointed at her head by the man at her side, the lady, feeling as if in some horrible dream, slowly made her way upstairs.

There she went to her writing-table, and taking out her purse she handed it to the young man, saying: 'You will find only 4*l.* 15*s.* in it, but that is all I have in the house. My son happens to have the key of the plate safe which has a patent lock, so as you cannot take the furniture, I suppose you will now go.'

Terrified and shaken as Mrs. St. Clair was, she could not help feeling a sort of sorrowing pity as she noticed the youth and good looks of the young man before her. He had not the expression of a hardened villain, and remembering her own son, at the outset of life, the brave lady thought of the possible mother of this youth, who was now examining the contents of the purse.

'Is that all you've got?' was the suspicious question.

'Yes,' replied the lady; 'I told you that is all I

have. Take it and go. But stop—why are you leading this wicked life?'

'That's my affair,' retorted the youth, 'and no business of anybody else's.'

Undeterred by this roughness, Mrs. St. Clair rejoined, gently, 'And have you a mother?'

'Yes, I have,' said the burglar; and a sudden softened expression swept over his face.

'What a grief this must be to her!' said the lady, sadly.

'I've no time to waste on sentiment,' interrupted the young man, quickly, as if fearful of being touched by the tone and words. 'I'm off now. You will give me time to get away, I know. Now, if I hear the slightest noise, I will be back and murder you in a trice.'

Mrs. St. Clair felt too frightened to make any reply, and the young man emphasising his last words with threatening looks, made his way down the steps which led into the garden.

The thrush was still hopping happily about seeking its evening meal, but at the approach of the swift footsteps of the burglar, it hastened into the shrubbery.

The young man cast one or two quick nervous glances at the window behind him as he made his escape. Then he muttered to himself, 'No; she won't give the alarm yet—she is a brave woman. Never saw such pluck in my life. I wish, though, she had not mentioned my mother like that; it makes a fellow feel rather uncomfortable.'

In the meanwhile, Mrs. St. Clair made no sign or sound, but stood as if transfixed by the window, watching the retreating ruffian.

When he had disappeared from view, she turned to ring the bell; but overcome with the anxiety and excitement which she had gone through, she sank unconscious on the floor. And there she was found when her children returned from church.

Mrs. St. Clair was very ill for some time after the adventure of that Sunday evening. Besides suffering from the injury inflicted on her arm by the desperate young man, her nerves had been sorely tried by the shock.

Information of the robbery was given to the police, search was made for the thief, but with no success. Two or three different men were brought to Mrs. St. Clair for identification, but even as she looked at these hang-dog specimens of humanity, she recollected that the man who had invaded her house had not had such a stamp of vice about him, nor had the look of having been dead for years to every better feeling.

One evening Mrs. St. Clair felt stronger, and thinking that a little stroll would be pleasant, she, with her arm still in a sling, left the garden for the adjoining road.

As she passed between the lane banks, sweet with honeysuckle and other wild flowers, she wondered in a dreamy sort of way what had become of the young burglar, who, in the midst of robbery and murderous threats, had not been able to prevent a softened expression coming over his face at the mention of the magic word—mother!

(*Concluded at page* 204.)

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

16. From the letters contained in the following words form a proverb which advises the use of present opportunities :—

Whiskey.	Steam.	A line.
Hush.	Hen.	

17. A very well-known proverb may be formed from the letters which are contained in the following words :—

Glove.	Mole.
My.	Dove.

18. Form a proverb which gives encouragement from the letters composing the following words :—

Thanet.	Brave.
Reel.	Tent.

C. C.

Illustrated Answers, page 220.

HAPPY IN EXILE.

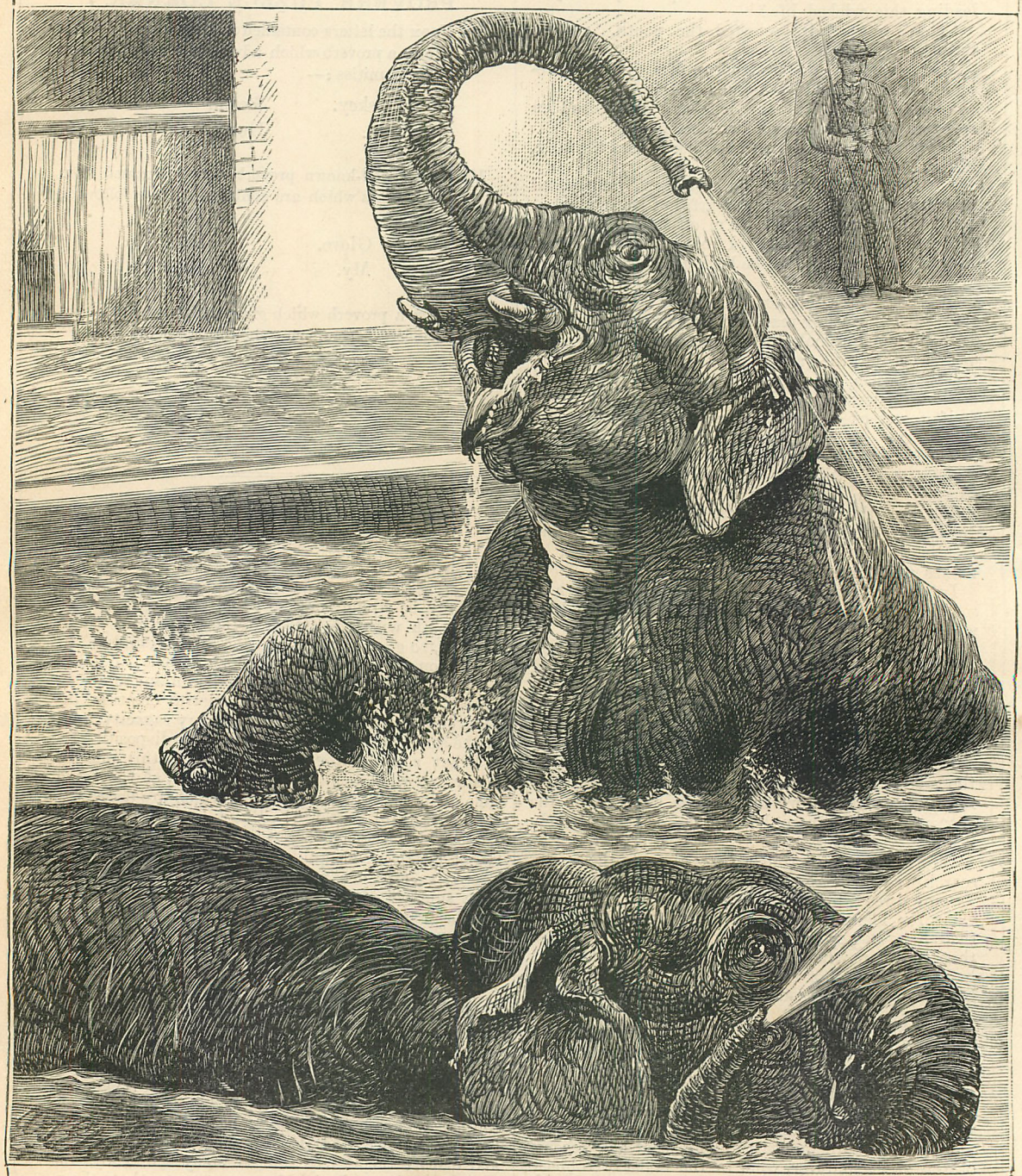
The Elephant.

IN visiting the Zoological Gardens all young people feel attracted to the elephant—so immense, so unwieldy, so strong that he could crush any one of us to death with one stamp of his foot; and yet so amiable, so good-natured, that he allows children to ride upon his back, and would step aside from the path lest he should crush some fallen infant to death. Surely, here we have a very wonderful creature indeed, endowed with such extraordinary sagacity, and, at the same time, with such an amiable disposition!

What a sad thing it would be if this mighty quadruped were kept in captivity, and, at the same time, deprived of those pleasures which are necessary to his healthful existence! But it is not so. In the Zoological Gardens he is a captive, to be sure, but he is not an ill-used captive. He is comfortable and happy, as any one may see, who looks in upon him on a summer afternoon when taking his bath. He has been busy all day, carrying delighted little children about the grounds, and now he looks forward to a delightful plunge-bath, after which comes supper and bed.

Water to all elephants is an absolute necessity. In their native haunts the bath is always taken in the cool of the evening, when a herd of these gigantic creatures have been seen by sportsmen to approach some deep forest pool with such a noiseless tread that scarcely a sound can be heard. Whenever the leading elephant makes up his mind that no concealed enemies are near, he gives a signal to his companions, and they all rush into the water, and disport themselves like so many schoolboys on a half-holiday. It is pleasant to see that these sagacious and interesting animals are so well cared for at the Zoo and that we can with confidence feel that they are truly happy in exile.

M.



HAPPY IN EXILE.

Elephants taking their bath in the Zoölogical Gardens.



A Circassian view of European customs.

A CIRCASSIAN VIEW OF EUROPEAN CUSTOMS.

WHEN we laugh at the usages of foreign nations, we frequently forget that many of our own customs appear ridiculous to foreigners. The mode of salutation used by the Tibetians—scratching the ears and putting out the tongue—is to us ludicrous to the last degree. Yet in Asia, where uncovering the head as a token of respect is unknown, so simple an action as taking off the hat when bowing seems to the natives of those regions the very height of absurdity.

When Dr. Clarke, at the beginning of the present century, was travelling through the Russian Empire, he arrived with his Cossack escort at the banks of the River Kuban, which divides Europe from Asia. On the European side stretch extensive plains, but on the farther side rises the chain of the Caucasian Mountains, inhabited by the Circassians and other wild and fierce tribes, at that time independent, though now included in the Russian Empire. They were all robbers, and were constantly making raids into European territory for the purpose of plunder; so there was usually war between them and the Cossacks.

When the English traveller arrived, a conference was about to take place, by which terms of peace might be arranged between the Turkish Pasha and the Circassian chiefs on one side, and the Cossacks, with their Ataman, or chief, on the other.

The Circassians crossed over to the European side of the river, and the conference took place in the tent of the Pasha. The chiefs wore armour under their clothes. The points of the silver or steel plates which protected their arms had worn holes in the elbows of their jackets, and at their necks could be seen the edge of the corselet of ringed mail which they wore on their bodies. They were handsome men, with regular features, but they had spoiled their appearance by having their heads completely shaved, and only covered by a small skull-cap. They were armed with pistols, knife, and sabre, and they had rows of cartridges attached to the breast of their jackets. The only garments of the common people were ragged trousers, and goat-skins thrown over their naked shoulders with the hairy side out. Some of them had their heads covered with hoods instead of skull-caps.

The Circassians had come down to the river in great numbers in hopes of barter, or exchanging goods, as their custom was during the rare intervals of peace, and had assembled on the farther bank, a wild and ferocious-looking crowd. When the conference was ended, the Turkish Pasha took his departure as quickly as possible; but Dr. Clarke wished to cross over to the Asiatic side, to get a nearer view of the people. This the Ataman and the Cossack officers strongly advised him not to do, but, as he persisted, they accompanied him across the river in canoes. They landed a little distance from where the Circassians were assembled, and the Ataman tried to dissuade him from going any nearer, telling him that he did not know the fierce and cruel disposition of the men, who were all robbers by profession. But when Clarke begged to be allowed to go, the Cossack drew his sabre, saying, 'If it is your desire, you shall not be disappointed on my account; but you little know these people. They pay no respect to treaties, not even to their own princes, when they see a chance of plunder, and are likely to do some of us injury before we return.' With these words he reluctantly led the way towards the Circassians, who, seeing the party advancing, immediately seized their arms which they had laid aside under the trees, and, with a defiant air, began talking loudly and rapidly. None of Clarke's party understood what they were saying, but they tried to convince them by signs that they came in peace. The Circassians answered by fierce and threatening looks, and the Ataman, becoming alarmed, made signs for the canoes to draw to shore, and the party effected their retreat.

The wild mountaineers were now on the bank, looking after the canoes in a menacing manner, when the Doctor, wishing to show his friendly feelings towards them, took off his hat and made them a low bow. The Circassians stared in astonishment, and then burst into a wild peal of savage laughter. They mimicked his gesture, inviting him by signs to do it again. To gratify them, he again took off his hat and bowed, and again they roared with laughter, which did not abate until the Doctor and his party had reached the European side of the river.

The Circassians probably know a little more about European customs now; but when they first saw our way of taking off our hats and bowing, they thought it the funniest thing that they had ever seen.

A. R.

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

(*Continued from page* 195.)

PART III.

WHEN I was a lad, we often used to hear about another notorious highwayman, named Dumas. He was really a great man in his way, and no doubt he might have died in peace and honour, for he had fine talents, if he had used them wisely. But he devoted those abilities to crime, and got 'strung up' at last. His real name was Isaac Darkin, a name not unsuitable, for he was a true bird of the night. He loved his bottle, and the society of wild young fellows like himself. He was the wayward son of a respectable cork-cutter. It was in 1758 when he was sentenced to death for robbing one Captain Cockburn, but the judge got a respite for him, in consequence of his youth, and he was then ordered for transportation; but, happening to be able to do the jailer a service, he got the royal pardon, on condition of serving in the West Indies. When he arrived out there, he disliked the life so much that he resolved to desert, and he did so, and managed to return to

England disguised as a sailor. He then went back to his old habits, and in 1760 he committed a daring robbery on Lord Percival one Sunday afternoon near the town of Devizes. Dumas, *alias* Darkin, made his lordship deliver up all the money he had about him; but this did not satisfy the robber, who threatened to shoot him through the head if he did not give him more money. My lord showed uncommon courage, and assured Dumas that he really had no more cash at hand, whereupon the thief rode off. But he was captured somewhere on Salisbury Plain, and tried in that city before Judge Wilmot. However, neither Lord Percival nor the driver of his carriage could swear to him, as he wore crape over his face, and he was acquitted. He prided himself on his gentlemanly appearance, and he professed a hatred of cruelty and meanness. When he suffered death at last, he was not one-and-twenty, and he died as jauntily as he had lived, for he placed the rope round his neck with his own hands, and leaped off the ladder before the astonished hangman knew what he was about.

Then there used to be a gang of fourteen, who lived at or near Thaxted, in Essex. The county police were probably not up to much, or I do not see how such a den of thieves could find a secure refuge for so long a time. It was said that these ruffians fleeced the public of more than ten thousand pounds before they were dispersed.

There was one knight of the road who went by the name of the 'flying highwayman,' and he was much dreaded. He had three different-coloured horses, and as one happened to have a white face, he used to hang a black cat's skin over it. This man was a splendid rider, and thought nothing of such a leap as a turnpike gate.

A misguided hostler once 'took to the road,' as it was called. Being one night on Blackheath, he saw a coach coming, which seemed to offer a chance of booty. It contained a member of Parliament, named Whitworth. 'Your money or your life!' roared the hostler, pointing a pistol at the coach. 'Neither one nor the other,' retorted the M.P., as he pulled the trigger of a blunderbuss. The hostler now must have wished he had kept to the honest trade he used to ply, for he was hit in many places, and could but just crawl away and die a few fields from the spot.

On another occasion, a strong young fellow, who attempted to rob a colonel of artillery, was seized and bound by the colonel and his coachman, and carried off to an inn. He was a gardener, who found vegetables and flowers did not grow quickly enough to supply his love of pleasure, and who, therefore, took up the perilous trade of robbing coaches. He said it was his first offence, and, as they hanged him, it was his last.

One of the bloodiest of these encounters was that in which the Norwich mail was once engaged. In traversing the forest of Epping it was attacked by seven men, three of whom were shot dead by the guard. As he had no more powder and shot, the gang had the coach at their mercy. They killed the valorous guard, and then rifled the coach as they pleased.

The most impudent robbery was that of the Lord Mayor, I think, for, when riding like the great civic magistrate he is in his carriage-and-four, and attended by his outriders, he was yet robbed by a single highwayman.

Let us now dismiss these horrors, and turn our attention to something else.

My Uncle Sam, as became a warrior, took the greatest interest in everything that had to do with the army and navy; and when I was a little lad he would set me on his knee, and talk of sea-fights by the hour together. He greatly admired old Boscawen, who was thanked by Parliament for conquering Louisberg and Cape Breton. Uncle Sam had been in the *Dreadnought* with him when he captured the French ship *Medea*, and brought 800 prisoners to Spithead. He was as humane as he was brave, and once, when lying idle in the Bay of Quiberon, he actually cultivated with his own hands a garden, for the sake of his men who were sick of the scurvy. No wonder such admirals as Boscawen were loved by their sailors. He was much looked up to by the great Lord Chatham, who said Edward Boscawen was the sort of man to make nothing of difficulties. When I was about ten years old, my father took me to see the colours, which had been taken at Louisberg and Cape Breton, placed in St. Paul's. There were eleven colours in all, each carried by a sergeant of the foot-guards, escorted by soldiers. They were borne from Kensington Palace through Hyde Park, Pall Mall, and the Strand, to the great west gate of the Cathedral, where the dean and chapter, and choirmen and boys, met them; and just as the colours reached the Cathedral the Tower and Park guns were fired.

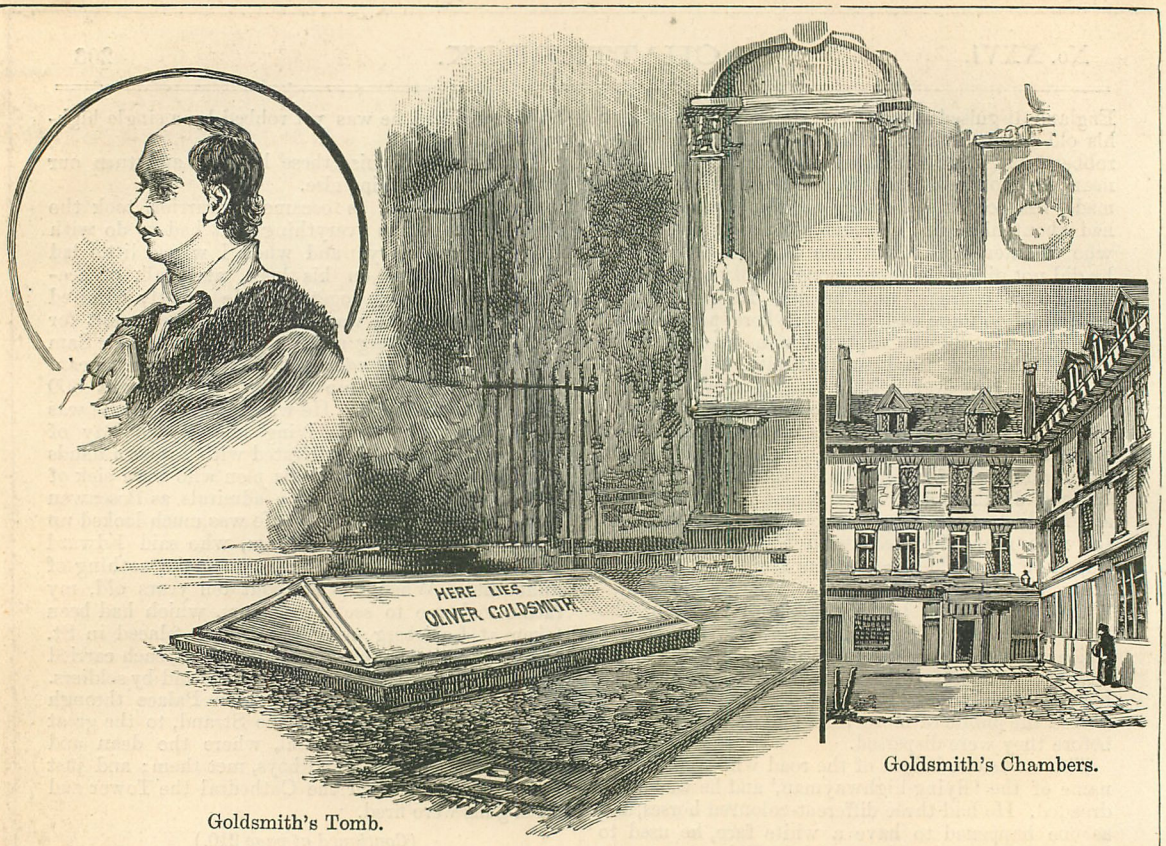
(*Continued at page* 210.)

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Goldsmith's Tomb.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the author of that charming story, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, was a pleasant fellow, and he was greatly beloved by his numerous friends. It is said that his death was a shock to the literary world. Burke, on hearing the news, burst into tears. Dr. Johnson also was deeply grieved. Writing some time afterwards to Boswell, he observed, 'Of poor Goldsmith there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed no less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?'

On the afternoon of Goldsmith's funeral (April 9th, 1774), his staircase at No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple, was crowded with mourners of all ranks and conditions of life, amongst whom the poor, to whom he had always been a kind friend, were especially conspicuous. The exact position of his grave is unknown, but in 1860 a plain monument, bearing the simple inscription, 'Here lies Oliver Goldsmith,' was placed on the north side of the Temple Church, as near as possible to the spot where his body is supposed to lie.



Goldsmith's Tomb.

Goldsmith's Chambers.

THE BEAUTIES OF SUMMER.

—o—

THE summer! the summer! the exquisite time
Of the red rose's blush, and the nightingale's chime;
The chant of the lark, and the boom of the bee,—
The season of brightness, and beauty, and glee!
It is here—it is here! it is lighting again,
With sun-braided smiles, the deep heart of the glen!
It is touching the mountain and gilding the hill,
And dimpling the face of the low-laughing rill!
It is flooding the forest-trees richly with bloom,
And flinging gold showers in the lap of the broom!
I have heard the lark warble his hymn in the sky,
I have seen the dew-tear in the meek daisy's eye;
I have scented the breath of the fresh-open'd flowers,
I have plucked a rich garland from bright hawthorn bowers;
My footsteps have been where the violet sleeps,
And where arches of eglantine hang from the steeps;
I have startled the linnet from thickets of shade,
And roused the fleet stag as he basked in the glade;
And my spirit is blithe—as a rivulet clear,
For the summer, the golden-crown'd summer, is here!

JOHN HOUSEMAN.

SAVED!

(*Concluded from page* 199.)

WALKING along quietly, Mrs. St. Clair approached a five-barred gate, which, breaking the line of hedgerows, led into a field gold with ripened corn.

In her nervous state of health she could not help giving a violent start, as she saw a young man seated on the topmost bar of the gate, carelessly swinging a stick. His back was towards her, as his face was turned in the direction of the crimson ball of sun setting behind the yellow bank of corn.

Something in the shape of the broad shoulders seemed familiar, and as he half turned towards her, she knew that it was the man who had robbed her on that Sunday evening!

Astonished to see the youth in the very place where so much effort had been made to discover him, she overcame the fear which he caused, and with her usual courage approached the gate. The young man started at the sound of steps, and turning his head, his eyes met those of Mrs. St. Clair.

'How is it that you dare to be here?' asked the lady.

'The death of my mother brings me,' was the reply, given in low tones; then, as if feeling sure of



Summer.

his companion's sympathy, he added, 'I felt I must see her again.'

Before Mrs. St. Clair had time to reply to this confidence, the young man, as if fearing to dwell on a painful subject, jumped down from the gate, stood upright, and, looking at himself in a sort of congratulatory manner, said, 'By the way, what do you think of these clothes? They look well, don't they?'

'Yes, they do look very well,' replied Mrs. St. Clair, wondering at the sudden turn in the conversation. 'It is a pity that you don't always look as well dressed.'

'They were bought with your money,' was the cool rejoinder, 'and very good ones they are, too.'

Mrs. St. Clair looked astonished at the assurance of the young man, who, not the least abashed, went on to say, 'And now I am going to leave England.'

'Where are you going?' was the rejoinder.

'You can't expect me to tell you that,' replied the youth. 'It is enough to say I am going. You shall hear that I am gone, and you will not betray me before I have time to get off. You are the pluckiest woman I ever met. Your pluck saved you that evening, for I certainly should have shot you if you had screamed, or made the slightest sound as I left. I was a desperate man that day, circumstances had made me so. Your pluck saved you, and probably saved me too in more ways than one.' Then suddenly remarking the pale appearance of Mrs. St. Clair, he said with a voice full of concern, 'But have you been ill?'

'Yes,' replied the lady, 'I have been very ill. I was in bed for some time—and this, too,' touching her arm in the sling, 'is also the result of your visit that Sunday evening.'

'Ah!' said the young man, resting his arm on the gate, and speaking in the slow way natural to a painful recollection, 'I struck you a blow, and you called me a coward for striking a woman—so I was; but what you said, and the way you said it, hurt me very much. Then, in the midst of your own peril you mentioned my mother, and somehow I felt ashamed of myself. I half made up my mind to lead a better life. Probably I shall. If I do you will have been the cause. You let me go that night. I am in your hands again, but I know you will once more give me time to escape. Let me say before I go that you have saved me—saved me!'

Then with a look of gratitude in his eyes, which were not altogether dry, the young man turned to depart.

Thus Mrs. St. Clair for the second time watched the retreat of this strange and erring youth.

With a look of deep interest, she followed his tall figure, as it made its way along the footpath through the waving corn, and out of the gate on the opposite side of the field, where the sun was now sinking in its golden bed; and she was not sorry to see that he turned to wave his hat before disappearing down the hedgerowed lane.

'You have saved me—saved me.' These words of the former burglar deeply touched Mrs. St. Clair, and she went home, wondering if she would ever hear anything more of the young man.

The next day she received a short letter containing these words:—'I am now sailing. Perhaps to a new life. If so it is through you.'

Mrs. St. Clair was thankful to see from these lines that so far the young man had been true to his word, and, although meeting with laughing incredulity from her friends, she maintained that she did not believe that he would return to the desperate life which he had been living.

Some days after the young man's departure, Mrs. St. Clair, knowing how the police pride themselves on their sharpness and promptitude, went to the Inspector and astonished that official by telling him that the burglar, in whose search they were supposed to have been active, had been sitting quietly on the top of a five-barred gate, within almost a stone's throw of the house he had so recently robbed; whilst all the efforts of the constables had merely resulted in taking up two men, utterly innocent of the offence and perfectly unlike the offender.

Many months had now elapsed, and the family of St. Clair had almost forgotten the incident of the robbery, when one day their mother received a letter bearing an Australian postmark and stamp.

On opening it, it was found to contain a five-pound note and a letter. It was written without address or name, but Mrs. St. Clair soon saw that it was from the former burglar. In a few lines he said that he was leading a successful and honest life, to which she had been the means of bringing him.

He was glad at last to be able to send the *5l.* She would remember he had robbed her of *4l.* 15*s.*; but as he had torn the purse, he hoped that the *5l.* would buy a new one. He concluded by saying that he should never cease to be grateful to her; her pluck and pitying words had stopped him in a course of crime and recklessness, from which he, daily more and more, realised the value of having been *Saved!*

R. E. C.

THE GREAT MEN OF OLD.

III.—Aristides the Just.

THE attempts of the Persians to conquer the Greeks had the effect of bringing out all the noblest qualities of that nation. The first invasion took place in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, who sent an army into Greece which numbered 100,000 foot and 10,000 horsemen, under two generals, Datis and Artaphernes. They were opposed at Marathon, near Athens, by a force of 10,000 Athenians and 1000 Platæans; and it is at the battle of Marathon, fought in the year 490 B.C., that we first hear of Aristides.

The Athenians were divided into ten tribes, each under its own general, who commanded the army by turns. Aristides, as head of his tribe, occupied a place in the centre; and when his turn came he

surrendered it to Miltiades, of whose abilities he had the highest opinion. Without waiting to be attacked, Miltiades charged the enemy, though his force was so much inferior to theirs, leading on the Greeks at a run. They were completely victorious; the Persian host was routed with great slaughter, and Greece was freed for a time from the presence of the invader. After this the reputation of Aristides rose rapidly, and the following year he was elected archon, or chief magistrate of Athens, and he administered his office with such integrity that he gained the title of 'the Just.'

Now, there was a certain young Athenian named Themistocles—a man of little education, but unbounded ambition; of great genius, but not very scrupulous withal. Nothing would satisfy him but that he should be the first man in Athens. The military fame of Miltiades and the reputation of Aristides excited his jealousy. He became moody, and shunned the society of his friends; and when asked the reason, he replied that 'the trophies of Miltiades would not let him sleep.' He gradually gained great influence with the people, making them believe that he was working for their good by opposing the measures of those in power, chief amongst whom was Aristides, who had become obnoxious to many by his very virtues; for he strove to suppress dishonesty and corruption of every kind in those who held public appointments.

It was the custom at Athens to banish any citizen who had become too powerful or was supposed to be dangerous to the democracy. But this banishment entailed no disgrace, and was called 'Ostracism,' from the name of the person to be banished being written on an *Ostrakon*, a piece of tile, or an oyster-shell. Each freeman having inscribed the name of the person he thought deserving of banishment, the pieces of tile were all thrown into an urn, then drawn out and counted, and the majority decided who was to be banished. This measure Themistocles brought to bear against Aristides. On the day fixed for the ostracism, the judges were all seated in the agora, or market-place, with the urn before them, into which the citizens were dropping their votes, whilst Aristides was standing talking with some friends. Presently an ignorant countryman came up, and, presenting a piece of tile, requested him to write the name of Aristides on it for him.

'But what has Aristides done,' said he, 'that you should wish him banished?'

'Truly,' replied the countryman, 'I know no ill of him; but I am tired of hearing him called the Just, as if he were better than other people.'

On hearing this, Aristides at once wrote his own name on the tile. It was dropped into the urn, and when the votes were counted the majority was found to be against him, and he left Athens and lived in retirement.

When he was gone, Themistocles had everything his own way, and for a long time his measures were for the public good. Many thought that the Persian War had ended with the battle of Marathon; but he foresaw that this was only the beginning of the struggle, and that the true defence of Greece would lie in an efficient fleet. So he persuaded the Athenians to devote the produce of some silver mines which had hitherto been divided amongst the citizens to the building of ships. He got an edict passed which enacted that twenty new ships should be built every year. The result showed the wisdom of this policy, for, when Xerxes, who succeeded Darius on the Persian throne, made his gigantic attack on Greece, and his army having destroyed Leonidas and his brave Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylæ, began to ravage the country, the inhabitants of Attica were induced by Themistocles to take refuge in their ships, the women, children, and old men were placed in safety in the islands, and the Persians pillaged and burned a deserted city. He insisted that they should meet the enemy by sea, and when the Grecian fleet was assembled at Salamis, and the commanders were still doubtful and divided in their opinions, he secretly sent word to the Persians how they could cut off the retreat of the Greeks, who, finding themselves blockaded in the bay, would be obliged to fight. The Persian fleet far outnumbered that of the Greeks, and Themistocles knew that the enemy would not have room in the narrow bay to manage their numerous ships.

At this time Aristides, who was free from all petty jealousy, came from Ægina, and, seeking a reconciliation with Themistocles, he brought him intelligence of the movements of the enemy. He received a command and did good service in the famous battle of Salamis which was fought in 480 B.C., and in which the Persian fleet was destroyed. He was publicly recalled from banishment, and in the following year he was made general of the Greek forces, and at the battle of Platæa he gained the victory. The Persians were utterly routed and fled from Greece. Had it not been for those great men, Aristides, Themistocles, and Leonidas, the country would have become a province of the Persian Empire, and the history of Europe would have been changed.

Aristides was now again elected archon, and introduced several measures for the good of the people, and combined with Themistocles in directing the restoration of Athens. He was next appointed administrator of the public revenues, a post of great responsibility, which he filled with his usual integrity. In those days Greek patriotism seldom went beyond the interests of their own state; but Aristides would do nothing dishonourable or unjust, and, when Themistocles secretly proposed to him to burn the ships of all their allies, and so secure the supremacy of Athens, he would not suffer the proposal to be divulged, telling the Assembly that what he had heard might be useful to the state, but would be most unjust.

Thus, having filled the highest offices in the democracy of Athens, with large sums of money frequently under his control, he led a noble and blameless life, and died so poor that he was buried at the public expense, and his daughters were portioned by the state. There is a bust of Aristides in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, which represents him as a very handsome man, rather bald.

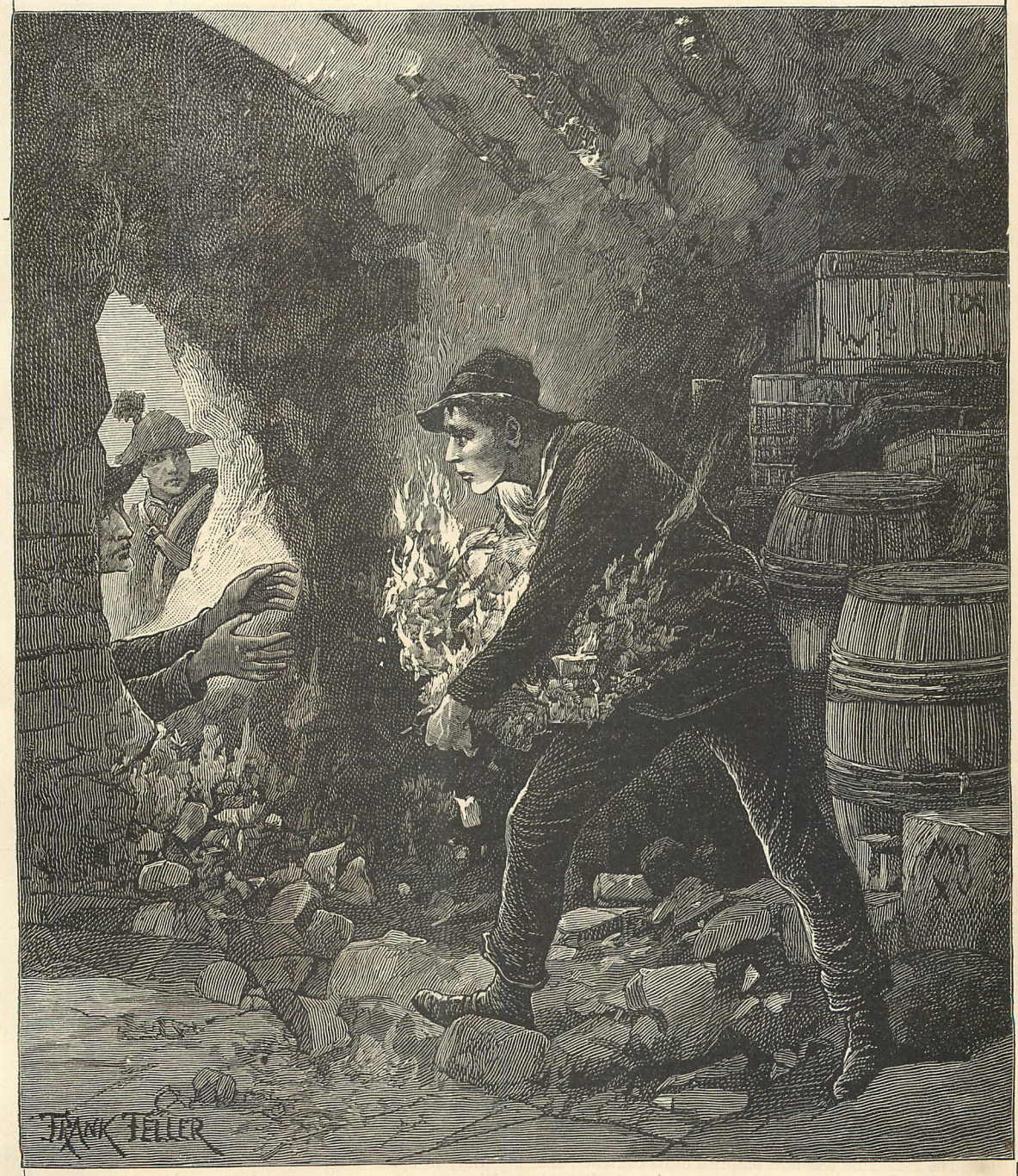
Themistocles was accused of a treasonable correspondence with the Persians. He fled to the court of the Great King, where he was well received, but a year or two afterwards he died, or, as some said, poisoned himself.

A. R.



GREAT MEN OF OLD.

Aristides the Just.



"The magazine is on fire; it will blow up."

PERILS BY GUNPOWDER.

No. 1.

THE adventure I am about to relate happened in the island of Jersey, in the year 1804. It was the King's birthday, the 4th of June, and the guns of all the forts on the island had been fired, according to custom, to do honour to the occasion. There was a fort above the town of St. Helier which had thundered out with the rest, and then was shut up, and the keys taken away by a Captain Salmon, the officer on guard. The building contained two hundred and nine barrels of gunpowder, and every kind of ammunition. In the evening Captain Salmon went to dine with the other officers. Meanwhile, the soldiers left to guard the magazine saw a cloud of smoke curling out of the air-hole at one end. Terrified, and shouting 'Fire! fire!' they ran away to avoid an explosion which would have blown them to atoms, and probably destroyed a great part of the town. Happily, Lieutenant Lys, one of the officers, saw the smoke and perceived the danger. Two brothers, Thomas and Edward Touzel, carpenters, happened to be there, and Mr. Lys ordered them to go and get the keys from Captain Salmon, and to alarm the commander-in-chief. Thomas went and tried to persuade Edward to go with him away from the danger, but Edward replied that he must die some day, and that he would do his best to save the magazine. He asked some of the soldiers to stop and help him. William Ponteney, of the 3rd Regiment, said that he was ready to die with him, and they shook hands. By the help of a wooden bar and axe, Edward Touzel broke into the fort, saw what had happened, and called to Mr. Lys, who was outside, 'The magazine is on fire; it will blow up. We must lose our lives, but no matter. Hurrah for the King. We must try and save it.' He rushed into the flame, and seizing the matches which were burning, he threw them by armfuls to Mr. Lys and William Ponteney, who stood outside and received them. A cask of water stood near, but there was nothing to carry it in but an earthen pitcher and their hats. They filled these again and again, and handed them to Touzel, who put out all the fire he could see; but the smoke was so thick, that he worked in horrible doubt and darkness, almost suffocated, and with his hands and face scorched. Over his head the beams were on fire, while large cases containing powder were close at hand. Any moment might have been his last, and that of the two brave men outside. Still they worked on. Touzel asked for some drink, to enable him to bear the smoke, and Mr. Lys gave him some spirits and water. He drank it, and returned to his noble task, but by this time the officers had arrived; they brought back the soldiers and came to the rescue.

The magazine was now emptied of its contents, and the last smouldering sparks put out; and all, both soldiers and townspeople, agreed that but for the gallant men who had risked their lives at the outset of the fire, an awful explosion would have taken place. To Edward Touzel, in particular, due honour was given. He might have gone with his brother without blame, to take the message to the officers. Not being a soldier, he might have thought it no concern of his whether the fort stood or fell. But instead of reasoning thus, he rushed first of all into what seemed certain death. He received from the grateful people of St. Helier, 300*l.*; to Mr. Lys, who had a large family, 500*l.* was awarded; and to William Ponteney 20*l.* a year for life, in acknowledgment of their services in behalf of the town.

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

(*Continued from page* 203.)

PART IV.

I MUST say we lived in stirring times, and the town was kept alive with victories, tarnished, as they ever must be, by the deaths of brave men.

The manning of our fleets was, however, a great grievance. Men do not like to be obliged to serve on board ship against their will.

I remember hearing of several riots which arose from the violence of the 'press-gangs,' as they were popularly called. The *Golden Lion*, a merchant ship, came into the Mersey, when she was boarded by two men-o'-war's boats. The commander of the crews swore that if the men on the *Golden Lion* would not volunteer, he would press every one of them. Whereupon the crew of the *Golden Lion* refused. Now what did the commander of the men-o'-war's boats do? He called on the captain of the *Vengeance*, the ship to which he belonged, to fire at the *Golden Lion*, and the guns of the *Vengeance* opened fire accordingly, and some of the cannon balls struck the buildings in the town of Liverpool. The *Golden Lion*, however, managed to get into a dock, and her men ran away, pursued by the press-gang as far as the Custom House, where Captain Thomson and five of his men were seized.

Once, I well remember, the press-gang laid hold of a journeyman baker, named Shine, and a great fuss was made about it, and very properly too. For, though Shine might shine as a baker, could you expect him to shine as a seaman? Besides, it was illegal, and the famous John Wilkes (of whom I shall have more to say hereafter) made a great speech about it, and got the authorities to send Shine home again to his kneading-trough and oven.

The Admiralty were to blame; for they gave in 1770 a pound for every man who was impressed to be a sailor, besides sixpence a mile for bringing the captive up to Mark Lane. But the Lord Mayor stood out against it, and refused to back the warrants, saying that he intended to prevent such acts of violence.

But, in spite of this protection afforded to the citizens by the magistrates, there used to be every now and then a very 'hot press,' as it was called, on the Thames; and many ships were stripped of all

their seamen. I have heard of as many as 700 being pressed in a single night.

A Middlesex justice was found guilty of wrongfully committing a London freeman to the Savoy, as 'an idle and disorderly person' under the Impress Act. This freeman was, in reality, a very industrious and sober man, and yet he had been handcuffed and led through the streets like a criminal, and had suffered a miserable captivity in a loathsome room.

Another freeman of London, named Millerchip, who was impressed and put on the *Monarch* at Portsmouth, had to be given up by the Admiral, when a writ of Habeas Corpus, signed by Lord Mansfield, was shown to him. So you see the Navy, great as it was, had to bend its proud head before the Law.

There were mutinies sometimes on our ships, and no wonder, if idle and disorderly persons were so often impressed, as well as industrious and orderly persons, against their will. My Uncle Sam used to talk of a mutiny on board the *Namur*, when, after a court-martial, fifteen seamen were condemned to death. However, mercy was to be shown to all but one, and that one was to die as a warning to all other sailors. So the fifteen drew lots, and the lot fell on Matthew McCan. Actually only two drew, for the first drew a blank, which meant life, and McCan, who had the second draw, pulled out the lot of death. He was then run up to the yard-arm and hanged.

When I was about twenty, the sailors on the Thames were not satisfied with their wages, and carried things with a high hand. They detained the outward-bound vessels, dragged their crews into their boats, and carried them off. Then they met in Spitalfields and marched in a body of many thousands to the Royal Exchange. Then a body of 2000 of them went to tell their grievances to the king, when he held a review on Wimbledon Common.

The next year, as my father was on his way to St. James's Palace, he was hustled about by a mob of the roughest fellows in London. These men, he found, were waiting to insult a number of merchants and others, who were on their way with an address to the king. The carriages in which these citizens rode were bespattered with mud and the windows broken. Some ordered their coachmen to wheel round and go home, the looks of the mob being so alarming, while others left the route of the cavalcade, and reached the palace by means of byways.

My father was in one of the coaches which braved the storm, and a sorry spectacle it was to see. However, the driver and all did as well as they could, and the horses struggled on to St. James's, the mob accompanying with shouts, jeers, curses, and the most filthy language. The crowd even entered the palace gates, and would have proceeded into the palace itself, had not Lord Talbot bravely opposed them.

I may also mention that some of the mob drove a hearse in front of the carriages. It had two white and two black horses. On the one side of it was a lively picture of the soldiers firing at a young man named Allen, and on the other side was depicted the death of an attorney's clerk, who lost his life in an election riot at Brentford.

Young Allen's case happened in 1768, and, as it was connected with that once famous man Wilkes, my readers may like to hear something about it.

On the 10th of May then, a new parliament met, and a vast mob assembled near the King's Bench prison, to see Mr. Wilkes go thence to the House of Commons. As he did not come out, the people grew uproarious and demanded him. Then it was deemed expedient to read the Riot Act; but whilst it was being read the mob threw stones and brickbats. Then the soldiers fired, and William Allen was killed. The tumult increasing, more soldiers were sent for, and more shots were fired, by which discharges five or six people were killed and many wounded. Allen himself, it was proved at the inquest, happened to be merely a looker-on. When he saw some people running away from the levelled muskets, he ran also and took shelter in a cowhouse, where he was brutally shot by one Donald Maclane. This soldier was sent to prison, and his commanding officers were found guilty of abetting him. A Justice also, who had given the order to fire, was found guilty of wilful murder. The people were much incensed by all this, and inflammatory placards were stuck up in various parts of the town.

The Justice, Mr. Samuel Gillam, was acquitted, but he felt his position so deeply that he fainted away during the course of his trial.

Maclane was tried at Guildford in July, but he also was acquitted after a hearing of nine hours.

(*Continued at page* 218.)

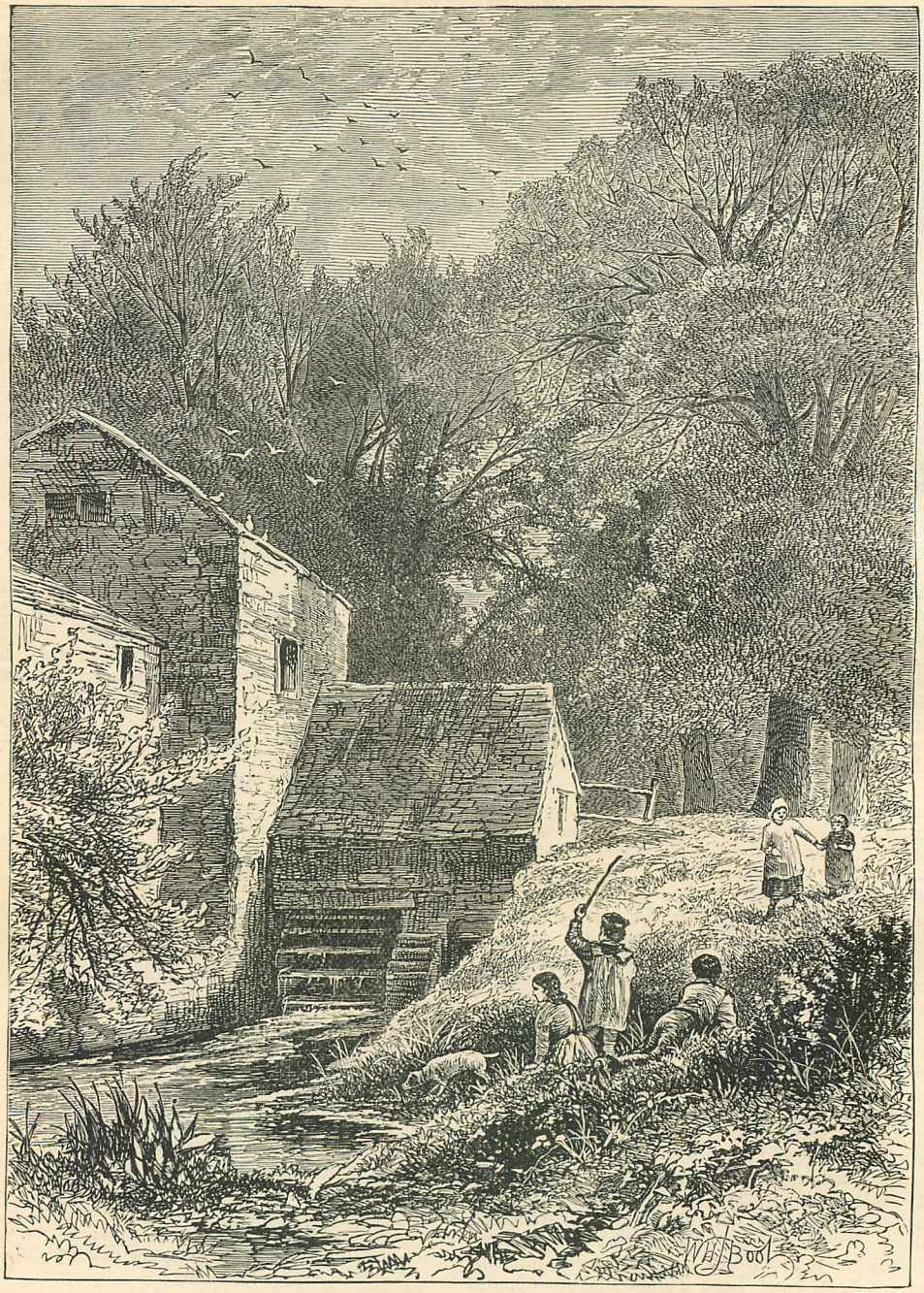
THE WATER-MILL.

'ANY grist for the Mill?'
How merrily it goes!
Flap, flap, flap, flap,
While the water flows.
Round-about and round-about,
The heavy mill-stones grind,
And the dust flies all about the Mill,
And makes the Miller blind.

'Any grist for the Mill?'
The jolly farmer packs
His waggon with a heavy load
Of very heavy sacks.
Noisily, oh, noisily,
The mill-stones turn about;
You cannot make the Miller hear
Unless you scream and shout.

'Any grist for the Mill?'
The bakers come and go;
They bring their empty sacks to fill,
And leave them down below.
The dusty Miller and his men
Fill all the sacks they bring,
And while they go about their work
Right merrily they sing.

'Any grist for the Mill?'
How quickly it goes round!
Splash, splash, splash, splash,
With a whirring sound.



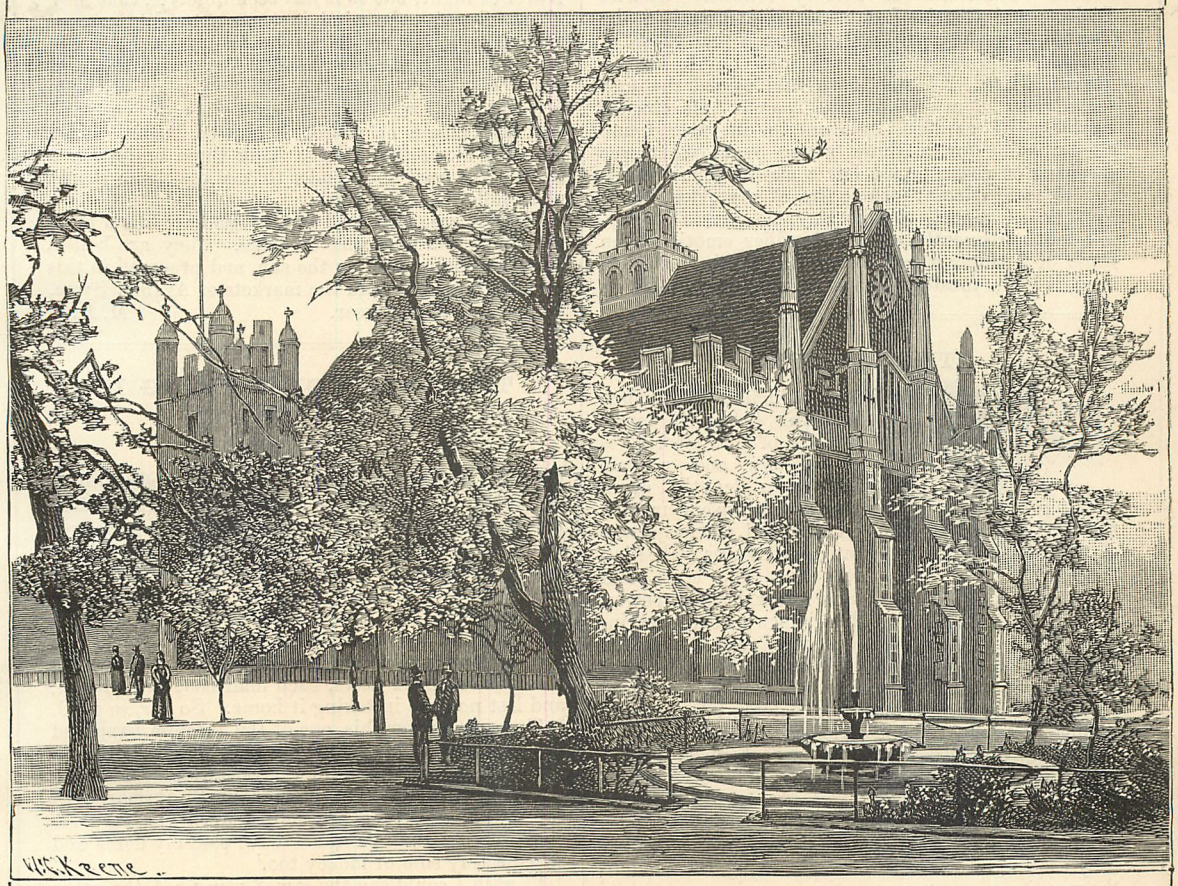
The Water-mill. By W. H. J. Boot.

Farmers, bring your corn to-day;
And, bakers, buy your flour;
Dusty millers, work away,
While it is in your power.

'Any grist for the Mill?'
Alas! it will not go;
The river, too, is standing still,
The ground is white with snow.

And when the frosty weather comes,
And freezes up the streams,
The Miller only hears the Mill,
And grinds the corn, in dreams.

Living close beside the Mill,
The Miller's girls and boys
Always play at make-believe,
Because they have no toys.



The Fountain, Middle Temple.

'Any grist for the Mill?
The elder brothers shout,
While all the little petticoats
Go whirling round about.

The Miller's little boys and girls
Rejoice to see the snow:
'Good father, play with us to-day;
You cannot work, you know.
We will be the mill-stones,
And you shall be the wheel;
We'll pelt each other with the snow,
And it shall be the meal.'

Oh, heartily the Miller's wife
Is laughing at the door;
She never saw the Mill worked
So merrily before.
'Bravely done, my little lads!
Rouse up the lazy wheel;
For money comes but slowly in
When snow-flakes are the meal.'

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

The Temple Gardens.

EVERY one who comes to London likes to visit the beautiful Temple Church and pleasant Temple Gardens, and to take a peep at 'the courts formerly trodden by the Templars, now echoing the hurried feet of lawyers and their clerks.' Old as the Temple is, there was an older Temple than this. It stood at the corner of Chancery Lane, and some of its buildings survived until the sixteenth century.

The Inner Temple Garden has probably been a garden ever since the white-mantled Templars first came from Holborn to settle by the riverside. Half a century ago it was famous for its roses and lime-trees. Nowadays, Londoners visit the Temple Gardens in the autumn to view the splendid annual show of chrysanthemums. The Temple rooks—those wise birds which Goldsmith liked to watch—were brought from Epsom by Sir William Northcote; but life in London was not to their taste, and they left in disgust many years ago.

Two 'Charleses' of literary renown — Charles Dickens and Charles Lamb—loved and praised the Temple. The Temple Garden plays a pretty part in Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit:* and Lamb, in his *Essays,* writes: 'I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river I had almost said—for in those young years what was the king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are of my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently or with kindlier emotion than those of Spenser where he speaks of this spot. Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis.'

THE LOCUST.



THIS insect, which commits such dreadful havoc in some regions of the world, is about two and a half inches in length, of a greenish-brown colour, with a large head, and projecting oval-shaped eyes. The hind legs are very large, and have great leaping power. The wings (when the insect is at rest) are folded beneath two wing-cases of a leathery consistence; when expanded they are large, and can be folded like a fan. They are beautifully coloured in various shades of green, red, and violet.

The locusts feed on all manner of green food—leaves, stalks of plants, grasses, in short, everything that grows, except ripe grain, which is too hard and dry to form suitable food. Their mandibles are strong, sharp, and serrated, and while feeding they use the fore feet in order to bring the food to the mouth.

The terrible ravages of locusts are owing to the vast numbers in which they appear, darkening the sky like a huge thunder-cloud, eating up every green thing in their path, turning a fresh and beautiful country into a desolated waste, where there is neither food for man nor beast, and where famine and pestilence almost always follow in their train. It is generally supposed that the prophet Joel refers to the locust where he says, 'A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them.'

In the countries which are liable to the incursions of locusts these terrible swarms do not appear annually, but only after the lapse of an uncertain interval of time. They are found in almost all tropical and sub-tropical regions. The only effectual manner of lessening the plague of locusts is to secure and destroy the eggs, which are found adhering by a glutinous substance to each other in masses underground. The vast quantities of these eggs which have been gathered during one season, and in one neighbourhood, almost surpass belief. Some persons have supposed that locusts have considerable power of flight, but as it has been observed that they always fly with the wind, it seems natural to suppose that they are often driven by the elements where they would not naturally desire to go. In this way they are often carried out to sea and drowned. Barrow, in his travels, states that when drowned and cast back again on shore, their dead bodies formed for miles along the coast a bank three or four feet high. We need not wonder that a pestilence should often follow in their track.

Locusts are often used as food, and are found to be nutritious and agreeable in taste. They are boiled, fried, or simply dried in the sun, and prepared in this manner they appear in the markets of Arabia, Syria, Egypt, and Madagascar. M. K.

THE VALUE OF A THING IS ITS USE.

A Fable.

TWO farmers once went to a large market-town together. Whilst there, they saw a man selling ploughs. As this was the first time they had ever heard of or seen such curious articles, they drew near to examine them, and they asked the man what they were for. The plough-seller told them that if they possessed one, it would be the means of saving a deal of hand labour, and that the ground would also become more productive year by year. Upon hearing this piece of good news, each man bought a plough, and lost no time in taking it home. So far, so good.

Two years after this, one of the farmers happened to pay a visit to his neighbour, and, after a little conversation, he inquired how things were progressing.

'Well, friend,' said the neighbour, 'I am happy to say that kind fortune has smiled upon me, for ever since buying that plough I have paid my debts and saved a tidy sum of money too.'

'I wish I could say the same,' remarked the other farmer; 'but times are bad with me. I can hardly pay my way, and as for the plough, it makes no difference to my ground as far as I can see, for there it has remained lying in the same place ever since I bought it. Sure enough I notice that the rust is destroying it as fast as it can.'

'What, friend! have you not been working with it, and letting it take the place of the spade?'

'No!' was the answer; 'the plough-seller did not tell us to use it like that.'

'I see! I see!' replied the other; 'no wonder you are poor. You have yet to learn that the value of a thing is proved by its use.'

This fable illustrates the proverb, 'It is better to wear out than to rust out.'

H. Berkeley Score.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

DOLLS.

LITTLE girls of all nations take the keenest delight in dolls. Some like fair, some like dark beauties, according to whether they are dark or fair. A curious proof that this is so—that a little girl is

most fond of that 'baby' in which she can see some distant likeness to herself—is that in America the children of negroes insist on having black dolls.

To meet this universal demand enormous numbers of dolls are made. In London alone there are about forty manufacturers of such toys, giving employment to very many people, and millions of dolls are produced in France, Germany, and Switzerland.

The dolls made in England, which are known all over the world, are mostly of the better class—those with pretty wax faces and fluffy hair, and nicely dressed in the brightest of muslin. These superior articles are manufactured in large works, where they go through many processes. The first step is the making of the head. A quantity of East Indian wax is melted, and when it is near boiling point some red colouring matter (rouge) is stirred in. Hollow moulds are then placed in rows, the part which forms the crown of the head being downwards, after which the maker takes a canful of the melted wax and pours it into the moulds. When he has filled about a dozen, he returns to the first one, and pours back into the can whatever of the wax remains fluid. If he did not do this, the head would, of course, be solid. He serves the second mould in the same way, and so on with the rest.

In a short time the heads can be removed from the moulds—a very simple matter, as the latter are in three pieces. Then they go to a man who puts in the eyes. He takes a knife and cuts out holes for the sockets, and, for small dolls, warms the little glass eyes over a gas jet and sticks them in the holes, securing them by running a little melted wax into the skull. But in the case of large dolls wax is run over the eyes, and the eyebrows and eyelids are afterwards carefully modelled with little tools.

Next the head is trimmed and cleaned and rubbed over with violet powder. After this the cheeks are tinted with rouge, to make them look rosy, and the lips and nostrils touched up with vermilion, and then the article is taken in hand by a woman, who puts in the hair. Sometimes this is human, being obtained from abroad—many little girls in Switzerland, for example, part with their tresses for a very small sum—but the light flaxen locks generally used are mohair, specially manufactured for dolls' heads. The woman, however, puts the head on a block, and presses hair into it with a knife, finally closing up the small gashes she makes by rubbing a roller over the scalp. Now the head is finished.

Doll bodies, as everybody knows, are usually made of calico stuffed with sawdust. This also is done by women, who work at home. One of these body-makers obtains so many yards of calico from a master, and, buying her own sawdust, makes the material into dolls. As she is usually helped by her children, she makes many dozens every week. Arms are made by other women, but those of wax are cast in moulds, just like the heads.

We have thus the various parts of a doll, and all that remains is the putting of these together. The maker, working in the factory, soon does this with glue and thread, and then the doll is ready for sale. If, however, it is to be dressed, it afterwards goes to women, who put on it fancy clothes.

There are several other kinds of dolls made in England besides the wax ones; but rather than deal with these it is preferable to see how cheap dolls are made in Germany. At Sonneberg, then, which is in the heart of that country, all the inhabitants are in the business—twelve thousand people are all more or less doll-makers—and among them they produce no fewer than twenty-five million dozen doll babies every year. It is hard to realise what an enormous quantity that is. Why, out of one million dozen everybody—men, women, and children—in London and Manchester could be given two dolls!

After this it sounds odd to say that in Sonneberg it takes eighty persons to make a doll. Yet such is the fact. Doll-making is pretty much the same in essentials all the world over; but in Germany labour is subdivided as much as possible, or, in other words, a doll-maker does one little thing from year's end to year's end, and thus it comes about that it takes eighty people to make a doll.

Little boys, when they enter the Sonneberg factories, spend a long time in painting nails on dolls' fingers, for which they are paid about a shilling a week. Some girls do nothing but fill bodies with chopped hay or straw. Men pass their life in painting Dolly's lashes and brows, and others in putting rouge on her cheeks. So it is with other parts of a doll; each is done by one person.

As to the materials used, the hair is mohair, manufactured by an English firm, and it is made into wigs at Munich by girls who are paid about 10*d.* a dozen. The dolls' eyes come from a little town only a few miles from Sonneberg, and are made by men in their own homes. Beads were formerly used, but now perfect glass eyes are put into the dolls. These are, however, very cheap. For making them, only from 2½*d.* to 5*d.* a hundred is paid. The clothes are cut from the odds and ends of the tailors and dressmakers in Sonneberg.

We said above that all little girls like dolls. An exception should be made in the case of those who help to produce them. The work, both in this country and in others, is so poorly paid that those engaged in it cannot help detesting dolls. In Sonneberg, for example, the average earnings are only 3*s.* a week for children, 8*s.* for girls and women, and 16*s.* a week for men. The hours worked, as in London, are very long.

Endless are the varieties of dolls. Every Sonneberg manufacturer has about one hundred designs, and there are at least as many kinds made in England. Taste varies, as we have already said, and, besides, in exporting dolls many things have to be taken into consideration. A wax one cannot be sent to a very hot or a very cold country. In the former it would melt; in the latter, crack. Then if a doll has rubber joints she cannot be sent a long sea voyage, for on arrival at her destination she would be armless and legless. A sea journey also takes the curl out of Dolly's hair and the starch out of her clothes. Fashion, moreover, is constantly changing. A doll which everybody buys one season is not looked at the next. China-faced dolls were, for instance, great favourites a year or two back. Who has one now? Who will buy one? The fact is that little girls are very whimsical and they are as fond of variety as the rest of us.

W.



DOLLS.

1. An old friend.
2. Making the model.
3. Painting dolls' faces.
4. My dear dolly!
5. Dolly's carriage.
6. Dolls' bed-time.
7. Waxing dolls' heads.
8. Old Dutch doll.



Griffin Vultures.

THE GRIFFIN VULTURE.

AS a rule vultures are only found in warm climates, and in lonely and mountainous regions. They all feed on flesh, and, though seldom attacking a living animal, they have been seen to gather round and watch the approach of death in order to secure their feast.

It is quite wonderful to note how soon these birds will make their appearance when any poor animal falls to the ground. The sky, which hitherto may have been quite clear, will suddenly become darkened with a cloud of wings, each horrible bird being anxious to outstrip his companions, so as to secure the largest portion of the feast. This has given rise to the question whether vultures discern dead animals by the eye, or are attracted to them by the smell. However this may be, it is certain that they possess great powers both of smell and of vision, and it may therefore be concluded that both the eye and the sense of smell are of service in directing them to their prey.

All vultures have the head and neck bare, or covered only with a short down, while a ruff or collar of soft feathers surrounds the lower part of the neck, into which the bird, when at rest, can bury the upper part of the head. The legs and feet are large and strong, though the claws are not nearly so formidable as those of eagles and other birds of prey. The wings have a very wide expanse, the birds being able to soar to a very great height in the air. The griffin vulture is an inhabitant of Southern Europe, Northern Africa, and some parts of Asia. It makes its nest on the most inaccessible rocks of the Pyrenees, or other mountains, and sometimes in tall forest trees. It is a large and handsome bird, with yellowish-brown plumage and a fierce eye. The ruff on the neck is beautifully white.

When this vulture has found a carcass on which to feed, it will remain on the spot, gorging and torpidly resting by turns, till not a morsel of flesh remains. It is on record that on some battle-fields the horrible sight has been seen of vast numbers of vultures assembling together in order to devour the dead This, if true, may account for the disgust and loathing which most persons feel for this rapacious bird.

D. B.

THREE INSCRIPTIONS.

OVER the triple doorway of the Cathedral at Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, 'All that which pleases is but for a moment.' Over the other is sculptured a cross, and these are the words: 'All that which troubles us is but for a moment.' Underneath the great central entrance, in the main aisle, is the inscription, 'That only is important which is eternal.'

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

(*Continued from page* 211.)

PART V.

I HAVE already mentioned the dreadful scenes which were enacted in our own great city, and which were known as the Gordon Riots.

I believe the seed of that evil harvest was sown when his Majesty gave the Royal assent to a Bill for relieving his Roman Catholic subjects from certain pains and penalties imposed on them by an Act of King William. Before that relief Act was passed, a Roman Catholic could not keep a school, buy an estate, nor inherit land.

The Scotch people formed societies at Glasgow and Edinburgh to oppose this Bill, and the Protestant Association, as it was called, headed by its President, Lord George Gordon, waited on Lord North to present a petition against the Bill, which his Lordship decidedly refused to accept, or offer either to the King or House. It was then determined to hold a meeting to consider the best way of getting the petition presented. At this meeting Lord George Gordon moved a resolution that the whole body of the Protestant Association should meet in St. George's Fields, and march in a body to the House of Commons, there to present the petition. This resolution was carried, and accordingly on the morning of June 2nd, many thousands assembled in the Fields. In an hour afterwards the misguided nobleman appeared, and made arrangements for the procession. The crowd was divided into several parts—one going by London Bridge, another over Blackfriars, and a third across that of Westminster. About noon the vast crowd met before the Houses of Parliament. Here, however, the people began to display the usual domineering nature of a mob. Every Member of Parliament who refused to wear a blue cockade and shout 'No Popery!' was treated with insolence. The Archbishop of York was saluted with hisses and groans. Lord Bathurst had his shins kicked. The Lord Chief Justice had his carriage panels smashed in, and narrowly escaped with his life. Meanwhile, the foolish young lord who had been the chief mover in these troubles stood on some stairs, every now and then addressing the people and inflaming their passions yet more.

It was some time before order was restored in this part of London; but, by the good humour of the soldiers and the wisdom of Mr. Addington, further mischief was for the present averted, and the mob slowly dispersed. The next day was passed in tolerable quietness; but I well remember the alarm which was caused on the Sunday, after morning church, by the report of serious rioting in Moorfields, where the Roman Catholics had chapels and dwelling-houses. Those houses and chapels were sacked, and the furniture of the one, and the pews and pulpits of the other, were placed in heaps and set on fire. On Monday I went to the scene of destruction, and met

groups of very ill-looking fellows carrying crosses, crucifixes, rich copes, and such-like.

'Where are they going?' I asked a respectable man.

'I expect they are off to Welbeck Street,' he replied, 'to show his Lordship how well they have executed his orders.'

The street was full of smouldering fires, and the chapel was nothing but a shell. The bare walls were all that the rioters had left. The same work of destruction was even then going on at other chapels and houses, and the fury of the mob was then beginning to forget the distinction between Romanist and Protestant, and robbing, burning, and wrecking houses was becoming the order of the day.

Things were become so serious now that the soldiers were ordered out, and stationed where they were most likely to be needed. On that evening, when my father came in, he gave us fresh reasons for alarms; 'for,' he said, 'the rascals are marching on Newgate, and they swear that they will release their chums who have been confined there, and then burn it to the ground!'

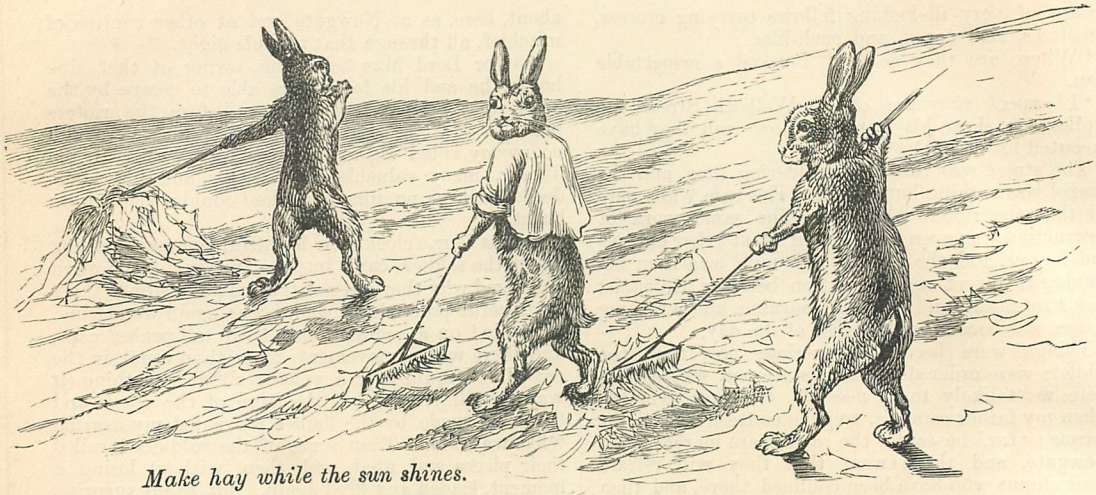
Dangerous though it was, I seized my hat, and hurried off to the famous prison. Before it a vast mob of furious men were gathered. The head jailor, Mr. Akerman, had refused to give up the rioters already imprisoned therein, and those outside were besieging the place with pickaxes and sledge-hammers. Ladders, too, had been brought and reared against the walls, and an entrance was being rapidly forced into the jailor's residence, while into every opening balls of blazing tow steeped in oil or spirits were thrown. Then furniture of all sorts was flung out of windows, or brought from the handiest houses, and piled up against the doors and set on fire, and the jailor's house was soon in flames. And, worse yet, the ruffians, having seized the keys, were able to liberate all the villains who were in the cells, to the number of 300. Not content with setting Newgate on fire, the rioters next broke into the prison at Clerkenwell, the inmates of which were also set at liberty. I was astounded at all these strange proceedings, and could not believe my eyes when I saw the grim and ponderous Newgate broken open, and sending up into the still air columns of smoke and dust. Much as I detested the horrible looks and savage deeds of the rioters, I could not help admiring their wonderful energy and contempt of dangers and difficulties. Having wreaked their vengeance on the prisons, they next turned their attention to the houses of some of the judges. Lord Mansfield's fine mansion in Bloomsbury Square was one of these houses. As a dispenser of the law, he was hated by thieves and vagabonds, and as they were now, as they thought, masters of London, they determined that he should feel the weight of their arms. I followed a crowd into the square in which Lord Mansfield's house stood, and found the work of destruction had been going on for some time. It was a little after one o'clock on Wednesday morning when I got there. Men, women —yes, and children, too—were busily employed in carrying furniture and books out of the house into the square, and tossing them on to the fires. Even his Lordship's gowns and wigs shared the same fate. Blue cockades were worn, and blue flags carried about, here, as at Newgate and at other centres of mischief, all through that terrible night.

As for Lord Mansfield, the owner of that fine house, he and his lady were able to escape by the back door only a few minutes before the rioters broke in. It was a grievous calamity, and one which no money could repair, for, together with a noble library, many valuable manuscripts and important deeds, such as no time nor talent could replace, were burnt.

It was four o'clock on a beautiful summer morning when the soldiers came into the square. I had often wondered why they did not try and put a stop to these disgraceful proceedings, and I was again wondering, when, lo! on a sudden I saw their tall peaked caps, and there was a movement, more than usual, in the crowd. I could hear a voice reciting something (it was the Riot Act), but the hum of the crowd and the noise made by the flames prevented my hearing what was said. Then some of the soldiers levelled their pieces and fired, and then, without losing a moment, loaded and fired again. But, to my surprise, the people did not seem much alarmed. I suppose many of them were what is called 'pot-valiant,' having emptied his Lordship's cellar of wine. Anyhow, though several were shot dead and others hurt, and they knew that the guards would fire again, the maddened rioters went on with their work of destruction, and literally broke the house to pieces with their axes and hammers, and set it all on fire, until the whole place, stables, coach-house, out-buildings, and all were utterly consumed.

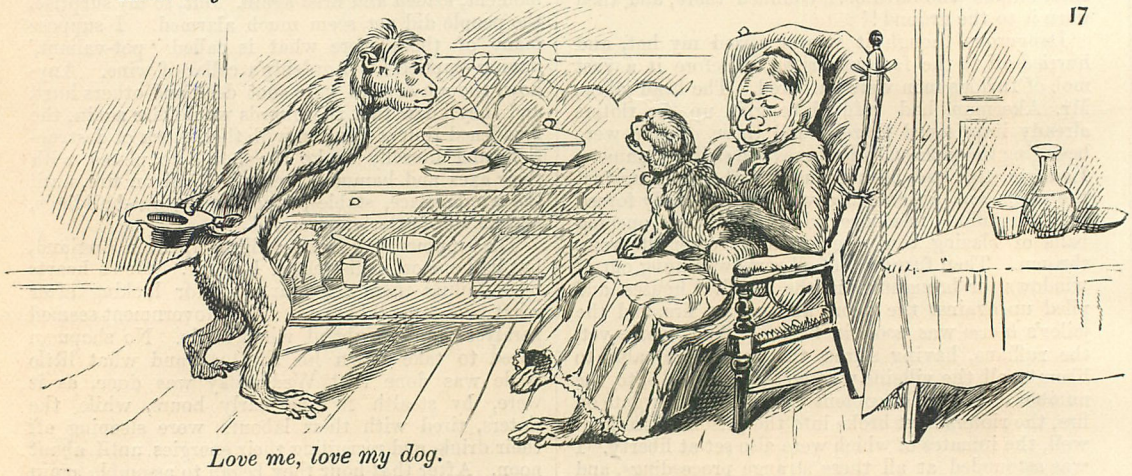
The summer day came smiling up over England, but it shone on a distracted London. Men's hearts were failing them for fear, and for looking after what might next happen. The Government seemed paralysed, and doubtful what to do. No shopman dared to take down his shutters, and what little trade was done that Wednesday was done, as it were, by stealth in the early hours, while the rioters, tired with their labours, were sleeping off their drink, and recruiting their energies until about noon. After that hour they began to assemble again for mischief. Some of them were hardy enough to go to the other prisons and announce the time at which the mob intended to come and do to them what they had done to Newgate.

One would have thought that this avowal might have given the Government time to send a force sufficient to keep the rioters at bay; but no, it was not so. The rushing torrent of rascality swept down on the King's Bench and Fleet Prisons, and also on the new Bridewell; and, as the day was closing, these three prisons and many houses were in flames, and the wonder is that London itself did not then perish by fire. I was told that thirty-six fires, at least, could be counted in different parts of the town, and notably in Holborn, where a distiller, named Langdale, had an immense stock of gin and brandy. He laid his losses at 100,000*l.*, and his only crime was his being a Roman Catholic. During this day and night, however, the rioters received a check which sobered them. Their attack on the Bank of England was a failure. Before its walls they learned that they had gone to their utmost tether. The determined looks of the soldiers who guarded that



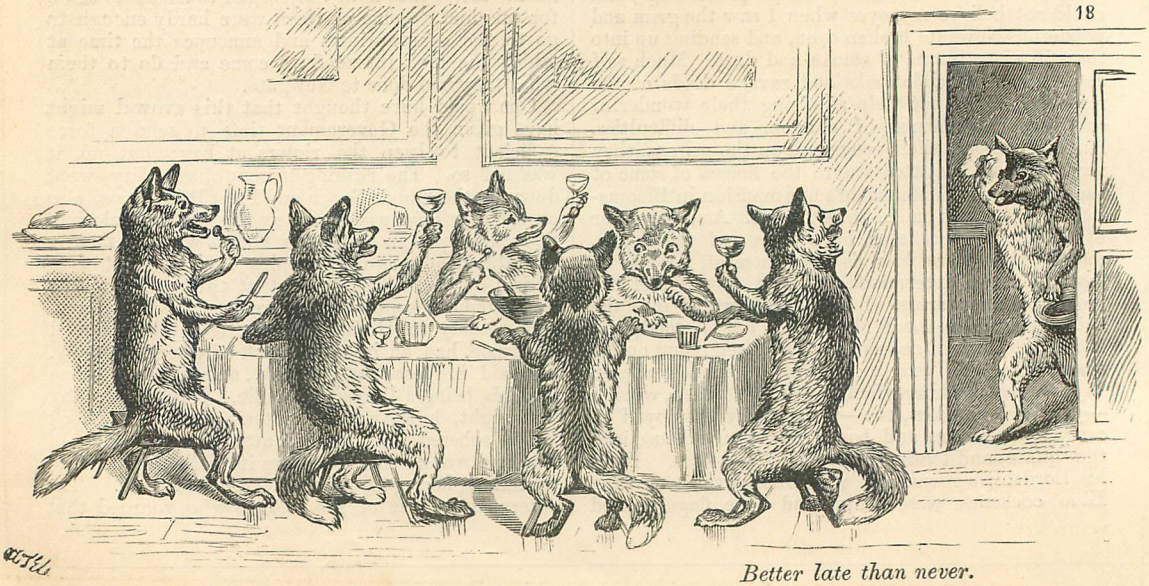
Make hay while the sun shines.

17



Love me, love my dog.

18



Better late than never.

mighty treasure-house unnerved the leaders of the mob, and the attack on the Bank was feeble, and their loss serious. And now came the day of reckoning, as it ever will. Many of the rioters died raving mad from the burning spirits they had drunk at the rifled distillery; others perished from burns, or from being crushed under masses of falling masonry; others had been slain by the volleys of firearms. It was found impossible to compute the numbers who had perished, we may truly say, by their own folly. The Government moved slowly, as English Governments often do, but it moved surely; and by Thursday the metropolis was in the hands of armed men, much to the satisfaction of all peaceable citizens. They were, however, too timid to open their shops.

Lord George Gordon was arrested on the Friday, and sent to the Tower under a very strong guard. He was taken through the same fields in which a week before he had harangued his mischievous followers. In the following February he was tried for high treason before Lord Mansfield. As it appeared that he was not guilty of levying war, insurrection, and rebellion against the king, he was acquitted. He died in Newgate in 1793.

(*Continued at page* 226.)

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Staple's Inn.

STAPLE'S INN is an Inn of Chancery appertaining to Gray's Inn. It is said to derive its name from its having been in old times an inn or 'hostell' of the merchants of the (wool) staple. This derivation, however, is uncertain. The Holborn front, of the time of James I., is one of the oldest existing specimens of our metropolitan street architecture. The hall (of which we give a picture) is of later date. It has a clock turret, and it formerly had an open timber roof. Some of the armorial glass in its windows dates as far back as A.D. 1500.



The Hall, Staple's Inn.

It was from Staple's Inn that Dr. Johnson (in March 1759) wrote to his friend, Miss Porter, concerning a 'little story-book' which he was about to publish. That book was *Rasselas*, which, it would appear, was written, or partly written, in Staple's Inn.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

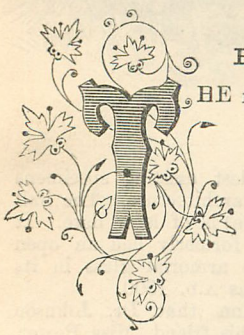
'TWAS that bleak season of the year
In which no smiles, no charms appear.
Bare were the trees; the rivers bound
With ice, and snow was on the ground;
When, lodging scarce and victuals scant,
A Grasshopper addressed an Ant,
And, in a supplicating tone,
Begged he would make her case his own.

'It was, indeed, a bitter task
To those who were unused to ask,
Yet she was forced the truth to say,
She had not tasted food that day.
His worship, though with plenty blessed,
Knew how to pity the distressed;
A grain of corn to her was gold,
And Heaven would yield him fifty-fold.'

The ant beheld her wretched plight,
Nor seemed unfeeling at the sight;
Yet, still inquisitive to know
How she became reduced so low,
Ask'd her—we'll e'en suppose in rhyme—
What did she all the summer-time?

'In summer-time, good sir,' said she,
'Ah, those were merry months with me!
I thought of nothing but delight,
But sung unceasing day and night.
Through yonder meadows did you pass,
You must have heard me in the grass.'

'Ah,' cried the ant, and knit his brow,
'But 'tis enough, I hear you now;
And, Madam Songstress, to be plain,
You seek my charity in vain.
What! shall the industrious yield his due
To thriftless, thoughtless folk like you?
Some corn I have, but none to spare;
Next summer learn to take more care,
And in your frolic moods, remember
July is followed by December.



THE TALKING BUTTERFLIES.

THE most amusing acquaintances I made during our stay in the Rocky Mountains were the talking butterflies, as we used to call them. I have always admired butterflies very much, and even as a little child I used to be greatly amused by watching their pretty ways, and how their beautiful coats would glisten in the sunshine. I dare say many of you do the same, and I hope that you are as angry as I used to be when I saw cruel children catching and crumpling up the pretty little things.

Have you ever noticed how perfectly silent a butterfly is? Most insects—bees and flies, beetles and grasshoppers—make buzzes, or chirps, or hums, but a butterfly flits about as silently as a shadow. You may think, then, how surprised I was to find a whole family of yellow ones flying round me and making a noise just like a baby's rattle, and quite as loud. At first I thought it must be my fancy, but day after day I saw them just in the same place, on a small piece of turf between the rock and the river. They flew high, and their wings were clearly strong, and their colour was a pretty shade of primrose; they were rather large butterflies, and as they often settled on flowers close to where I was painting, I had a very good chance of seeing and hearing them. The very few people whom I saw in the mountains knew nothing about them. Since my return to England, however, I have been reading a book called the *Voyage of the Beagle*, by a celebrated man named Darwin, and I find that he had been greatly puzzled in South America by just such noisy butterflies as I have described. Darwin gave them a grand Latin name, which I need not give you, and he said that a French naturalist had seen the same insects in an island of the Pacific Ocean.

One of the chief pleasures of travelling consists in watching the different forms of animal life which God has put into His beautiful world, and every day we shall wonder less that when it was finished He said that it was very good. HELENA HEATH.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

10.—RIDDLES.

1. WHY is an empty purse expressive of constancy?
2. What odd number when beheaded will become even?
3. Why is the letter R indispensible to friendship?
4. If all the letters of the alphabet were on a mountain, what letter would leave first?
5. Why is there some reason to doubt the existence of the Giant's Causeway?
6. What enlightens the world, though dark itself?
7. What vegetables are dangerous in a ship and harmless on shore?
8. What is the worth of woman?
9. When does a man shave with a silver razor?
10. What is that which nobody wishes for, but if he has it he wants to gain it, and if he gains it, he has it no more? C. C.

[*Answers at page* 246.]

ANSWERS.

8.—1. 10*s.* 8¼*d.*
2. 301*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*
3. 32 labourers.
4. 15 pairs.
5. 209 times. 2*s.* 2½*d.* rem.
6. 15,020 florins.
7. Tom, 13 yds. 2 ft. 9 ins. Fred, 9 yds. 3 ins.
8. A, 17. B, 34. C, 39.

9.—1. Heartsease. 2. Stephanotis. 3. Clematis. 4. Heather. 5. Primrose. 6. Anemone. 7. Heliotrope. 8. Sunflower.

THE GREAT MEN OF OLD.

IV.—Leonidas, the Spartan Hero.

WHEN Xerxes, king of Persia, resolved on the conquest of Greece, he assembled an immense army, composed of both land and sea forces, said to have numbered several millions of men, who were drawn from all the different nations of the Persian Empire. The preparations for the expedition occupied many years, and provisions were stored up in the countries through which the army was to pass.

Towards the close of the year 481 B.C., the Great King set out in the full expectation of overwhelming Greece and all Europe with his armed multitudes. His army was seven days and nights in crossing from Asia into Europe by a bridge of ships which he had ordered to be constructed over the Hellespont, at a place where the water was about a mile in width, whilst part of his naval forces sailed through a canal cut through Mount Athos, it being his intention to attack Greece at once by land and sea.

Now, when the Greeks heard of the tremendous preparations for their destruction, the various states ceased from their dissensions, and, uniting together in congress, debated what was the best way to resist so formidable an enemy. There was but one way by which an invader could reach the heart of Greece from the north-east, which was the way the Persians were coming, and that was by a pass through the mountains on the coast, called Thermopylæ, or the 'gates of the warm springs,' and here the Greeks resolved to make their stand for freedom.

Leonidas, the King of Sparta, received the command of the forces by land, whilst his colleague, Eurybiades, was appointed commander of the Grecian fleet. The army of Leonidas, consisting of troops supplied by the various cities of Greece, only amounted to about 5000 men, and of these only 300 were Spartans. They were a chosen band, of whom Leonidas said, 'They were few to fight, but enough to die;' for the Spartans were forbidden by their laws to fly from an enemy under any circumstances whatever. The Spartans could raise from 8000 to 9000 fighting men, and it is said that the reason why so small a force was sent was because they were celebrating a sacred festival which they would not defer.

Leonidas stationed himself in the pass with his little army in the spring of 480 B.C., and Xerxes, having received the submission of Macedonia and the neighbouring districts, came down to Thermopylæ, expecting to force an entrance with his multitudes of men; but he found the Spartan king and his warriors waiting for him, spear in hand. Again and again they resisted the furious attacks of the barbarians, who were driven on their spear-points by the lash of the Persian officers for three successive days. Then Leonidas was betrayed by a treacherous Greek named Ephialtes. This miscreant informed the Persian king that there was a secret path over the mountains, known to but few, by which he could dispatch troops to descend at the other side, and attack the Spartans in the rear. Xerxes immediately ordered Hydarnes, who commanded the chosen body of guards called Immortals, to cross the mountains under the guidance of Ephialtes. The Immortals were so called because their number was always kept up to a thousand. They were recruited from the finest and bravest of the Persians, were splendidly dressed, wore collars of gold, and the butt ends of their spears had golden knobs.

The pass was a defile of about five miles in length, and anciently was only sixty paces wide at its narrowest part, and a small force could hold it as long as they could receive supplies from the country behind them; but, as soon as Leonidas learned that the mountain path had been betrayed to the enemy, he prepared to die. Assembling his little army, he gave permission to all who chose to leave the pass whilst there was yet time to retreat in safety. All took advantage of the opportunity, except a band of Thebans and Thespians; and with these and his devoted three hundred the King was left to defend the pass unto death. In the evening the Persian king sent spies to ascertain what the Spartans were doing, and they found them bathing or exercising themselves, whilst some were quietly seated, combing out and dressing their long hair.

On the morning of the fourth day Leonidas left the narrow part of the pass, and, advancing with his Spartans to the entrance, there received the tumultuous charge of the barbarians, killing great numbers of them; but still fresh multitudes rushed with horrid shouts over the dead bodies of their comrades. Leonidas was slain amongst the foremost fighters, and a terrific combat took place over his body, which was rescued and carried off by the Spartans. And now they heard from their scouts that the Immortals had descended the mountain, and were about to enter the pass. Retiring to a hillock in the narrowest part of the defile, with sadly diminished numbers, they there made their last stand. Exhausted and bleeding, unable to use their long spears in the crowded pass, and with broken swords, the Immortals rushing on them, the Spartans were slain to the last man.

One of the three hundred, named Eurytus, who had been left at a neighbouring town, owing to a disease in his eyes which deprived him of sight, hearing that his companions were surrounded, ordered his helot, or slave, to lead him into the pass, where he was speedily slain, whilst the helot escaped.

When Xerxes heard of the extraordinary heroism of the Spartans, he asked a Greek who was with him if he was likely to be opposed by many more such men, and was answered that there were fully 8000 more quite as brave as they were. This famous battle taught the Greeks to trust in their own strength, fearless of the numbers of their enemies. The Persians were defeated by land and sea. The Great King, disheartened, left his army, and returned to Persia to lead a life of luxury, whilst the remnants of his once mighty hosts were driven from Greece.

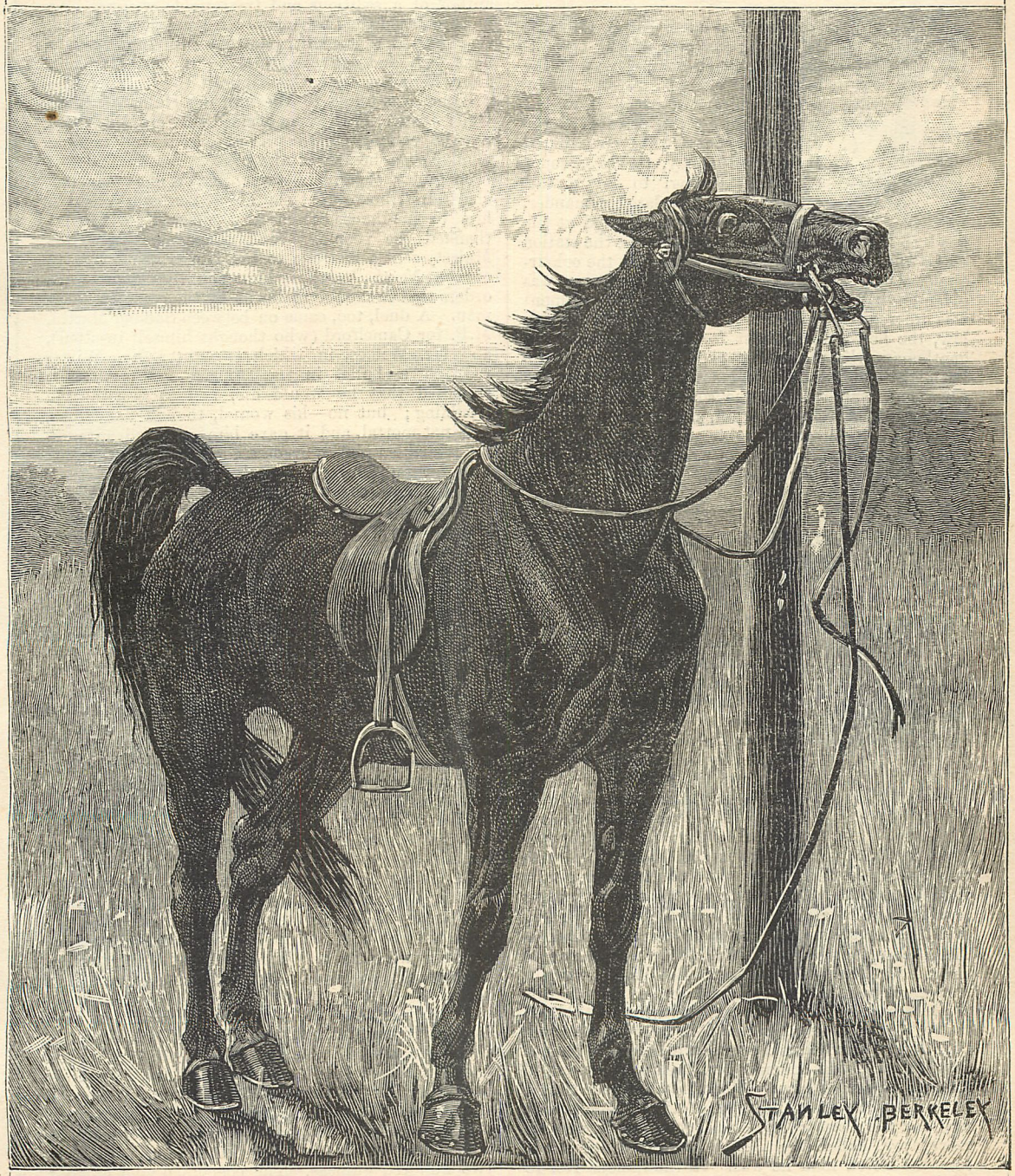
At the close of the war a monument was erected to Leonidas and his companions on the hillock at which they made their final stand. It bore the figure of a lion, and was inscribed with a verse of poetry recording that they had died in obedience to the laws of their country.

A. R.



GREAT MEN OF OLD.

Leonidas.



Sir S. Gillespie's charger at Cawnpore.

THE STORY OF A CHARGER.

IT is related that after Sir S. Gillespie fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger was, at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, but was bought by the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who contributed their prize-money, to the amount of 500*l.* sterling, to retain this memorial of their late commander. The charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore it stood in its old station at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given on drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, the horse was bought for the same sum by a gentleman, who provided a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but, when the corps had marched and the sound of the trumpet had ceased, he refused to eat, and on being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

(*Continued from page* 221.)

PART VI.

MY father, as became a Court purveyor, was intensely loyal and Hanoverian; and I was quite sick of the name of John Wilkes, for I heard so much about him and his sturdy stand-up fights for liberty. He was a bold champion of all that he conceived to be right, and the watchword of his party was 'Wilkes and Liberty.' John Wilkes was about twenty years older than I was. He was born, in 1727, in Clerkenwell; and his father, who was a distiller, had the wisdom to give him a very good education. By knowing the Greek and Latin authors, and by securing the valuable art of speaking well, he became useful to such leading statesmen as Lord Temple and William Pitt (who afterwards became the Earl of Chatham). But Wilkes was not a pleasant man, nor a very good one in private life. He had such a bad temper that his wife was obliged to live separate from him; and, in fact, I don't think that John Wilkes would ever have become a famous man at all if his enemies had been wise enough to take no notice of him. When he was about thirty, in 1757, he became a member of Parliament, sitting first for the borough of Aylesbury; but it was his newspaper, called the *North Briton*, which made him the noted man he was. In the famous No. 45 of that publication, he charged the King with uttering a barefaced lie in his speech from the throne; whereupon a warrant was signed by the Earl of Halifax, authorising three or four royal messengers to enter Mr. Wilkes' house and arrest him as the author of a seditious and treasonable writing. As he threatened the messengers with personal violence, they retired that night, but took him into custody next day, and conveyed him to the care of John Lord Berkeley, then Constable of the Tower. The prisoner was taken to Westminster Hall, before the Chief Justice, Pratt, who decided that an M.P. could not be committed to prison, except for treason, felony, or a breach of the peace. As he had not been guilty of any of these, Mr. Wilkes was discharged. Shouts rent the air and crowds escorted him to his house, from a window of which he thanked the people. When Parliament met, his Majesty sent a message to the House about No. 45 of the *North Briton*, whereupon the House gave orders that it should be burnt by the common hangman. A duel, too, came on between Samuel Martin, M.P. for Camelford (who thought himself insulted), and Mr. Wilkes, in which encounter Mr. Wilkes received a bullet in the stomach. We all now supposed that he would die, and so 'cease from troubling;' but no—his wound, though dangerous, was not mortal, and it gave him great advantages, for it enabled him to evade a complaint made against him for publishing a very bad book, which never ought to have seen the light.

I was a boy of fifteen when the hangman burnt the famous No. 45. A fire was kindled for the purpose near the Royal Exchange. But the Wilkes-loving people were there in force, and the hangman, constables, and high sheriff were pelted with all kinds of filth. A burning brand was hurled at the sheriff's carriage-window, and he, seeing things look serious, hurried off to the Mansion House, followed by the hangman and constables. However, No. 45 was partially burnt by means of a lighted torch, but its scorched remains were snatched from the fire and carried off in triumph.

Mr. Wilkes next began an action against the Under-Secretary of State for seizing his papers. This was tried before Judge Pratt, and resulted in his favour after a patient hearing of fifteen hours. Wilkes had a verdict of 1000*l.* for damages. As he did not appear before the House of Commons to explain his words in the *North Briton*, they suspected that he was shamming, and two eminent doctors were ordered to visit him and report on his case. Mr. Wilkes politely declined to see them till he could eat a bit of mutton with them; and in about a week he set off for France, giving out as the reason that his daughter was seriously unwell in Paris.

During his absence the House of Commons had the longest sitting that had ever been known, all about the *North Briton;* and Mr. Wilkes was tried in the Court of King's Bench, and found guilty. Even the bookseller, Mr. Williams, had to stand for an hour in the pillory. This he did, among the hurrahs of ten thousand people; and, at the end of his sentence, he was presented with a purse containing more than two hundred guineas. The coachman who brought him to the pillory and took him back refused any hire, so popular were all who were the friends of John Wilkes.

Mr. Wilkes returned to England in 1768, and stood for the City of London. The people took the horses out of the carriage and drew it themselves; and printed papers were pasted on church doors requesting the people to pray for his success. However, the citizens as yet mistrusted this friend of liberty, for when the election was over he stood at the bottom of the poll. He was, however, consoled for this disappointment by having his debts paid by his admirers. Having failed for the City of London, Mr. Wilkes next became a candidate for the county of Middlesex. He went to Brentford in almost royal state—in a coach-and-six—and multitudes attended the idol of the hour. Mr. Wilkes was returned by a large majority; but his victory was disgraced by some ugly rioting at Hyde Park Corner, caused, as some say, by a flag displayed by the enemies of Mr. Wilkes on which was emblazoned 'No Blasphemer.' At night things grew worse, and every one who would not illuminate his house had his windows smashed. The Mansion House had not a whole pane of glass left in it. The guards at the palace were held in readiness to march at the beat of the drum, and the Common Council met to consider how to punish the unruly citizens. It is right to say that Mr. Wilkes put forth handbills, in which he earnestly begged the people to preserve the peace.

Soon after Mr. Wilkes was placed at the top of the poll by the Middlesex electors he was arrested by the Crown, and conveyed to the King's Bench Prison, whence he addressed his supporters in a circular letter. Five days later a huge mob clamoured at the prison gate for his release, and it was then that poor young Allen, of whom I have already spoken, was shot dead.

Mr. Wilkes was now fined heavily for republishing No. 45, and for publishing another book, which, however, had only been intended for private circulation. Then the election was made void, that is, Mr. Wilkes, though returned by a large majority for Middlesex, was not allowed to take his seat in the House of Commons. A new election was ordered, but the people again returned their favourite. The House of Commons, however, resolved that Mr. Wilkes was incapable of being returned, and another election became necessary. During this delay 3000*l.* was subscribed for his support, and when the day of election came he was a third time chosen. Another month elapsed, and then a Colonel Luttrel opposed him, but he could not poll more than 296 votes, whilst Mr. Wilkes polled 1143. The House, not to be beaten, ordered Mr. Wilkes' name to be erased, and that of Colonel Luttrel to be inserted in its place. But, as this was the fourth time Mr. Wilkes had been lawfully returned, the decision of the House was widely condemned, and money came in even from America, to enable Mr. Wilkes to carry on his fight against the ministers of the Crown.

In 1770 Mr. Wilkes was liberated from prison on giving a security for good behaviour, and after that I often saw him in the City, where he became a great personage. He was Alderman, Sheriff, and Lord Mayor. This latter dignity he obtained in 1774. He had now become too respectable to be as popular as he had once been.

In fact, when he and Serjeant Glyn set out to Brentford and returned duly elected in the Lord Mayor's coach-and-six, there was no shouting of the people. Though a large train of voters escorted the carriage, they were all silent, and Lord Mayor Wilkes no doubt felt that the day of his popularity was over.

(*Continued at page* 234.)

WHAT JACK DID NOT KNOW.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

'HOW clever we are!' said Jack,
'What wonderful things we do!
The whole of this curious world is ours,
And we know how to use it, too.

'Think! If we would grind the corn,
We've only to build a mill;
And we set it up for the steam to turn,
Or the wind, that blows on the hill.

'To the other end of the world
We've a bit of news to tell;
So we call the lightning out of the dark,
And it carries our message well.

'And here we would cross the stream,
And care not to wet our feet;
We cut down trees, and we saw, and plane,
And we walk on a wooden street.

'When I was a lad at school,
They said I was dull and slow;
But from all the things the master taught
I did learn just this one, I know.

'I learned how clever we are,
What wonderful things we do;
That all of this curious world is ours,
And we know how to use it, too.'

The ducks in the stream below,
They heard, and they said, 'Quack, quack;
We know that this curious earth is yours,
And you are our master, Jack.

'But we, to cross and keep dry,
Must we go and fell a tree,
And saw, and plane, and set up a bridge?
Oh, no—quack, quack, quack—not we!

'We cross, but we still keep dry;
Are you quite as clever, Jack?
Could you not manage without your bridge,
Or some other fine plan?—quack, quack!'

Ah, Jack! you were dull at school;
You were dull, indeed, and slow;
So you could not learn what they do learn
Who wiser and wiser grow.

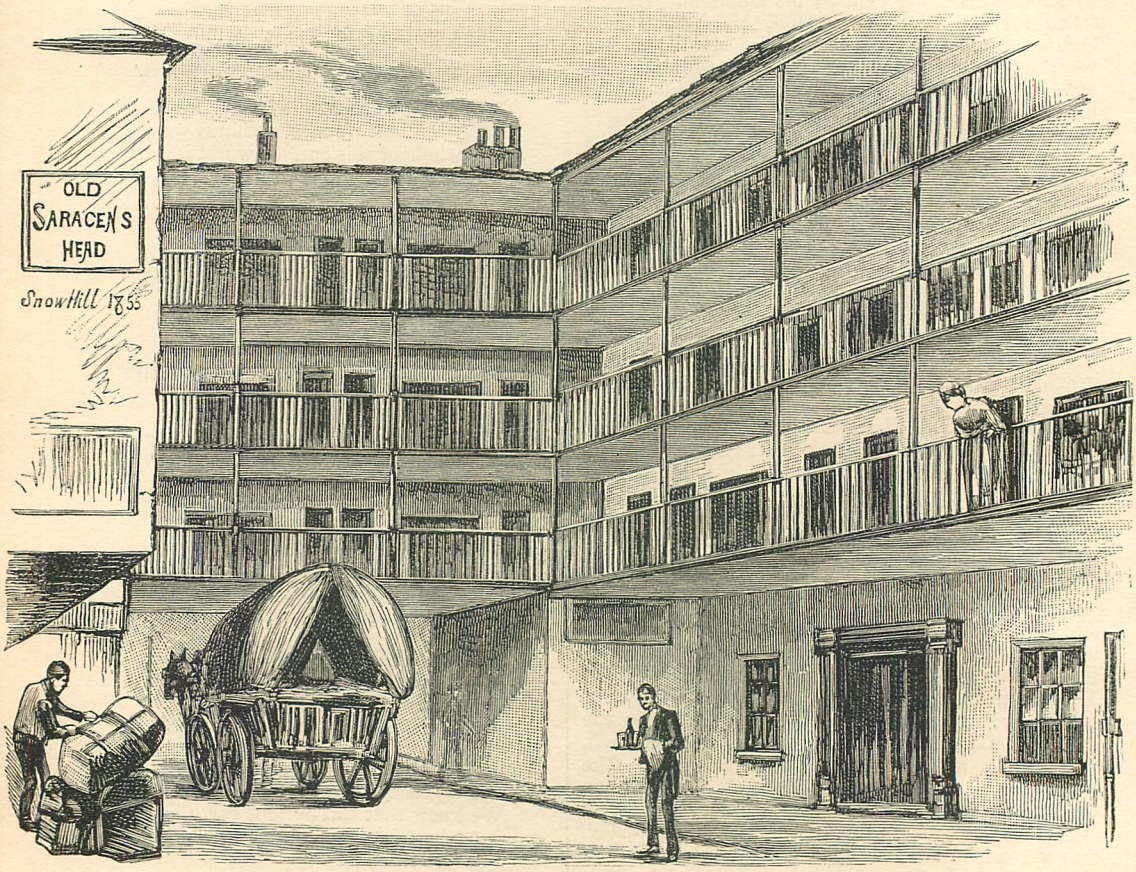
For you could not learn just this—
A lesson both great and small—
That man's best knowledge, and man's best skill,
It is next to nothing at all.

A ROYAL GIFT WHICH SUCCEEDED ROYALLY.

WOOL-GROWING in Australia began in 1793, when Mr. John McArthur, of Sidney, landed at that port a little flock of eight fine woolled sheep from the Cape of Good Hope. The wool of these sheep improved so greatly that Mr. McArthur sailed for Europe and tried to get hold of some Spanish merinos, for which he believed the hot, dry climate of Australia was well suited. But the Spaniards knew the value of their flocks, and death was the penalty for the transportation of merinos. So the Australian farmer made his way to England, where his enthusiastic accounts of Australia reached the ears of the farmer-king, George III. Fortunately for Mr. McArthur, the King some years before had been presented by his cousin of Spain with a pair of the finest of these very merinos, and from the increase thereof he gave the Australian four splendid animals, with which he started on his long homeward voyage.

These sheep were landed safely in Australia, and fully met the expectations of their owner. They improved the grade of wool; and multiplied so much that, at the end of 1890, their progeny had spread all over Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and numbered more than 104 millions of sheep!

Truly the royal gift brought good luck. K. W.



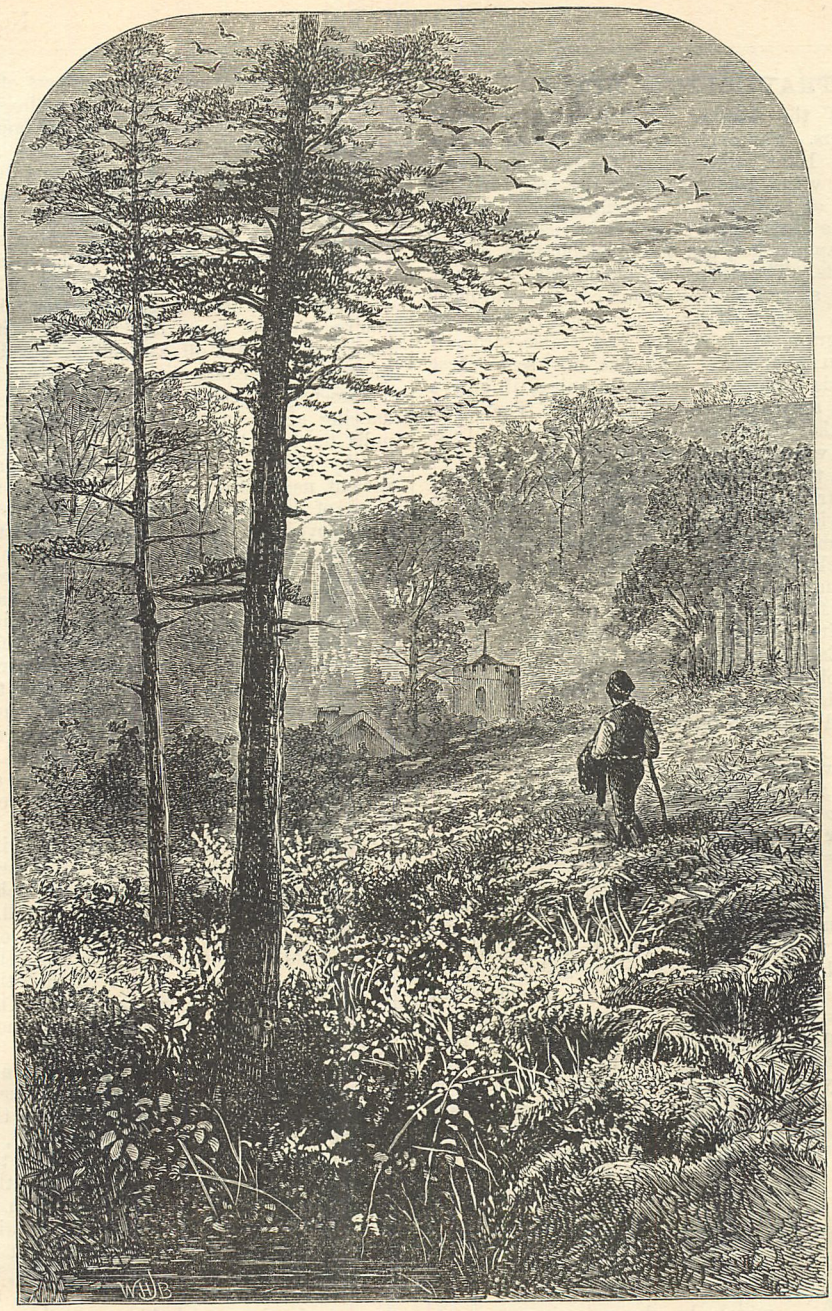
The Old Saracen's Head, Snow Hill.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

The Old Saracen's Head Inn.

THIS famous old inn stood on Snow Hill. It was not far from Newgate, and about 1700 it was a great resort on the 'hanging Mondays' when crowds waited in the streets all night to see poor wretches swung on the gallows, a brutal scene which is now done away with by hanging criminals within the jail. In the days before the railways, many stage-coaches started from and returned to the Saracen's Head. Charles Dickens makes poor Nicholas Nickleby set out from this inn on his journey to Dotheboys Hall. The house is now pulled down.

Our picture of it is taken from a drawing made by Shepherd in 1855, and found in Crase's collection at the British Museum.



Evening. By W. H. J. Boot.

EVENING.

SEE, the rooks are homeward flying,
In the yellow evening sky,
When the summer sun is setting,
'Mid bright clouds of many a dye.
And the peasant lad all weary
Wends his way across the moor,
With a whistle loud and cheery—
Work is done—the day is o'er.

Bees around the hive are humming,
Bringing home their golden store;
Children from their play are coming,
Wearied—they can play no more.
O'er the grass the dew is falling,
Flowers close up their petals bright;
Birds are roosting—friends are calling,
As they pass 'Good night—good night.

TRAVELLING BIRDS.

SOME of the smallest English birds are great travellers. Far over land and sea they go for more than 1000 miles when the autumn winds begin to blow the dead leaves off the trees, and the first touch of frost kills the light-winged summer insects. The birds who fly away to warmer countries, as winter approaches, are those which feed chiefly upon insects. The thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, robins, and sparrows can stay and eat hips-and-haws and rowan berries, if they are country birds, or scattered grain in roadways and stable-yards, if they live in a town. Who has not seen these hungry birds come on a frosty morning, if only a few crumbs are thrown out for them? There are, however, other birds who must fly away from England's cold winter if they would not starve, and so the cuckoo, the nightingale, the blackcap, and many other tiny travellers start off with the swallows to spend the winter in Africa and other hot countries.

Other lands, too, have their travelling birds. Those which are frozen out from Arctic regions come to Europe, and Asia, and North America, while those from more temperate lands, like England and the United States, go still further south. Thus, while the English wanderers go to Africa and Palestine, the bobolinks and bluebirds of North America go to South America, Jamaica, and Cuba in the autumn, and return to their homes in the spring as ours do.

These travelling birds are called *migrants*—a very good name, for, like emigrants, it means *those who travel to another country*, which is just what they do.

Wherever the travelling birds may have spent the winter, they never fail to turn homewards again in the spring. The wonderful instinct which taught them to fly from the cold winter of the north, also teaches them that those eaves, or trees, or fields where they were born, will be the best place in the world for them to build their nests and rear their young ones. So, when spring-time comes, the migrants all fly home again, each flock to the very spot which they had left; indeed, so wonderfully do they find their way home that a pair of migrant birds will often build year after year in the same tree, or under the same bush, or on the same house, when April and May return, although the long journey to such far-off lands has come between each nesting season.

F. A. Fulcher.

LOBSTERS AND PRAWNS.

HAVE you ever seen a lobster pot? which, by the way, is not a pot at all, but a curious-shaped basket, not unlike an old-fashioned hen-coop. A large stone is fixed in this in order to weight it for sinking to the bottom of the rocky places where the shell-fish abide, but before being let down, it must be temptingly baited.

And now, reader, suppose you come along with me on one of the many trips I have taken with the lobster-catchers off the Dorset and Devon coast, or near the white cliffs which stretch from Freshwater to the far-famed Needles, off the 'Wight.'

Soon after daybreak, then, we must turn out. A hasty toilet—you won't want much time to draw an old woollen jersey over your head and put a pair of flannel trousers on; a sharp trot along the beach to the spot where Tom and old weather-beaten Bill are already hard at work shoving their stiff-built boat down to the water's edge; a hearty 'Morning, sir; you've brought some fine weather with you this time!' and we are off, and pulling steadily along at the foot of the chalk cliffs.

Presently we catch sight of a line of corks gaily dancing about in the shifting sunlight. Old Bill pulls hard at his starboard oar, whilst Tom, who has by this time arrayed himself for action in an ancient mackintosh apron, girt about him with a piece of line, stoops over the gunwale, and seizes the buoyed-up rope. You and I must get out of the way now; our room is preferable to our company; and, moreover, we don't want to get any wetter than we are obliged. Tom hauls steadily at the rope, and in it comes to the boat, importing as it does so considerably more sea water than we want. Then, after several fathoms of line have slowly but surely been transferred from the water to the boat, the strain on the rope gets suddenly heavy. Now we'll lend a hand; he won't disdain our assistance at this juncture. A couple of vigorous hauls, and looking over the side of the boat, we see just the top of the strange contrivance rising above the surface of the water.

'Nothing here,' says Tom, lugging it in, nevertheless, for the purpose of baiting it. From under the thwart, he brings a most unsavoury-looking mess of bullock's liver, which has a 'high' smell. Selecting a piece about as big as the half of his own brawny fist, he puts it into the 'pot,' securing it by thrusting a long kind of wooden skewer through the middle of it and into the side of the trap itself. This done, the apparatus is plunged overboard once more, and we row on to the next string of corks.

Here we have better luck, for upon the pot coming into sight, Tom announces the welcome news that there are 'two genelmen,' as he calls them, inside. Having brought them to within reach, he, dexterously but cautiously, inserts his hand through the cage-like structure, and, making a dash at the kicking, struggling pair, brings out one which we find to have lost a claw, the result of fighting. Then, with another skilful dive, he fetches out the second, not quite so large as his fellow-captive, but equally aggressive. How they kick! What a fortunate thing it is that, with his pugnacious, not to say ferocious, disposition, the lobster is not a creature six feet high!

After a couple of hours of this sort of work, we begin to feel, having now captured twenty-one lobsters, most of them of fair size, that we have earned our breakfast, and by the time the last 'pot' has been cleared of its contents, a piece of the ill-smelling liver substituted, and the machine once more cast overboard, we get anxious on the subject! A sharp pull back again, this time with wind and

tide in our favour, and the nose of our boat grates on the beach, whilst willing hands pull her up high and dry, and we both tumble out on to dry land again. Our captives are now submitted to the indignity—and, by the way they resist the process, they evidently look upon it in that light themselves—of having their dangerous claws tightly tied with withs, and are then put in a big square box floating about a few yards from the beach. This box is pierced with holes to allow the free passage through of the sea water, and within its capacious recesses already repose something like a score of the crustaceans, whose ultimate doom it is to figure on the tables of all-devouring man. 'And so to breakfast,' as good old Pepys would say, and after our experiences in the keen sea air, a very hearty one it had to be in order to satisfy us.

After breakfast, we will turn our attention to the no less interesting, but far warier, 'small deer,' *i.e.*, the prawns.

Even as there are 'more ways of killing a cat than hanging him,' so, naturally, the prawn may be taken by a variety of methods. For deep-water prawning, though it is only in smooth seas that this means can be successfully employed, a species of modified lobster pot is used. A kind of basket-work cylinder, in hoop shape, with nets at each end formed like two inverted funnels, the points meeting in the middle, but with easy ingress to where the bait—a piece of shore crab—is placed, is lowered down into the likely spots, and the lowering rope buoyed with corks, just as in the case of the lobsters. The finest specimens are usually taken in this manner, and the same hauling-in process secures them.

The humbler, but perhaps for us more interesting method is to go at ebb tide along the sands and rocky crannies, shod with the thickest nailed boots for scrambling over the treacherous, slimy 'bladder' seaweed, and armed with a net, or, better still, with two or three of different sizes. You must also have with you half-a-dozen shore crabs to use for bait. The crab's body only is then spitted on a long skewer, and the baited stick passed through the net and fastened securely; that is, of course, when you have arrived at the scene of action. Then, lower your baited net into a sandy place, and let it remain about ten minutes. Keep well out of sight, or never a prawn will be tempted even by the most alluring of baits. Watch, and you will see them cautiously gather round the crab. Wait till they fairly settle to the work of feeding, then gently raise your net until they find their native element sink beneath them, seize upon them, and sink your net again for more.

At your leisure, examine your captives, and you will see a curious thing. On many of them a small lump is visible beneath the shell. Raise the outer covering and beneath you will find a small parasite. Nobody, as far as I have ever been able to find out, can give any satisfactory explanation of the parasite's presence, nor of how it gets beneath the shell. It is just one of those things that has remained a mystery from the date of the earliest records, and is likely to remain one, I suppose, for many years to come. And now, if you are tired of the sport, we'll go back home to luncheon.

FOX RUSSELL.

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

19. A HOPEFUL proverb may be made from the letters which are contained in the following words:—

Severn. Repaid.

20. From the letters which compose the following words form a well-known proverb from which we may learn that outward appearances are not always to be trusted:—

Train. Glass. Tittle.
Doll. Goth.

21. From the letters of which the following words are composed a humorous proverb may be formed:—

Amity. A gnat.
Cloak. Oak.

C. C.

Illustrated Answers, page 253.

CROMER.

CROMER is a favourite Norfolk watering-place, with a rapidly increasing population. It was formerly part of the parish of Shipden, which was overwhelmed by the sea about the reign of Henry IV., and of which the ruins lie half a mile or thereabouts from the coast. At neap-tide on a clear day, huge masses of stonework may be seen deep down in the sea. These ruins are called by the fishermen the *Church Rocks*. Cromer is built on the cliffs. Many landslips have occurred in the vicinity. After the last of these, the present lighthouse was erected, 250 yards farther inland than the old one. It is not much over 50 feet high, but, as it stands upon very high ground, this does not signify. Its lantern is about 300 feet above the sea-level, and on a clear night it shows a light to a distance of twenty-five miles.

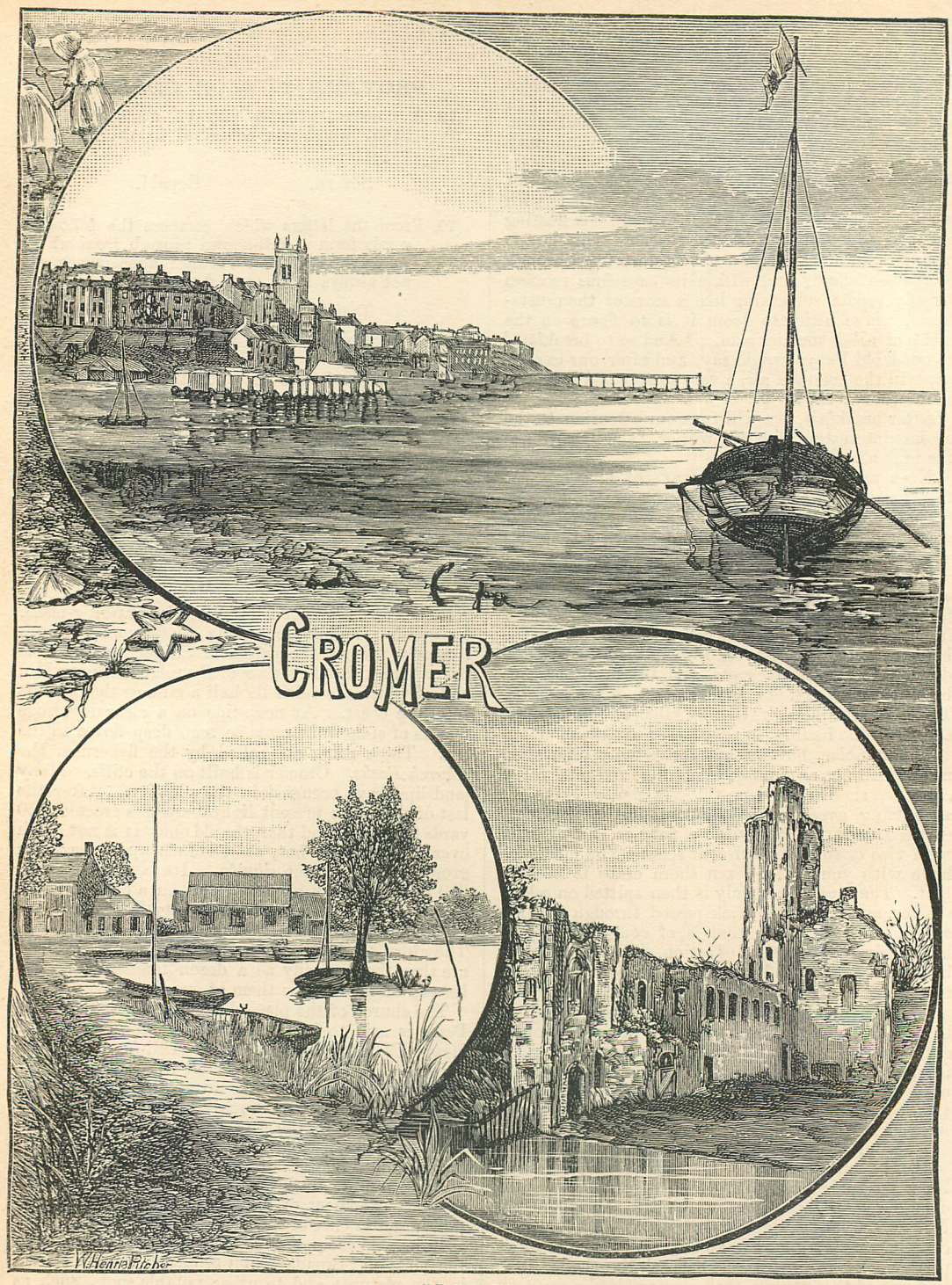
The jetty is a small affair, about 200 feet long. The glory of Cromer is its splendid sands. So firm are they that as many as a dozen tennis-courts may be seen marked out on them at one time.

The church of the place, dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, is said to have been erected in the reign of Henry IV., after the destruction of ill-fated Shipden.

In 1681, a strange thing befell it. It was nearly destroyed; part of it was entirely wrecked, so that for several years Divine worship was held in the tower. The proprietor of the great tithes was himself the doer of the deed. The chancel was in sad need of repair, and as he did not desire to incur the expense of restoring it, he hit upon the somewhat extraordinary expedient of blowing it up, hoping thus to rid himself at once of both chancel and responsibility!

Enjoyable excursions can be made from Cromer to the pleasant 'Broads' (a bit of one of them is shown in the picture), and to other notable spots, such as *Caistor Castle*, which is shown in the other picture.

Cromer is interesting to the geologist. Many strange bones have been found where the cliffs have slipped down to the shore. These bones are said to



CROMER.

The Broads. Caistor Castle.

belong to the great ice age, when glaciers and icebergs covered these regions and deposited over the submerged forest layers of soil, sections of which are seen in the cliffs at Cromer. An elephant which must have been seventeen feet high left his bones and tusks in the soil, and they are now in Norwich Museum. Cromer is also famous for the crabs and lobsters which are caught in 'pots' or traps.



Judging by Appearances.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

IN civilised countries the greatest man in an assembly is often the most plainly dressed; even kings, except on state occasions, being as quietly attired as any of their subjects. But amongst semi-barbarous, or savage races, this is very seldom the case. The rule being for the king, or chief, to outshine all his subjects, or tribesmen, by the splendour of his decorations; and so, savages always judge of a man's rank by his dress.

In the earlier years of the reign of Queen Victoria, a band of Canadian Indians, of the Ojibbeway tribe, was brought over to this country, and exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, where they gave illustrations of their native customs, dances, and games, startling the audience with their unearthly screeches and war-whoops. The Queen, whom they called their 'Great Mother,' being desirous of seeing the Red men, they were taken in cabs to Buckingham Palace, to give a performance before Her Majesty.

As soon, however, as they entered the doors of the palace, their attention was arrested by an imposing personage, arrayed in scarlet and blue, trimmed with gold lace. Surely, they thought, here was some mighty chief; and they swooped down on the astonished and alarmed official, with their nodding feathers, like a cluster of monstrous cockatoos, and with exclamations of admiration and delight, shook his unwilling hand, in spite of his most vigorous protestations, until his fingers ached again.

They had judged by appearances, according to their wont, and taken the hall-porter for a nobleman!

A. R.

THE LIMPET.

THE common limpet is found distributed all round our coasts, where it is much valued by fishermen as bait. At low tide limpets may be gathered in great numbers from among the rocks, where they ensconce themselves snugly in holes made by means of the muscular action of their foot or disc. If suddenly struck they are easily dislodged, but if alarmed by a gentle touch, they can adhere with wonderful strength to the rock. On the Devonshire coast these shell-fish attain a very large size.

In many places, particularly in Continental towns, limpets are used as food, being made into a well-flavoured and nourishing soup. At Plymouth large numbers are gathered from the breakwater, and in this place a curious incident was noticed. A gentleman having observed a sand-piper fluttering in a peculiar manner, went up to it and discovered that it had been made prisoner by a limpet. The bird in running along in search of food had accidentally got its foot under a limpet, which suddenly tightening to the rock, held its prey fast until the gentleman with his penknife removed the shell altogether, and freed the bird from its curious captivity.

B.

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

(*Continued from page* 227.)

PART VII.

WHEN or how the discontent arose in America which led at length to the separation of the colonists from their mother country, England, and to the setting up of the United States, I hardly know. But my uncle used to think it arose during the war with the Indians.

The defence of the States against the Indians by General Braddock and his English red-coats was not successful. The General would not heed the warnings of the colonists, who knew more of such irregular warfare than he did, and so he was defeated, and Washington had to cover the retreat of the beaten soldiers. This defeat did not tend to make the colonists have much faith in English soldiers led by English officers. Moreover, the colonists were not satisfied with the places given to their officers who served with the English troops. Nor did they relish taxes levied for the support of English troops. The Americans declared that the English Parliament had no right to tax them at all. And so the quarrel went on.

It was in February, 1775, when Governor Gage, in pursuit of some brass cannon, sent troops to seize them. They found them not where they had expected, and so advanced further. They were stopped by a drawbridge, which was raised. The officer shouted out, 'Lower that bridge,' but every one refused. He then sent men to get a boat, but before they could succeed it was scuttled and made useless. A clergyman, acting in the interests of peace, prevailed on the people to lower the bridge, and the soldiers passed over, but they had to return without finding the cannon.

The first blood drawn in this unhappy family quarrel was in April, when Gage sent a detachment to destroy the military stores collected in the town of Concord, where the provincial congress was held. Some 900 men embarked in boats on the Charles River when it was dark, landed at Phipp's farm, and marched silently on Concord. But the firing of guns and ringing of bells showed that the country was not asleep.

At five a.m. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn reached Lexington, where a company of American militia was drawn up on the green.

'Disperse, you rebels,' said an officer; 'throw down your arms and begone.'

Who fired the first shot in this affray is not known: probably it was an English soldier. After eight militiamen had been killed, and many others wounded, the English marched on Concord, the militia retiring as they advanced. The English were able to destroy much material of war, but were themselves annoyed throughout a long and very sultry day by the constant attacks of the Americans, who kept up an irregular kind of fight all the way back to Lexington. Here, much to their delight, they found Lord Percy and

sixteen companies of infantry, and some marines, who had come to support them. Some of the people in England had despised the colonists, and said that the very sight of a grenadier's cap would put a host of those farmers and shop-keepers to flight; but Bunker's Hill was to teach the mother country that the American colonists were made of the toughest metal.

'One June morning,' says an Englishmen who was present, 'we were awakened by hearing guns from our ships in Boston Harbour. We thought that there must surely be a naval engagement; but no, it was the *Lively* man-of-war firing at a new fort which the colonists had run up during the night on Bunker's Hill, a high ground which lies in the neck of land joining the peninsula on which Charlestown stands and the continent. Charlestown is separated from Boston by the Charles River, as London is from Southwark. Well, the men had worked prodigiously hard, and very silently too, all the night, and by morning light they had thrown up a little fort, with entrenchments and a breastwork, and there they were in force. One after another the ships followed the *Lively's* lead, and poured shot and shell into the brave little fort. This went on all morning, but I don't suppose we did the enemy much damage. They did not seem inclined to shift their place for all the cannon did; and so, about noon, we were ordered out to storm the redoubt. We marched slowly, for we wished to afford the artillery a chance of ruining the redoubt if it could. As we struggled on towards the hill, we were fired at from some houses in Charlestown; but the place did not seem as if it would long afford a shelter to our foes, as it was in flames in many places. Now, the colonists inside their fort wisely reserved their fire until we had approached very near. Then there came a perfect hurricane of bullets, which killed numbers of our best officers and men, and threw the whole party into disorder. In fact, General Howe stood alone for a few seconds, and if Clinton had not rallied the men the affair might have been very serious. As it was, they returned to the charge, and drove the colonists out of the redoubt.'

The English were cooped up all the winter in their lines, and had to own the great skill of Washington and the dogged bravery of the ill-fed and badly armed troops under his command.

The British soldiers endured much distress at Boston, and though the English Government sent out vast supplies, even down to faggots made up in London, nearly all were lost. The ships were tossed with contrary winds, so that the sheep and cattle which they carried grew sick and died. Some of the transports were driven out of their courses as far as the West Indies, and others were captured at sea.

In the early spring of 1776 the new national flag of the United States, the famous stars and stripes, was unfurled. It was when the Americans were angry at the rejection of their petition, and determined to be a nation. They burnt the King's speech, and shelled the English out of Boston. The red-coats embarked in March, taking with them some loyal citizens of Boston, and much property. But the English cannon had to remain behind on Bunker's Hill, where they were found by Washington, who now entered in with flying colours.

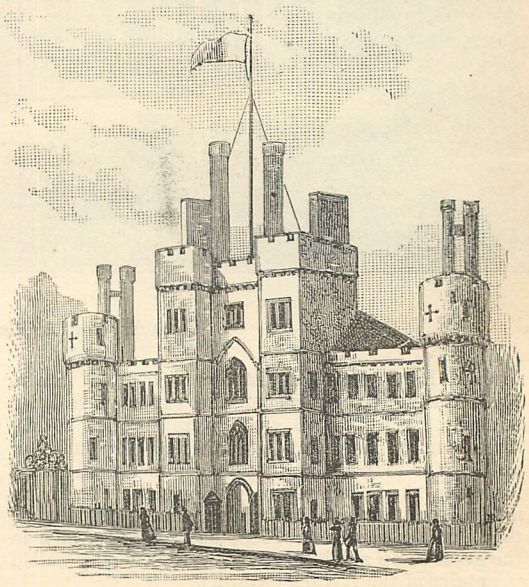
The English soldiers, who were obliged to leave Boston, tarried for some time at Halifax, where they were very uncomfortable, and in June they sailed for New York, now the only city left which was loyal to the old country. On their way they fell in with some transports from England, with a Highland regiment aboard. In company they sailed to New York, and were disembarked on Staten Island. Here Admiral Howe met his brother, the General, and about the end of August an attack was made on Long Island. After an exciting day's work the English gained a great victory without much loss. Washington, who was present, did all he could to preserve the remnant of his army, and in the night he skilfully ferried them over to New York. Lord Howe now tried negotiations, but nothing would do but that England should cease to govern America.

(*Continued at page* 243.)

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

The Artillery Barracks, Finsbury.

THE Artillery Ground was originally in Teasel Close, now Artillery Lane, Bishopsgate Street Without. Stow describes it as a place where teasels were at one time grown for the cloth-workers. It was afterwards let to the cross-bow makers, that they might have shooting-matches at the popinjay. In Stow's day it was enclosed with a brick wall, and used as an artillery yard.



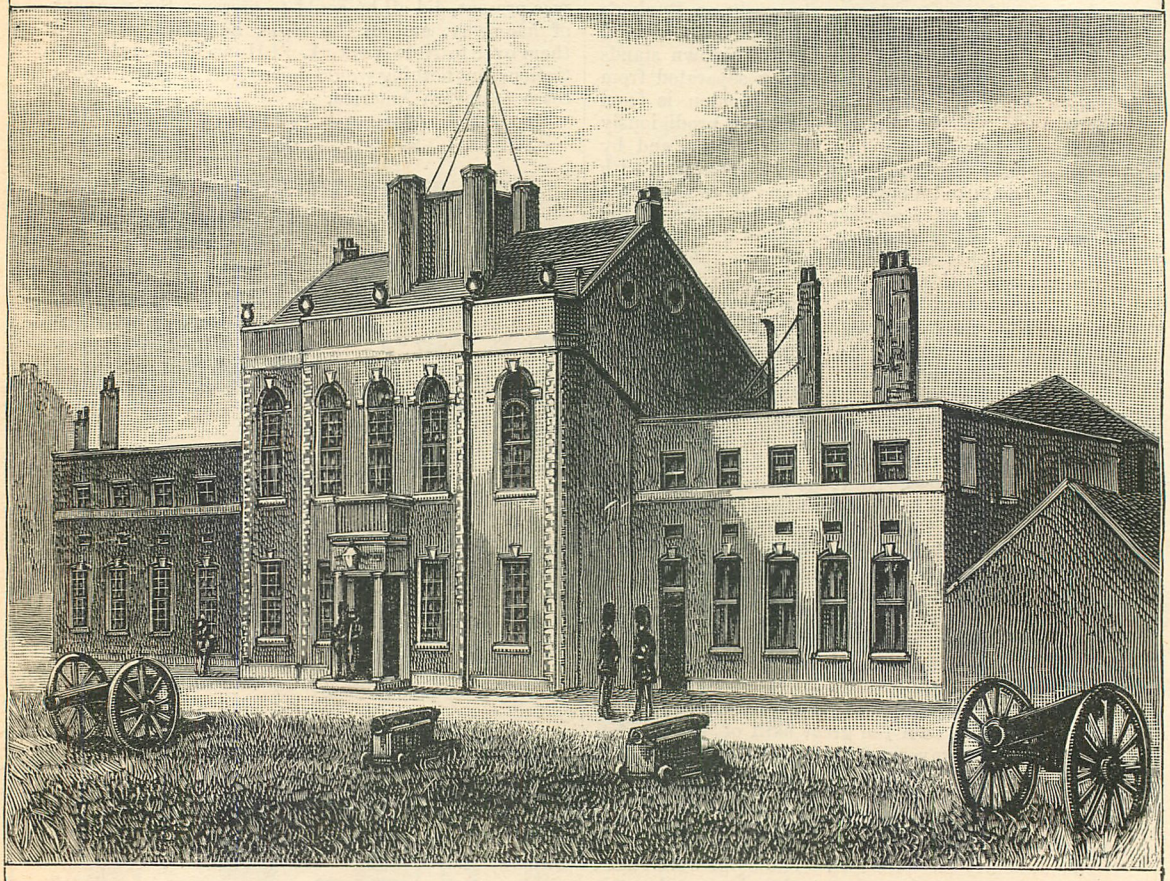
Entrance to Artillery Barracks, City Road.

It was in A.D. 1622 that the City Artillery removed to a larger ground without Moorgate, the present Artillery Ground, near Finsbury Square.

The ancient body of civic volunteers known as the Artillery Company is the oldest armed force in the kingdom. It originated in the Guild of St. George, in the reign of Edward I., the members of which were also known as the Archers of Finsbury. Later on, we find a new name in the old 'City Trained Band,' raised, or rather augmented, in A.D. 1585, during the alarm of the expected Spanish Armada. Within two years were enrolled nearly three hundred merchants and others, 'very sufficient and skilful to train and teach common soldiers the management of their pieces, pikes, and halberds; to march, countermarch and ring.' Some of these, in that notable year A.D. 1588, had charge of men in the great camp at Tilbury, and were generally called 'Captains of the Artillery Garden.'

After the scare was over, the Company neglected their discipline for a time, but in A.D. 1610 they formed anew, and in a few years numbered nearly six thousand. Many gentlemen from the shires used to attend the weekly drills, in order that they might learn how to command the country Trained Bands.

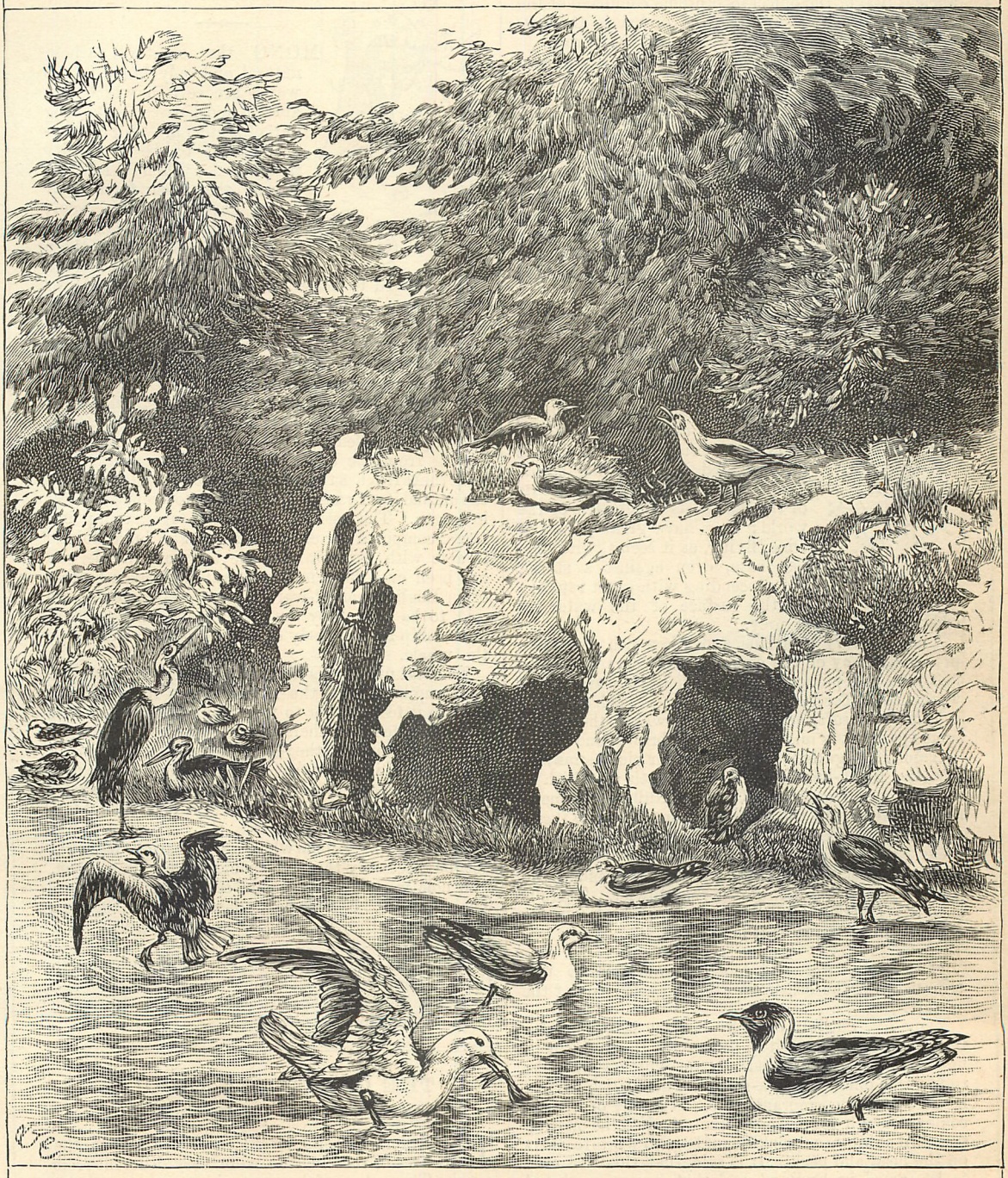
In the civil war, the Company, on the side of the Parliament, greatly distinguished itself. Indeed, it may be said that the Trained Bands decided the fate of the war. They marched with Essex to raise the siege of Gloucester, and in the second battle of Newbury their steady valour repulsed the fiercest charges of Rupert's cavalry, and extorted surprise and admiration even from the royalist Lord Clarendon.



Barracks, Hon. Artillery Company, Finsbury.

The Parliament men were disbanded at the restoration, but the Company survived and flourished under royal patronage. When Queen Anne went to St. Paul's, the City Trained Bands lined the streets from Temple Bar to the Cathedral. In A.D. 1780 they aided in protecting the Bank of England from the rioters.

The Artillery Company is the only military body in the kingdom which bears arms under the direct authority of the reigning sovereign, and is exempt from parliamentary control. From a remote period,



HAPPY IN EXILE.

Sea Gulls in the Zoölogical Gardens.

the post of Captain-General or Colonel (which is the ancient title of the officer in supreme command of the corps) has been held by the King or Prince Consort, a Prince of Wales or heir-apparent to the throne.

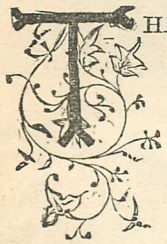
A new set of colours was presented to the regiment by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

Upon royal visits to the City, the Artillery Company attend as a guard of honour to the sovereign.

The corps comprises six companies of Infantry, besides Artillery, Grenadiers, and Light Infantry. On occasional field-days they exercise in the Artillery Ground. They have a spacious armoury, a workshop for cleaning guns, and a long shooting gallery. Each member, for a subscription, has the use of arms and accoutrements from the Company's stores, but he finds his own uniform.

HAPPY IN EXILE.

Sea Gulls and Cormorants.



THE pretty and picturesque spot which, in the Zoo, is devoted to Sea Gulls and Cormorants, presents to visitors an animated and amusing scene. These wild birds are inhabitants of the sea-coasts of all parts of the world; they have great power of wing, flying, as it seems, with perfect ease, even against a storm, and descending with great rapidity to the surface of the water in order to seize their prey.

They are very voracious, and when fish cannot be procured, many of the common gulls may be seen in meadows and ploughed lands, where they search for worms, and other food of the same kind. Their plumage is thick and soft, almost entirely white, though in some species it is mixed with grey, brown, and black.

Among the gulls represented in our picture may be seen the Black-headed Gull, the length of which is about sixteen inches; the Common Gull, or Sea-mew, a still larger bird; the Kittiwake, smaller than these, and very plentiful, wherever the coast is girt with rocky precipices, on the narrow ledges of which it makes its nest. Its young and eggs are among the chief objects of pursuit of the rock fowler. There is also the Herring Gull, quite a large bird, and as common in America as it is with us.

Cormorants are web-footed birds, widely distributed over the coasts of almost every part of the world.

They live entirely on fish, and are proverbial for their excessive voracity. Some of them frequent high rocks, others low islands, on which they make rude nests, chiefly of sea-weed. The British variety is the common cormorant, which is mostly of a black colour, though for a short time, during the nesting season, it exhibits a sprinkling of longish white feathers on the head and neck. It is said that this bird used to be tamed in England, and that it was employed in catching fish. It is still trained to this work in China. The common cormorant is about thirty-three inches in length. M.

THE NARWHAL.



AMONG the creatures whose natural and only home is the water are certain which, unable in most cases to live long out of water, are still so constructed as to be in reality mammals. Their blood is warm; they bring forth their young alive and suckle them; they breathe atmospheric air by means of lungs like to those of ordinary quadrupeds, and are hence obliged to come frequently to the surface for this purpose. They are, then, not fishes, but mammals, deprived of their hinder limbs, and with their fore ones shortened and flat, so as to resemble and serve for fins. To this order belong the whales, dolphins, porpoises, narwhals, and manatees.

Of these, perhaps, none are more remarkable in appearance than the narwhals. They have no teeth, properly so called, but instead one long tusk projecting from the upper jaw, and quite straight. It sometimes reaches the length of nine or ten feet, whilst the animal itself ranges from twenty to twenty-five feet in length. The horn is twisted and tapers to a point. Being composed of very hard ivory, the huge animal is able with it to transfix the body of a whale, and has been even known to perforate the oaken bottom of an English man-of-war. Its attacks on vessels are said to be caused by the animal mistaking the hull of the ship for the body of one of its great enemies, the whale.

The real use of this horn is not very clear. Some have supposed that the narwhal uses it to transfix the fish it feeds on, or to tear from the rocks weeds and other food. Others, again, suppose that, as the narwhal is found in the regions of great cold, the tusk is given to it in order that it may at all times be able to procure the necessary supply of atmospheric air by breaking the ice with it. This view, it is thought, is borne out by the fact that only the males are armed with this horn. As narwhals are gregarious it would not be necessary that all should have this weapon. The hole made by one would serve also for others. The appearance of narwhals when swimming together is very beautiful, as their skins are marbled with brown and white.

Icelanders, either singly or in companies, obtain these animals by spearing them from boats, although their huge size and the powerful weapon they carry make them dangerous enemies. A. R. B.

THE GREAT MEN OF OLD.

V.—Æschylus and Sophocles.

THE drama had its origin in Greece; but the theatres of the ancients were very different from ours. They were of immense size, the largest holding as many as 50,000 spectators, who sat in the open air. The theatre was built at the side of a hill or rising ground. The seats were excavated in the rock

in rows, rising one above another in a semicircle; the stage was an oblong structure of stone with projecting wings of no great depth. At the back of the stage there was a wall, on which the scene was painted or constructed. The orchestra, between the audience and the stage, was circular, and had an altar in the centre, and was occupied by the chorus.

Dramatic performances among the Greeks only took place at religious festivals at certain periods of the year. They began early in the morning, and, as several plays were represented in succession, they lasted ten or twelve hours, and so the audience provided themselves with refreshments. The actors were all male, female parts being taken by young men dressed as women; but this did not make much difference, as all the actors wore masks to suit their characters.

Theatrical representations began in this way. In very early times it was the custom at the festivals of the god Dionysos for a company of men, dressed in skins like satyrs, to celebrate the adventures of that deity by singing and dancing round his altars. This was called a chorus, from the Greek word for a dance. The choral company used to move from village to village in a waggon, on which they gave performances. In the sixth century before the Christian era, an Attic poet, named Thespis, had a wooden platform made, on which an actor recited passages at intervals between the choral songs and dances, and this was the first regular stage. So Thespis was the father of stage plays, and from him have actors ever since been called Thespians.

In the following century the works of three mighty poets, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, raised the Greek drama to its highest perfection.

Æschylus, the father of tragedy, was born of noble parents in Attica, in B.C. 525, and produced his first public tragedy at Athens when he was twenty-five years of age; but he not only failed to gain the prize, but the wooden platform broke down during the performance. So a stone theatre was constructed forthwith in the side of the Acropolis, or citadel of Athens, being the first regular theatre built in Greece. Æschylus got over his first defeat, and obtained distinction, not only in poetry but in war. In his time every free man took part in the defence of his country, and, when the Persians invaded Greece, he fought with his two valiant brothers at the battle of Marathon, and was publicly praised for his bravery. He was then in his thirty-fifth year, but it was not till six years afterwards that he gained the prize in the dramatic contest. In four years the famous battle of Salamis took place, at which Æschylus fought with his accustomed boldness, and his brother, Aminias, displayed such extraordinary courage, losing one of his hands in the conflict, that a special honour was decreed him by the State.

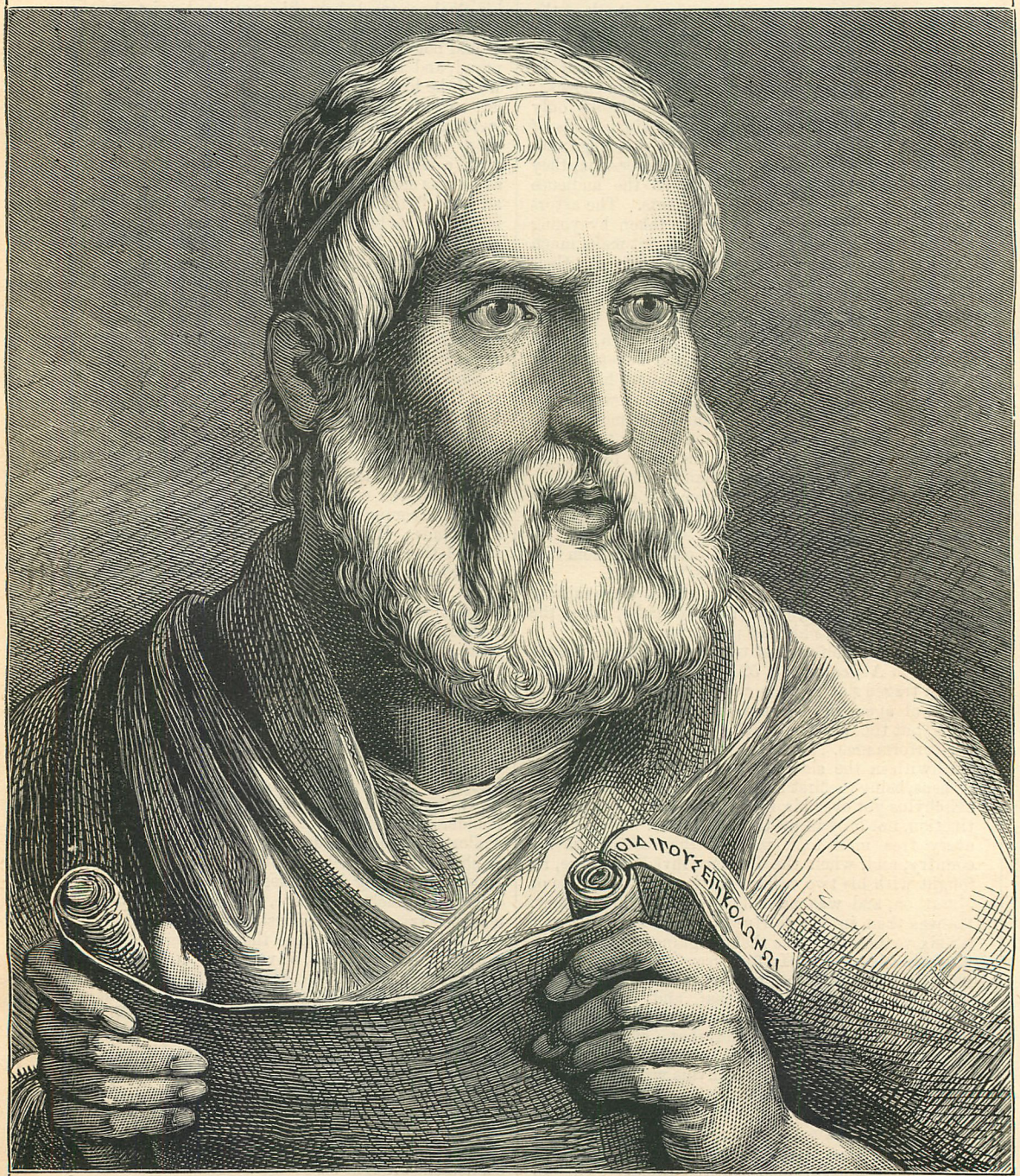
In the following year Æschylus was again in the front at the battle of Platæa, where the Persian foe was finally routed. A few years afterwards he again won the dramatic prize; but he had been often defeated in these contests by his inferiors, and a young poet, named Sophocles, was rapidly rising in public favour. In his tragedies Æschylus brought in gods and heroes, and the superstitious people accused him of impiety. He was arraigned before the tribunal of the Areopagus, and only acquitted by the judges when his brother, drawing his arm from under his cloak, showed them his mutilated wrist, for they thought that a man who belonged to so brave a family should not be dealt hardly with. But the poet was proud, and he was deeply offended at the treatment which he had received from his fellow-citizens. He left Athens and retired to Sicily, where he was welcomed by Hiero, the ruler of that island, and there he spent the remainder of his life, and met with a singular death; for it is said that one day, as he was sitting motionless in the fields, meditating, an eagle flying overhead with a tortoise in its talons, mistaking his bare bald head for a stone, dropped the animal on it to break the shell, but smashed the poet's skull instead, killing him on the spot. He was in his sixty-ninth year when he died, and the Sicilians interred him with great honour.

Æschylus wrote seventy dramas, of which only seven have come down to our time, *Prometheus Bound* being the grandest.

Sophocles, who carried the drama still further, was thirty years younger than Æschylus, with whom he frequently contended for the tragic prize. He was remarkable in his boyhood for the grace and beauty of his person, and in his sixteenth year he was selected to lead the band of noble youths who danced to the sound of his lyre round the trophy erected to commemorate the victory over the Persians at Salamis. He was distinguished for his proficiency in athletic exercises and his skill in music, and, his father being a wealthy man, he received a good education. When he was in his twenty-seventh year the bones of the ancient hero, Theseus, were brought to Athens from Scyros, and in honour of the occasion there was a keen contest amongst the poets for the tragic prize. It was won by Sophocles, though Æschylus was one of the competitors, and from that time (B.C. 468) until his death, a period of sixty-three years, he continued to write and exhibit dramas, gaining the first prize twenty times, and the second at several other contests. Like Æschylus, he was a soldier as well as a poet, was general of the Athenian army in several engagements, and was joint commander with the great Pericles in the expedition against Samos. Besides his military appointments, Sophocles filled the office of archon, or chief magistrate, discharging his duties with honour.

Having reached old age, and still continuing to compose tragedies, his eldest son, either being tired of his long life or fearing that he might leave his property to a grandson, of whom he was very fond, accused him before the Areopagus of being insane, and therefore unfit to manage his estate. But the venerable poet replied to the charge by reading to the judges some passages from *Œdipus at Colonos*, a tragedy which he had just completed, and asked them if they thought the man who could write so well was of weak intellect. They at once acquitted him, and pronounced his son a madman for bringing such a charge against him.

He is said to have died in his ninetieth year from the excitement brought on by joy at hearing that his last and greatest work had gained the prize. Of all his numerous tragedies only seven are extant, of which the *Œdipus* and *Antigone* are the finest. A. R.



GREAT MEN OF OLD.

Sophocles.



The Crested Grebe.

THE CRESTED GREBE.

THE Crested Grebe in appearance is very curious, one might say comical, particularly in courting time. The head is adorned with a kind of ruff or collar and a pair of feathery horns, giving to the bird a pert expression, mingled with surprise, which is somewhat grotesque. As a diver and sub-aquatic swimmer, the grebe has few equals, and certainly no superiors. He swims with equal ease either on or beneath the surface of the water, and, like the jacana, uses his wings as if flying when under water. At the least alarm he dives, and disappears from view without noise, leaving the surface of the water almost without a ripple. It is said that he can easily traverse under water a distance of two hundred feet in half a minute. When in want of air, he rises, and, quietly projecting his beak out of the water, takes in a fresh supply; then, sinking once more, he darts away until he finds a safe retreat. The grebes are devoted parents, and when the safety of their young is threatened they exhibit great courage and resource.

The nest of the grebe is a shapeless mass, composed of half-decayed roots, dried weeds, and leaves of rushes, very roughly constructed. An ordinary observer would not notice it, and would never suspect that this tangled mass was the nest of the grebe. The nest rises and falls according to the rise and fall of the water on which it floats. The bird seems to feel secure in the deceptive appearance which the nest presents; but, when fairly caught sitting upon it, although alarmed, she will not leave it; she quickly slips one foot over the side, and using it as a paddle, she sends the nest along to some safe and cunning hiding-place among the weeds on the opposite shore. The nests of these birds are found in the marshes, or the sedges which border the fresh-water lakes and rivers, and especially where there are reeds and much aquatic vegetation. The legs are rather short; the feet are remarkable, the toes having a leaf-like appearance, the outer toe being longer and broader than the others. The food of the grebe consists of small fish, insects, and aquatic reptiles; but the stomach, when dissected, is usually found to contain a mass of feathers, probably taken from its own plumage. The grebe is met with in nearly every country: in the North-east of Europe, in Northern Asia, and North America.

W. A. C.

THE TWO HATS.

A Fable.

A GENTLEMAN once bought a new hat, and hung it up behind the door. The new stranger had not been there long before he noticed an old shabby hat, which by its looks had been worn for many years. So turning round, the new-comer thus addressed the old one: 'My venerable friend, I am sorry to say that you will soon be thrown aside, for the master has just purchased me at a high price, so your services will not be required any longer. Besides, you are really so soiled that you are not even fit to be put upon a beggar's head, and it is a wonder to me that you were not thrown into the fire long ago.'

'Do not be so free with your opinions,' replied the old hat, 'for, as yet, you know nothing about my master, and it will be time enough to talk in that way when you are half the age that I am, and have seen a little more of the world and its curious ways.'

Their conversation was here interrupted by the master himself coming quickly into the hall. He put the new-fashioned hat on his head in order to take a walk in his garden; but he very soon came back and hung it up again, exclaiming, 'I am sorry that I bought this new hat, for my old one is much more comfortable.'

MORAL: Tried and trusty friends are more valued than new ones. H. BERKELEY SCORE.

AN UNSOCIABLE COYOTE.

IN the North American prairies a good many coyotes or grey wolves are found, but, as I was not there in the winter, I only met one myself. I heard, however, a great deal about their evil deeds from my friends, and my sister quite made me shudder when she told me how, on winter nights, they would come prowling round the house, and fill the frosty air with their dismal howls. I will now tell you of my one sight of a coyote. On a bright sunny day I was returning from the neighbouring village of Loup City, along a road with a steep descent into a creek or narrow ravine with sloping sides and a stream at the bottom. A big waggon, drawn by four mules, was slowly coming up the hill towards me, and behind it, at some distance, slouched along what I took to be a large, awkward dog. It had rough greyish hair, and altogether an untidy, miserable look. Now, I very much love all the dog family; I cannot bear to see them unhappy; so as the waggon passed me, I stepped up on to a raised bank and whistled to the animal. On it came in a lollopy kind of way, until it was only a few yards off, and then I called to it to come and be patted. But, though I was so gracious, the grey creature was not at all polite, for, to my surprise, it raised its head, took one good look at me, and then turned right away over the sloping edge of the creek and disappeared in the broken ground. Feeling distinctly annoyed at such a discourteous reception of my friendly advances, I climbed over the edge to see where the rude creature had gone, but there was no sign of it anywhere. When I told my brother about the unfriendly dog I had encountered, and described it to him, he told me that it was no dog, but a much less agreeable animal—a prairie wolf or coyote, as they are called in the West. He added that, on the whole, it was as well that it was not inclined to be more sociable.

A few weeks later a very large one was shot in the neighbourhood by a friend, and I have now his

very handsome skin as a rug in my drawing-room. The great naturalist, Buffon, describes the wolf tribe as, barring their coats, of no use whether living or dead. This is a sad character to give to any living thing—even to a wolf. He knows no better; but it should not be said, even of young chatterboxes, that they are of no use to anybody. HELENA HEATH.

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

(*Continued from page* 235.)

PART VIII.

I WISH now to tell you something about the man who occupied the foremost place during the chief part of my life—I mean His Majesty George III.

I was about twelve years old when it was rumoured in our street one October day that the old King (His Majesty's grandfather) had died very suddenly. It was quite true. The King had had his morning cup of chocolate, and had made some observations on the fineness of the day to his valet, and the latter had just left the royal closet, when he was recalled by the sound of some falling body. Returning quickly, he found the King on the floor. He had fallen against a cabinet, and his temple was injured. The King had just time to say, 'Call Amelia,' when he breathed his last. The funeral took place on the 10th of November, 1760, by torchlight. My father, who had interest at Court, was present, and as he had a happy knack of describing things, and I have a good memory, I can yet lay before my readers some details of that singular scene, a royal burying by candle-light.

The body had rested all the night in the Prince's Chamber, which was hung with purple. Over the coffin was a canopy of purple velvet, and lights shone solemnly around. The famous foot-guards lined the way between the Chamber and the Abbey, each seventh man holding a torch. The clergy received the coffin at the north door, each with a wax taper. The yeomen of the guard, tottering under the weight of the coffin which they had to carry, followed the clergy all down the north aisle, across the nave, and up the south aisle to Henry VII.'s Chapel. The coffin was there placed on trestles, much to the relief of the yeomen, while the service was read. The Duke of Cumberland, his late Majesty's son, was the chief mourner, and his black cloth cloak, with a train of five yards, was borne by two dukes, each of whom had a chair to sit on at the head of the coffin, where the crown and cushion were placed. This ensign of royalty had been carried by Clarencieux King of Arms, before the coffin. Garter King of Arms, who followed the coffin, proclaimed, when the service was over, the dignities of his late Majesty, and those of his successor—the sunset of one, the sunrise of the other.

The young King was very popular, and I think that he well deserved to be. But, as his character and history are before the public, I need hardly dwell on them.

I may mention, for the benefit of those who may be curious about such matters, that the first stone of Blackfriars Bridge was laid about the longest day of King George's first year.

About ten days after the stone-laying, we heard that the King was engaged to be married to a German princess. A number of the highest nobles and leading statesmen assembled at St. James's to hear on whom the King had set his affections. She came from the shores of the Baltic, was of a very old family, and her name was Sophia Charlotte, and in age she was not much more than seventeen.

King George had seen a letter written by the Princess to the King of Prussia. That King was charmed with it, and sent it on to his royal brother of England, and he was equally pleased with the letter. And the result was, he thought that the lady who had written so good a letter would make a good wife. The Princess was, no doubt, dazzled with the splendid offer which the King made her, and accepted it. She was brought to England in a style worthy of so great an occasion. Lord Harcourt went over to demand her for his master, two duchesses and a countess went to take care of her, and the gallant Anson led a gallant fleet to escort the yacht which brought Sophia Charlotte to England. Carved and gilded barges brought her down the Elbe, and it is said that the tears and prayers of the poor were her farewell as she moved off to Cuxhaven, where she was to embark. The fleet arrived off Harwich one Sunday night in September, and at three next afternoon the bride landed on English soil, and went to Witham, where she slept under the roof of Lord Abercorn. Next day she met the King's coach at Rumford, and in it she rode to London, by Shoreditch Church, and through Islington. King George met the Princess in the garden. He kissed her, and led her in to dinner. That same evening the wedding came off; so it was quick work. At eight o'clock the bride moved to the chapel, her long train carried by ten noble maidens. The nuptial knot was tied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, when the hands of the youthful couple were joined, London knew that it was done by the dull roar of great guns.

And so they were married, without ever having seen one another before. But I believe their married life was as happy as if they had fallen in love with each other at a party, or elsewhere, as most lovers do. Anyhow, they took each other for better or for worse, and they stuck to their bargain better than many married couples do. This was on the 8th of September, 1761, and a fortnight afterwards we had another very grand affair—I mean the coronation of the happy pair.

(*Continued at page* 254.)

WORK AND PLAY.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

'WASTE of time,' says Robin,
Lingering on his way,
Watching for a moment
His sister at her play;
'Waste of a summer morning,
Waste of the golden hours:
See, I have gathered fuel;
You have but gathered flowers.'



"See, I have gathered fuel;
You have but gathered flowers."

Waste of time—oh, Robin,
Waste of time you say?
Think the matter over,
Think as you go your way.
Does play-time teach her nothing,
A lesson without tears?
No store does play-time bring her,
Health for the coming years?

Somehow, my friend Robin,
Somehow, unto me,
Child's play seems as earnest
As your work can be;
And you'll find yet, friend Robin,
Whate'er you think to-day,
Good earnest work and hearty
Springs from good hearty play.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Canonbury Tower.

THE manor of Canonbury was so called from a mansion of the Prior of the Canons of St. Bartholomew, and was given to the priory by Ralph de Berners, not long after the Conquest.

Canonbury House is supposed to have been built in A.D. 1362, ten years after Edward III. had exempted the priory of St. Bartholomew from the payment of subsidies, in consideration of their great outlay in charity. Stow says that William Bolton (prior from A.D. 1509 to 1532) rebuilt the house, and probably erected the well-known brick tower, as Nichols, in his *History of Canonbury*, mentions that his rebus, a bolt in a tun, was still to be seen, cut in stone, in two places. Prior Bolton either built or repaired the priory and church of St. Bartholomew, and, according to tradition, fearing another flood, he built a tower on Harrow Hill, and victualled it for two months. Stow, however, redeems the prior from ridicule by stating that the supposed tower proved to be only a dove-house.

Canonbury Tower was greatly altered by Sir John Spencer, who came to live therein in splendour about A.D. 1599.

After the Spencers, the Lord-Keeper Coventry rented this house. In 1780 it was advertised as a desirable resort for invalids, on account of the purity of the Canonbury air, and the convenience of a sixpenny stage every hour to the City. It was soon afterwards let in sets of lodgings and became a favourite residence with literary men. The most notable of these was Oliver Goldsmith, who here for a time lodged and wrote. Hither also he came on a visit to his friend and employer, Mr. John Newberry, the good-natured publisher of children's books. who also for a while resided here.



Canonbury Tower.

THE ELF AND THE WREN.

By E. Coxhead, Author of 'Birds and Babies.'

(Copyright.)

FAR in the depth of the forest a little grey Elf sat down,
Late on a day in October, when the leaves turn red and brown;
Above in the beech-tree branches a bird sat over his head,
'O Robin, come and listen,' the little grey Elfman said.

'Don't shake your feathers and fidget, but quietly hear me, please—
You know the little Wren robber who stole my butter and cheese;
Just now I passed in the forest that bad little thieving thing—
Caught in a noose on the alder, he swung with a broken wing.

'Yet only think of his coolness, he didn't mind asking me,
Though he had stolen my butter, to let him go safe and free;
As if I would help him really, when I count up every day
What lots of butter he wasted and the cheese he took away.'

'Little grey Elf,' sang the Robin, 'the long days fly away fast,
How ever far we may wander, we must come home at the last;
Each day when the shadows darken, the stars gleam out of the sky,
No little bird can be perfect, but each little bird can try.

'Forgive, forgive,' sang the Robin above on the beech-tree bough,
'However naughty the Wren was, perhaps he is sorry now;
The cool nights follow the sunshine, when the thirsty leaves grow wet,
Little grey Elf,' sang the Robin, 'forgive what you can't forget.'

The little grey Elf moved softly that the Robin might not see,
He crept through the leaves that rustled, blown down from the high beech-tree—
'The Robin is right,' he murmured, 'It was very cross, I know,
For perhaps the Wren was hungry, and it happened long ago.'

He pushed through the tangled bushes and came where the alder stood,
Its branches bent to the ripples of the streamlet in the wood;
The snare hung over the water that glowed in the sunset red,
The Elfman crept away sobbing—the poor little Wren was dead.

And far through the sunlit branches re-echoed the Robin's song,
'Forgive, forgive, little Elfman, for often we all do wrong;
We try each day to grow better, but it is not well to wait,
Lest, when at last we are sorry, our kindness should come too late.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

11.—Geographical Anagrams.

1. Nora. A river in the south of Europe.
2. Mad stream. A town in the Netherlands.
3. Grey man. A country in Europe.
4. Line. A river in Africa.
5. In words. A town in Berkshire.
6. Any row. A country in Europe.
7. Danes. A range of mountains in America.
8. No age. A town in Italy.
9. Ben's ear. A city in India.
10. Care. A town in Palestine.
11. He crams ten. A town in the north of England.
12. New trap. A town in the Netherlands. C. C.

12.—Enigma.

My 5, 6, 8, 2, 3, is a criminal;
My 10, 6, 8, 1, a place from which we get water;
My 7, 9, 3, 6, forlorn;
My 4, 2, 3, 6, departed;
My 10, 9, 3, gained;
My 10, 2, 9, 7, an article of commerce.

13.—Transposition and Decapitation.

I am a word of four letters. First, I distribute, transpose; and I *go* before, again, and I am between two hills; behead me and I am a beverage.

[*Answers at page* 283.]

ANSWERS.

10.—1. Because you find no change in it.
2. Seven.
3. Because without it your friends would become fiends.
4. D would begin the descent.
5. There are so many shamrocks in Ireland that this may be one of them.
6. Ink.
7. Leeks (leaks).
8. Double you O man.
9. When he cuts off his heir with a shilling.
10. A law-suit.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

SOAP AND CANDLES.

WHAT is soap? Briefly, it is a substance formed by the action of an alkali, such as soda or potash, upon fats or oils, such as tallow, grease, palm oil, cocoanut oil, and olive oil, all of which are used in soap-making. In the manufacture of this common article of daily use, the first and almost

only process is boiling. Certain proportions of fat and alkali, in this case water holding a quantity of caustic, commonly called 'caustic lye,' are put in a big iron pan, something like an enormous wash-bowl. These are, in modern works, heated by steam applied to the outside, though sometimes steam can be turned into the pan.

The contents of the cauldron are then boiled until they combine and form a milky liquor. In due course common salt is added to the stuff, and this makes the soap come to the surface, whereupon the water can easily be drawn off. Fresh lye is then put in the pan, and the soap is again boiled. Then more salt is thrown in, for the same purpose as before, and a further boiling takes place.

After this the soap is skimmed off the surface of the liquor with a ladle and put in frames. These frames are so made that the sides can be taken out, and they have also a bottom with holes in it, so that liquor can drain away. When the soap becomes solid the frames are removed. All that is afterwards done is to cut the blocks—they are fifteen inches wide, forty-five inches long, and forty-five inches wide—into slabs by means of wire. In that form they reach the public.

For a hard soap, rosin is added before the last boiling; for mottled soap, salts of iron are put in the pan, and the soap is cooled gradually. Cakes of scented soap are, of course, made in another way. A perfume and some colour, such, for example, as yellow ochre, are boiled with a specially made soap. As the stuff becomes cold it is roughly divided into pieces about the size of the common cakes, and some days afterwards, when it has become dry, it is pressed into moulds which give it the usual shape and the usual lettering—generally the name of the maker, for one thing. But if an expensive perfume is used, the soap, instead of being boiled a second time, is cut up into shavings and put in a mortar. Scent and colour are then added, and the whole is worked up with a pestle. In this way a good deal of the perfume is saved; much is always lost in the boiling.

When people wash in some countries they use sand or clay instead of soap. Both of these substances, as well as others of a like nature, are often put into soap in this country. Do not let it be supposed that this is a fraud. The exact opposite is nearer the truth; for such things, when properly treated, improve soap.

Turning now to candles, let us begin with the farthing 'dip,' which has almost been knocked out of the field by what are familiarly known as 'composites.' 'Dips,' then, are made from a mixture of waste fat from beef, mutton, and pork. The stuff is first melted, when all the little pieces which come to the surface are skimmed off and afterwards sold. Some of this fat is put in a trough, and a number of wicks are dipped into it.

The wicks consist of cotton, loosely twisted, and the rack is like a long hat rack, only that the pegs are of wood and straight and on both sides of the board. One dipping, however, is not sufficient. The wicks must be so treated several times, with an interval between each. One layer of fat must become firm before another is put on.

Wax candles are made in much the same way, only that they are more finished. The wicks, instead of being dipped, are held over a quantity of melted wax and basted as cooks baste meat. When a good quantity of wax has stuck to the wicks, the candles are rolled between marble slabs to make them smooth and of regular thickness. After this they are basted as before, again rolled, and then the ends are cut with a knife.

But 'composites,' the candles most commonly used at the present time, are produced in quite a different manner. These are made from a substance called stearine, which can be obtained from beef and other animal fats and also from palm, cocoanut, and other vegetable oils. The oils named are very largely used by candle-makers; but before they are suitable for use some things have to be separated or taken from them.

Several processes are adopted for such separation,—one, which applies to palm oil, is as follows: The oil is melted in vats, whence it is taken to a leaden tank and heated by steam. Sulphuric acid is added, and after a while the oil is transferred to stills. A still is a vessel shaped like a flask, with a long, bent neck, round which is sometimes placed cold water. If you put water into a still, and bring it to the boil, the steam rises and comes out at the opening, not as steam, but as water, for the cold through which it has to pass converts it into liquid again. This is the apparatus used in distilling water, or making it pure. Now something similar happens in the case of the palm oil. Glycerine however, one of the things in the oil, comes first. It is that which the candle-maker does not want, because it will not burn, and so he gets it away from the oil.

What then remains, when it becomes cool, forms a firm substance, and can easily be made into candles. A number of moulds are prepared. These are tin tubes, just the size and shape of a candle. In each a wick is placed. Then the moulds are fixed in a frame, and all that remains is to fill them with fat, which is done easily and quickly. All the care that need be taken is to add a little wax to the stearine and to make it so hot that it will only just run.

Candles are made from other things than tallow, wax, and stearine. Years ago they were produced from peat bogs! This is not a joke. The Irish bogs, on being properly treated, yielded paraffin, which is a white solid, easily melted, and burning with a bright flame. But the candles thus made cost too much, and so the idea of giving us light from Ireland was soon put aside. Yet paraffin is still used for candle-making. It is now obtained in various other ways—from cannel-coal, used in gas-works, from the petroleum we get from America, and from a sort of slate found in many coal-fields.

Among the other substances used for candles the most curious, perhaps, is beeswax. It is so for this reason. Such wax, as everybody knows, is yellow, instead of white, as a perfect material should be. Therefore it has to be bleached. As this cannot be done by any chemical agency, the wax is first melted by steam and then made into thin sheets. These are spread out in the open air and bleached as some people bleach clothes, though the wax is watered now and again to help the action of the sun in depriving it of its colour.



SOAP AND CANDLES.

1. Moulding Candles. 2. Common Soapwort, an old substitute for soap. 3. Boilers, or retorts, for operating on the fats. 4. Soap frames. 5 Washing-day. 6. Mediæval candlesticks and rush-holders. 7. Candle-dipping on the old system.



Perils by Gunpowder.

PERILS BY GUNPOWDER.

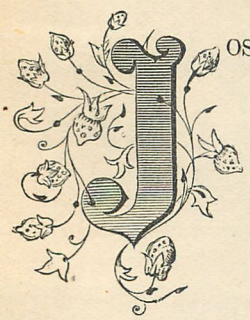
No. 2.

IN the year 1812, the English army, under the Duke of Wellington, was fighting in Spain. The town of Ciudad Rodrigo had just been taken; and a Captain Jones, of the 52nd Regiment, employed a Frenchman, whom he had made a prisoner, to show him where his men might sleep. The Frenchman could not speak English, and Captain Jones knew no French, but with signs the prisoner led the way. Some of the men were lodged in a warehouse pointed out by him, and then he went on towards a church, near which Lord Wellington and his principal officers were standing.

In time of war, churches, the abodes of peace and divine love, have been often used as warehouses for warlike stores of various kinds, and also as sleeping-places for soldiers.

The instant the guide stepped into the building he started back in the greatest alarm. The captain, however, went on, and saw that the church had been used as a powder-magazine by the French. Barrels were standing round, gunpowder lay loosely scattered on the pavement, and in the midst, oh, horror! was a fire, probably lighted by the Portuguese soldiers. There was no running away for Captain Jones when he made his fearful discovery. Without a moment's loss of time, he and the sergeants entered the church, took up the burning embers piece by piece, and carried them safely over the scattered powder and out of the church. Thus they saved, probably, not only the soldiers, but Lord Wellington and the officers who were standing near the place, from an awful and sudden death.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.



JOSEPH BELL was a shopkeeper and a married man. In many respects his wife was just the woman to suit him, but in one particular they were the very opposite of each other; he was a man of few words, she was a great talker.

It was evening; the sun had set, and the shades of night were stealing rapidly on, and Joseph Bell had returned home, after having journeyed on foot for several hours. When he entered his dwelling he found his wife anxiously expecting him; he paid little heed, seemingly, to her anxiety, but sat down in the armchair, wearied in body, dejected in mind.

'You look very tired, Joseph,' said Mrs. Bell, kindly.

'Yes, I am tired,' he replied, in a somewhat melancholy tone.

'And you must be hungry, too. What will you have for supper?'

'Nothing at all; I'm in no humour for eating.'

'Dear me, that's strange; I'm sure you are ill. Come, now, you must tell me what ails you?'

'Don't make yourself uneasy about getting me anything; what you could get me would do me little good.'

'Say not so, Joseph; you are not that ill, I hope.'

'Wife, don't talk to me; I cannot bear it. I *am* ill, and of an incurable disorder, too.'

Mrs. Bell began to think that her husband was slightly deranged, and she didn't know what to do. It was not his wont to be in such humours; his general character was so different; and now that this sudden change had taken place in his behaviour she felt quite bewildered.

After a few moments of silence, she said, 'Don't you think a little medicine would relieve you?'

'Oh, dear, no! Medicine cannot alleviate mental suffering.'

'Mental suffering! Why, what's the matter? What have you done, or what has anybody done to you?'

'I have caused all my own misery. If I tell you the reason you will abhor me.'

Joseph shuddered, and his wife turned pale.

'You will fly from me and parade my guilt in the streets.'

'Guilt, Joseph! guilt? And so you are guilty of some crime, are you?'

'Yes, guilty!'

'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' exclaimed Mary; and then added calmly, 'And so you think I would take part in exposing you—that I would join in the cry, "Hang him! hang him!"'

'If I deserved hanging, what then?'

'If you deserved hanging you would still be my husband; and it is not natural for a wife to forsake her husband, whatever his difficulties or even crimes.'

'Ah! well, then,' said Mr. Bell, 'I suppose I must unburden my mind and tell you the terrible secret.' (Here he dropped his voice to a whisper.) 'I've committed a *murder!*'

'Murder!' exclaimed Mary, as she laid hold of the mantelpiece to prevent herself from falling. 'You will be hanged if they find you out!'

'But, Mary, you won't tell any one; and if you chance to hear murder mentioned, you will not even look as if you had any knowledge or dread of the matter?'

'Oh, no! oh, no! But tell me, who and what was the person you murdered?'

'A traveller!'

'And you're sure you killed him?'

'Ah, too sure!'

'Quite dead?'

'Yes, quite dead.'

'Heaven preserve us! What could tempt my husband to commit such a deed? It's altogether a mystery; perhaps you have only dreamt that you murdered somebody.'

'No, no; it is no dream,' replied Joseph.

'What was he carrying? Did you kill him for what he had about him?'

'No, I did not; he had a pack on his back, and I buried it with him.'

'And so you buried him! Oh—what—a—mons——'

Mary did not finish what she was going to say;

she was stopped and startled by a rap at the door. Joseph appeared frightened, but not so much as his wife, who, with a trembling hand, raised the latch and opened the door.

There was nothing to be afraid of; it was only Mrs. Brown come to borrow Joseph's razor for her husband to shave himself with.

'I doubt it's the tea-man,' said Mary to herself, after Mrs. Brown's departure; 'he went through the town to-day, and he had a pack on his back. Poor man! he has come to a sad end.'

Joseph retired to bed, and so did his wife, but she had not a good night.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mary went in haste to a neighbour's house, and the following conversation took place:—

Mary Bell began: 'Oh, dear, I have had a bad night's rest; I never closed my eyes.'

'That's bad,' replied Mrs. Jenkins; 'have you been very ill?'

'Oh, I cannot tell: I hardly know what is the matter with me; I'm all in a flurry. I'm going out of my mind, I think.'

'Don't talk in that way, Mary. Has anything serious happened?'

'Sad things have happened. Dear! dear! But I dare not tell you what I dare not tell anybody.'

'Well, you know best.'

'It's horrible!'

'Gracious!'

'I dare not breathe a word of it.'

'Well, please yourself; you know you can trust me with a secret. Still, I don't want to know your concerns; other folk's business isn't mine.'

'Oh, Mrs. Jenkins, it is such a dreadful thing! I dare not tell you.'

'I'm very sorry for you; I'm sure something very bad must have happened, or you wouldn't talk in that way.'

'Bad! you may say that; I believe you are sorry for me. I know you are my friend.'

'I hope so, Mary.'

'And you wouldn't say anything if I told you?'

'Say anything! Who should I say it to? You know I'm not a gossip. I don't go about my neighbours' houses, minding other folk's affairs instead of my own.'

'No, no, I know that; and you could, perhaps, give me a bit of advice?'

'Yes, perhaps I could; you know I have lived longer in the world than you, and I have, of course, had more experience.'

'Very true. It's a sad thing; and I never thought anything of the kind would have been done by any of my friends; but I'll tell you at once, though I know it will frighten you—my husband has killed a traveller!'

'Oh!' exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, turning up her eyes in horror. 'Oh, murder! a murder! a murder! Who has he murdered?'

'I'm afraid it's Arvin, the tea-dealer.'

'Poor fellow! What makes you think that?'

'Oh, don't ask me; I cannot bear to think.'

'Poor woman, you may say that. Your case is a sad one indeed.'

'And what would you advise me to do?'

'Advise you! How can I? None of our folk ever murdered anybody.'

'Oh, I'm a miserable woman!'

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Bell returned home.

When Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jenkins were left alone they talked over the affairs of many of their neighbours. Mrs. Bell's concerns were mentioned, and before half-an-hour had elapsed Mrs. Brown was informed of the terrible secret — that Joseph Bell had murdered Arvin, the traveller, and buried him in some place not yet known! How many people knew, before two hours had elapsed, that they resided in the same town with a murderer we cannot say.

Three days had elapsed, during which time there had been active inquiry and search made after Mr. Arvin, but nowhere could he be found; his friends could give no information concerning him, neither could anything be learned from those with whom he had been accustomed to deal. He had mysteriously disappeared. On the morning of the fourth day, as Joseph was standing at his shop door, two constables walked up to him, and said, 'We arrest you in the Queen's name; you must come with us.'

'And for what?' asked Joseph.

'Oh! you'll learn that soon enough. Come along.'

He was quickly taken before a magistrate, and there charged with the murder of one Arvin, a travelling tea-dealer. Joseph smiled at the charge, but felt rather startled when told that Arvin had actually disappeared. It was in vain that he protested his innocence, that the tale he had told his wife was only to test her faithfulness; they would not listen to him. The magistrate wished to know if Joseph Bell thought he had a parcel of fools to deal with. They then put the question to him,—

'Did you or did you not, on the evening in question, deprive anything of life?'

'I did.'

'What was that thing?'

'As you have a high opinion of the sagacity of those by whom you are surrounded, perhaps they can find that out; if they go with me I will show them the place.'

'No impertinence! We will find all out. Was it a cat or a dog that you killed?'

'Neither.'

'Nor any other quadruped?'

'No, I don't think I killed a quadruped at all.'

'Oh! you didn't kill a quadruped at all?'

'No.'

'And it was neither man, woman, boy, nor girl?'

'No.'

'That's strange; but we will find you out yet. Officers, accompany this fellow and see where he will lead you.'

Joseph, accompanied by the officers, left the court; he took them along the lane that led from the town, and when they had walked about a mile, he stopped, saying, in a low voice, 'Here is the place where the deed was done; under that stone lie the remains of my victim.'

The officers were in great haste to raise the stone, but what was their surprise when they saw nothing but a large snail in its shell, which had probably been



Lauderdale House at Highgate.

killed when crossing the road, and then placed under the stone.

'And is this all?' exclaimed the leading officer, addressing Joseph.

'It appears so,' replied Joseph, smiling.

'And this is the murdered traveller that people have been talking so much about!' said another; and those who had accompanied Joseph burst into a hearty laugh. They appeared to think it a capital joke. The magistrate did not think it much of a joke. And what about Arvin? Where was he while all this was going on? He had gone off to avoid paying some debts which he had contracted, and his absence was thus very soon accounted for.

And how went matters between Joseph and his wife after these things came to light? Oh! Mrs. Bell was in a sad state of mind; she wondered how her husband could be so cruel as to tell her such a horrible story. But the circumstance was not without its good effects. It taught her to have a care how she spoke of matters which ought to be kept secret. It appears that Joseph had long lamented her taste for gossip, and that he had hit upon this way of curing it.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Lauderdale House, Highgate.

LAUDERDALE HOUSE, on the breezy hill of Highgate, has strangely mixed associations. There is about it little in the way of architectural details to attract the attention of the passer-by.

At the time when this house was built, a very vicious Earl of Lauderdale was one of King Charles the Second's 'most active and detestable ministers.' Lord Macaulay draws his portrait thus: 'Lauderdale, the tyrant deputy of Scotland at this period, loud and coarse both in mirth and anger, was, perhaps, under the outward show of boisterous frankness, the most dishonest man in the whole Cabal.' This was the savage man who, with his renegade comrade, Archbishop Sharpe, busied himself in torturing the unhappy Covenanters with racks, thumb-screws, and the horrible iron boot. While Lauderdale was absent upon this 'devil's business,' his master, Charles II., used, apparently, to borrow his house, and use it as a residence for his favourite, Nell Gwynne.

Of late years Lauderdale House has been occupied

Never despair.



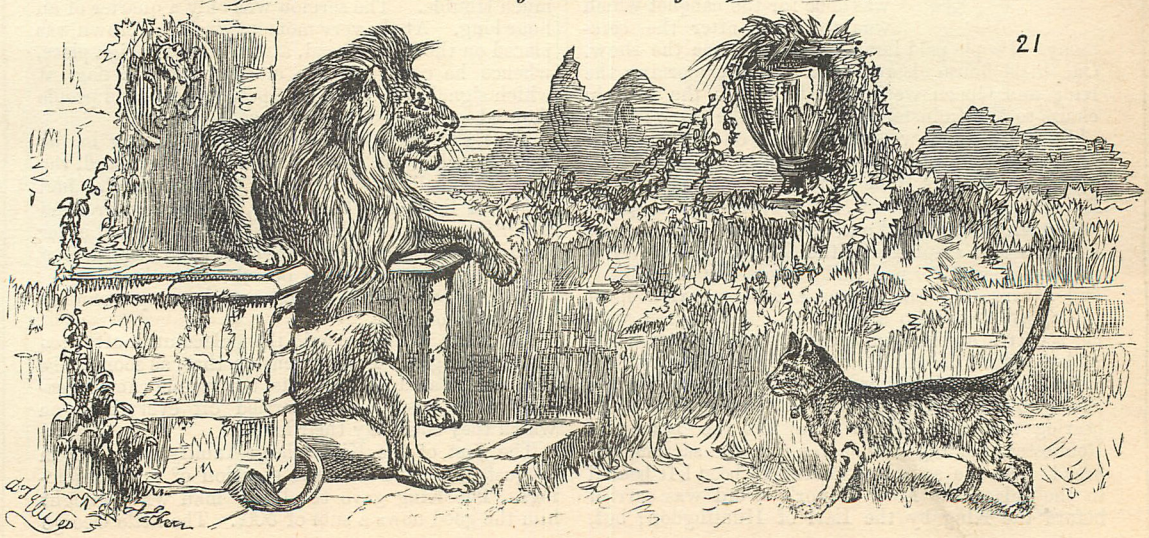
All is not gold that glitters.

20



A cat may look at a king.

21



as a private dwelling. In 1872 the house was made over by its then owner, Sir Sidney Waterlow, to the governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, for the purposes of a convalescent home. As such it was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The building contains beds for thirty-four patients. In its external appearance it is very slightly changed from what it must have been in the days of Lord Lauderdale and Nell Gwynne.

A DROLL QUIZ.

OVER the mantelpiece of an old inn in Lincolnshire may be found this droll quiz:—

'A man without eyes saw plums on a tree,
He neither took plums nor left plums.
Pray how can that be?'

The answer just below the riddle is this:—

'The man hadn't eyes, but he had just one eye,
With which on the tree two plums he could spy.
He neither took plums, nor plums did he leave,
But took one and left one as we may conceive.'

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

(*Continued from page* 243.)

PART IX.

GREAT were the preparations made for the coronation of King George and Queen Charlotte. Gallery over gallery was built in Westminster Hall; yea, even up to the cherubim in the roof. Fifty-two huge chandeliers gave light to the noble hall. An organ was brought in, and a music-loft erected. All this was done for the banquet which was to come after the ceremony. People paid immense sums to see the show. One little house cleared 700*l.* In the morning the King and Queen were carried through the park in chairs to Westminster Hall. Here the great officers of State laid four swords and spurs on a table before His Majesty, and the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey brought the Holy Bible and the regalia, namely, St. Edward's crown and staff, the orb, the two sceptres, —one with a dove, and one with a cross—and likewise a crown and sceptres for the Queen. At eleven a procession was formed and set out for the Abbey, and a very long one it was, and very anxious must those have been who arranged it. The Queen, with her sceptres and crown borne by peers, entered the Abbey before the King. Just in front of him walked three Bishops. Right in front was one carrying the Bible, on the right side was the Bishop of Chester, bearing the cup, and on the left the Bishop of Rochester, holding the paten for the sacramental bread. As the sword of State had been left behind in the palace, the Lord Mayor's sword was carried before the King by the Earl of Huntingdon; but, when they came into the Abbey, the rightful sword was found on the altar. The King's place was nearly at the end of the procession, and he must have found the whole affair, however solemn and imposing, somewhat tedious. The people were not all settled in their places until half-past one, and then there were no less than nine anthems, the Litany, the Communion service, a sermon by the Archbishop-elect of York, the taking of the coronation oath, the anointing in St. Edward's Chair, the girding on of the sword, the putting on of the ring and glove, so that it was half-past three before the crown was set on the King's brow. During the *Te Deum* he was enthroned. Then homage was performed by spiritual and temporal peers. Then the Queen was anointed, invested with the ring, and crowned also. After the eighth anthem the drums beat, trumpets sounded, and the people shouted, 'God save King George the Third.' Then came the administration of the Holy Sacrament. The crowns were handed to the Archbishop, and laid before the altar, and two other crowns were set on their heads for them to wear during the rest of the day; and then all left the Abbey to partake of the feast in the noble old hall.

After the first course, Dymocke, who is hereditary champion, whose motto is 'Pro rege dimico,' rode in with a herald, who challenged all comers on the King's behalf. The herald's challenge was, 'If any person shall deny King George to be the right heir to the crown, here is his champion, who says that he lies.' Then the champion threw down his gauntlet, which no one took up. When this had been done thrice, the King drank to the champion in a gold cup, and the champion, taking it in his gauntleted hand, drank to the King, and then rode off with the cup for his fee.

As my father had a pass ticket he saw the fine show and the carpet-covered scaffolds in the streets filled with splendidly dressed ladies. The sun shone very brightly, though the weather previous to the coronation had been wet and gloomy.

The marshalling of the procession was a work of much trouble. The sermon was only a quarter of an hour long. At the very moment when the crown was placed on the King's head, a man on some high place, whence he could see the altar, dropped a flag, at which signal guns fired, trumpets sounded, and people shouted—all outside the Abbey.

They say that there was some blundering in the hall, for, when the royal procession had returned, the grand chandeliers with their 3000 wax candles had not been lighted. The tables, as they say, groaned under the weight of the venison and game, and other good things. My father laughed at the eagerness of the hungry guests, some of whom in the galleries tied their handkerchiefs together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine.

The King did not regain the palace until after ten o'clock at night. I may mention that, as soon as the hall was cleared of its guests, the people came in according to custom, and carried off everything on which they could lay their hands.

The first of the King's large family was born in August, 1762, and was the occasion of great rejoicings. The King gave the lucky man who brought him the good news a sum of 500*l.* The little George

Augustus Frederick was christened on the 8th of September; and, on the strength of this, the King built a new coach, which was first used at the opening of Parliament in November. The coach was a very naval sort of affair, finny Tritons supporting it, who sounded shells meanwhile. The coachman's feet reposed on a huge shell. There was Britannia, and Neptune, with his sea-horses. The cost of the new coach was prodigious.

In my younger days, too, we used to see State barges, and I remember, when I was about fifteen, looking at the Venetian ambassadors making their entry in one of our Thames gondolas. They were rowed, that is, in the Queen's ten-oared barge from Greenwich to the Tower, and were conveyed thence in the King's coach to Somerset House, where they were entertained at His Majesty's expense.

When I was a boy slavery was very common. I remember hearing an account of the *Phœnix*, which sailed from London to Maryland with over 300 slaves on board. A storm arose in the Atlantic, and the captain had to let the slaves out of irons to help at the pumps. They became unruly, and many of the most powerful of them were again placed in bondage. These were once more liberated by their fellows, and the seamen dared not go down to the pumps. It was now thought necessary to fire into the wretched slaves, and fifty of them were killed. Many of the others died from starvation. The *King George*, of Londonderry, coming near, signs of distress were made, and her captain signalled that he would take the crew of the *Phœnix* on board, but not the slaves. Not one poor negro survived the storm! In 1768—I am ashamed to say it—we English people were the greatest slave-traders in the world. We bought with our trinkets and beads, and other pretty things, more slaves than all other nations put together. A slave in those days would fetch on an average 15*l.*, so that the loss to the owners of the *Phœnix* in slaves alone would be nearly 5000*l.* But I mention this to show how the Slave Trade made a negro's life of no value, and killing them no murder.

(*Continued at page* 258.)

THE BAT.

THE Bat is the popular name of those animals of the mammalian class which are furnished with true wings, and are really capable of supporting themselves in the air. At first sight the bat might be mistaken for a bird, but it has no resemblance whatever to a bird, except in its being able to fly. The old English name of 'flitter-mouse' is a very fitting one, and would seem to show that the persons who called it by this name knew very well that it was no bird, but a species of flying mouse. Bats are nocturnal animals, flitting about in the twilight of a summer evening in pursuit of winged insects, which are their natural food.

In the daytime these singular animals are at rest, hiding themselves in caves, hollow trees, or ruinous and deserted buildings. Their attitude during repose is very curious, for with their wings folded about them they suspend themselves, head downwards, their claws being attached to some projection above.

Bats are found in nearly every country of the world, but they are most numerous, and also attain to a great size, in tropical regions. All the European kinds are small, the largest British bat being rather less than a mouse, although the full stretch of its wings is about fifteen inches. One species found in some parts of England has very large and beautiful ears, which, when the creature is asleep, are folded in the most extraordinary manner under the arm.

When the bat's organ of flight is compared with the wing of a bird, it is at once seen how entirely they differ in structure. The wing of the bat is not extended by quills, but by an elongation of its arms and fingers, as they may be called, and upon these fingers a thin membrane is stretched. The bones which are most elongated are those of the hand, and the fingers of this strange hand possess the power of moving in such a direction that the bat can at its pleasure fold up the wing against the side of the body by laying the fingers close along the side of the fore-arm, just as one might close a fan. To understand this, young readers ought to see the skeleton of a bat, which is a most interesting study. The wing membrane extends along the flanks to the hind legs, and is attached to them, but in such a manner as to leave the feet free, these being much like the feet of ordinary small quadrupeds.

In Britain and other temperate countries the bat passes the winter in a torpid condition. The name of Vampire has been given to a large South American bat, which feeds entirely on the blood of living animals. This bat belongs to the class known as Spectre bats. They differ greatly in structure from the ordinary bat, and their internal organs would seem to show that blood is their sole food. In some parts of South America they are rather numerous, and domestic animals, particularly calves, suffer much from their attacks. D. B.

THE MORNING MIST.

LOOK, William, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene;
Nor house, nor hill, canst thou behold,
Grey wood or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
These floating vapours shroud;
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars seen,
Pale, shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly?

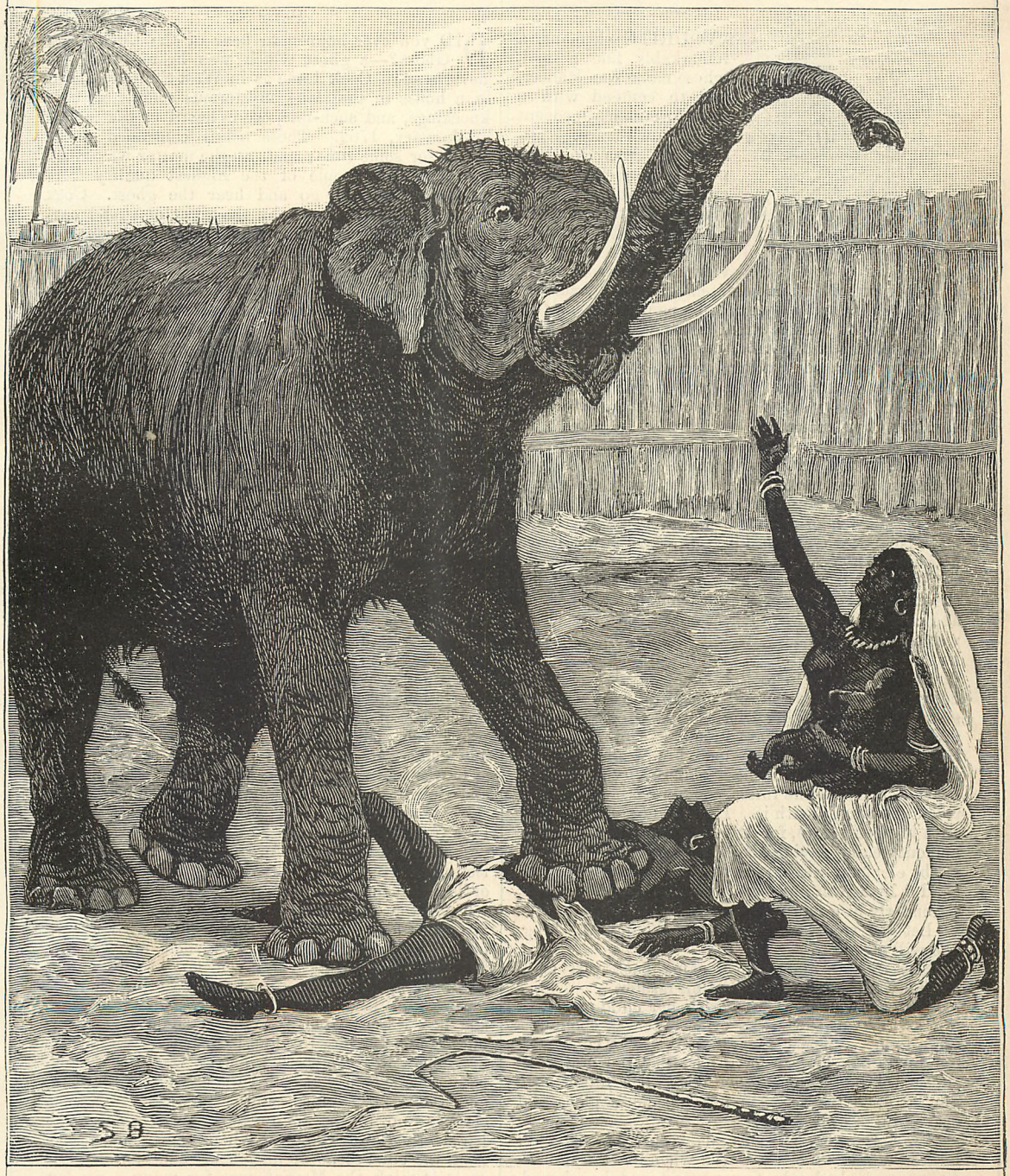
Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way
Through clear and cloudless skies.



The Morning Mist. By W. H. J. Boot.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the grey wood and meadows green
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world
The clouds shall pass away,
The light that struggles through them now
Shall beam eternal day. SOUTHEY.



An Elephant's Revenge and Remorse.

AN ELEPHANT'S REVENGE AND REMORSE.

—o—

A FAVOURITE elephant, a remarkably fine animal, whose name was Malleer, had to contend with a most formidable opponent of his own race. The spectacle was to take place in a spacious arena, around which the King of Oude, and thousands of his people, had so arranged themselves as to have a view of the whole scene. In a moment of extreme excitement, when goaded to fury, Malleer suddenly rushed upon his mahout or keeper, and, at a single stroke of his trunk, killed him.

'Our alarm and horror,' says one who witnessed it, 'were increased at seeing a woman rushing directly towards the elephant. She had an infant in her arms, and she ran as fast as her burden would permit. Her piercing cry thrilled through the hearts of some few at least of those who stood by.

'Frantic with grief she exclaimed, "Oh, Malleer, Malleer, savage beast! See what you have done! Here, finish our family at once. You have taken off the roof, now take down the walls; you have killed my husband, whom you loved so well—now kill me and his son!"

'We expected to see the fierce animal turn from the mangled remains of the husband, to tear the wife and child asunder. But it was not so. Malleer's rage was appeased, and he now felt remorse for what he had done. You could see it in his drooping ears and downcast head. He took his foot off the mahout's body. The wife threw herself upon it, and the elephant stood by, respecting her grief. It was a touching spectacle; the woman lamented loudly, turning now and then to the elephant to reproach him, whilst he stood as if conscious of his crime, looking sadly at her.

'Once or twice the infant caught at the elephant's trunk and played with it. He had, no doubt, played with it often before, for it is quite common to see a mahout's child playing about the legs of the elephant, or the elephant waving his trunk over it, lifting the child a little way, and then bringing it back again, as tenderly as a mother would.

'Let the woman call him off,' shouted the king, 'he will attend to *her*.'

'She did so, and Malleer came back just as a spaniel would do at the call of his master.

'Let the woman mount with her child and take him away,' was the king's order. It was communicated to her. The elephant knelt at her command. She mounted: Malleer gave her, first, the mutilated carcase of her husband, and then her infant son. She sat upon his neck, in her husband's place, and drove him quietly away.

'From that day she was his keeper, his mahout; he would have no other. Even when in a fury of excitement, she had only to command, and he obeyed. The touch of her hand on his trunk was enough to calm his most violent outbursts of temper.'

IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

(*Concluded from page* 255.)

PART X.

DID you ever happen to hear of the Cock Lane Ghost?—a ghost which was heard often but never seen? Cock Lane is in West Smithfield, and in a house in that lane mysterious sounds, strange knockings, and such-like, were heard in the month of January, 1762. These noises continued to be heard for some time; and, as the matter was much talked about, people of the highest quality were curious enough to go and hear the ghost. Cock Lane was startled now by the sight of grand carriages and bag-wigged coachmen, smart footmen, and ladies in brocaded silks, and gentlemen with fashionable canes and snuff-boxes.

It appears that the clerk of a London church had a daughter, who by some means produced the sounds of knocking while she was, apparently, asleep in bed. A gentleman and his daughter once lodged with the clerk, and on one occasion, when the said gentleman was in the country, his daughter, whose name was Fanny, slept with the clerk's daughter. All the night Miss Fanny was disturbed and alarmed by knockings, and, when she asked the reason next morning, the clerk's wife said that their neighbour was an industrious shoemaker, who worked all night at his trade.

In due time Miss Fanny and her father left Cock Lane, and settled in Clerkenwell. Here she fell sick and died. And now the knocking went on yet more busily than ever in the clerk's house, and it was rumoured that the clerk's daughter was visited by Miss Fanny's ghost, and that for a consideration in money any one could have an answer given from the other world to the question he chose to put. So people began to come in crowds, and ask questions of Fanny's ghost through the clerk's daughter, who was the link between the living and the dead. So many knocks meant Yes; so many knocks meant No. Many people's characters suffered by these silly knockings, and some were frightened nearly out of their wits.

It was found out at last that the clerk, his wife, and daughter were clever impostors, and the whole thing brought shame and ridicule on those who had been foolish enough to go to Cock Lane.

And now I will lay before my readers some recollections of great men with whom I have come more or less in contact. George Frederick Handel died when I was eleven years of age, and 3000 people attended his funeral in the Abbey. Handel's father was upwards of sixty when his wonderful child was born. At seven he was already a musician, and at nine years of age he could compose services. When he was fourteen he went to Berlin, and had lessons from a famous Italian. At Hamburg he got the post of 'first harpsichord.' Handel's first opera was composed when he was fifteen, and, having made money at Hamburg, he went to Florence, and thence to Venice, and afterwards to Rome. After a tour in the sunny south, he returned to the harsh climate of Hanover, whence he came to England, the chief scene of his labours and glories. His greatest work, the *Messiah*, was for many years but coldly received, but it grew in favour as it became better known and understood.

Of course, I often set eyes on the Great Commoner, as William Pitt the Elder used to be called. His grandfather was once Governor of Madras, and he made more than 100,000*l.* by the celebrated 'Pitt Diamond.' He used to carry this precious stone with him wherever he went. Sometimes it was hidden in a hollow place made in the high heels of his shoes. It went afterwards to France, and was placed in the great Napoleon's sword. The Great Commoner became the Earl of Chatham in 1766, and lost by that much of his once great popularity. The London people had put up lamps so as to cause a general illumination to celebrate Pitt's return to power as Prime Minister; but, when they heard that he had become an Earl, the lamps were taken down. He was a sufferer from gout, and many of his greatest speeches were delivered in pain.

When I was about thirty years old, the famous William Pitt died, and in a singular manner. He was to take part in an important debate on the 7th of April, and he was led into the House of Lords by his son, the Hon. William Pitt, who became afterwards nearly as great as his father. He was dressed in a suit of black velvet, but, owing to the gout, his legs, as far as his knees, were swathed in flannel. When he had to speak, he rose slowly from his seat and leaned on his crutches. As he spoke he raised one crutch, and, looking up, he said, 'I thank God I have been enabled to come here this day. I am old and infirm, and have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave. I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this house!' After he had spoken, the Duke of Richmond replied, and Lord Chatham was much vexed by what he said. When the Duke had done, Lord Chatham rose up to say something, but he suddenly put his hand on his heart and fell down in convulsions. He was carried out of the House; but, strange to say, he recovered, and appeared again on the Thursday, when, as he was speaking, he again fell down, and was thought to be dead. He lingered until the 11th of May, when he died. His body was buried in Westminster Abbey.

My father gave me a few anecdotes about the Duke of Cumberland, the uncle to the King. He was very popular with poor men, because he was a great employer of labour. There was once a carpet factory which was on the point of being abandoned, and the Duke, fearing that the weavers would suffer hardships if it were closed, bought it, and became a carpet manufacturer. Though he was too wise to give his artisans more than the usual wages, he did allow them every day a supply of bread and beer, and now and then he gave them an excellent repast. It is said this kind-hearted man gave away as much as 6000*l.* a year in charities; but he must have been careless of his money, for a suit of his which had been given away to a soldier was found to contain a pocket-book, inside which were twenty bank-notes. The Duke was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. A sky-rocket, let off at ten in the evening, announced the starting of the funeral procession, when minute guns were fired at the Tower.

I remember Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate of Bow Street. He was a brother of the famous novel-writer. I never saw him, as he died when I was a child; but I have seen his brother many times. Henry Fielding had to write for his bread, until he married a lady with money. But 'fools and their money are soon parted,' and Fielding put his servants into canary-coloured liveries, and gave extravagant dinners, and lived like a lord without a lord's income, so that in two or three years all his wife's money was gone.

I have often seen Oliver Goldsmith. He was an Irishman, and intended for Holy Orders; but his uncle, the Dean, advised him to become a doctor, and so he went to Edinburgh and got into debt. He was a simple, amusing fellow, and, with his flageolet and his merry chat, was able to travel over much of France without money in his pocket. He was just as generous to others as they to him; too generous, indeed, for, though he earned large sums as a writer, he died deeply involved in debt.

One day my father came in, and said that he had seen Robert Clive. My uncle Sam declared that he was in luck's way to set eyes on so great a hero. Clive had gone to Kensington to be introduced to the King, when my father saw him. It seemed more like a romance than reality, that a young man of five-and-thirty should achieve fame, rank, and immense riches. 'He is a lucky dog,' said my uncle; and I thought so too, in my boyish way; but who knows what a wreck a man may be? He was laid low by his own hand in his forty-ninth year, in bad health, melancholy mind, and tarnished fame. Yet he will ever live in history as a soldier who brought such honour to the old flag as few have been permitted to bring.

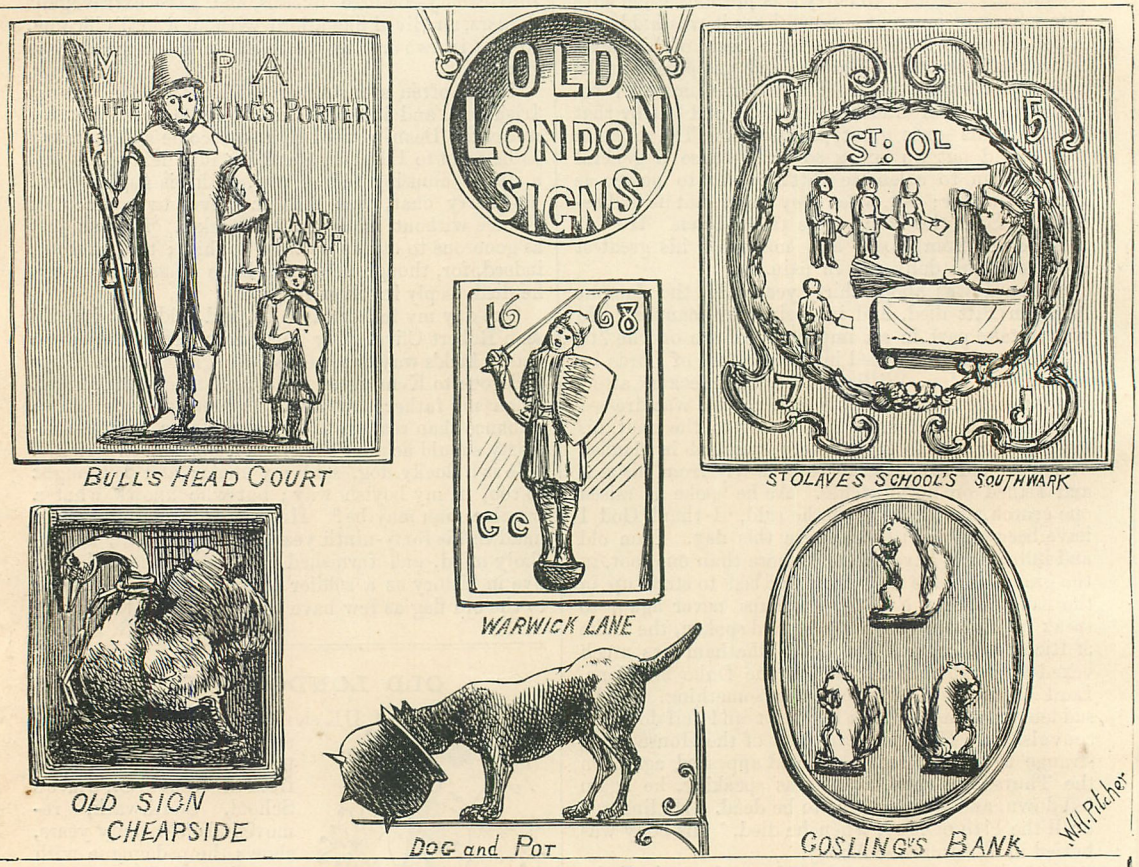
G. S. O.

OLD LONDON SIGNS.



THE signs shown in the engraving are typical of the seventeenth century. That taken from the front of St. Olave's School, Southwark, removed about twenty years, shows the pedagogue with his birch, with a surrounding of pigmy scholars, each with a book in the left hand. The curiously shaped numerals give the date as 1571. The sign of Gosling's Bank, the 'three squirrels,' may be still seen, and dates from the same century. Curiously enough the original sign in solid silver, measuring 24 inches across, was discovered in the building about thirty years ago. The sign of the 'king's porter and dwarf' stood over the entrance to Bull's Head Court, and represents a porter of Charles I., a giant in stature, and the same King's dwarf, Geoffrey Hudson, who was a great favourite at Court.

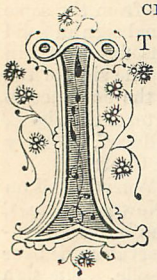
The small entablature of 'Guy of Warwick' is on the corner house in Warwick Lane, Newgate Street, bearing date 1668. That of the 'Swan' with an emblazoned gold chain, still in good preservation, is over an heraldic engraver's shop in Cheapside. The sign of the 'Dog with head in pot,' is mentioned in an Early English pamphlet of 1520, and has, for many years, been the sign of an old-established ironmonger's firm in the Blackfriars Road.



SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

By E. A. Bennett, Author of 'Well Caught,' &c.

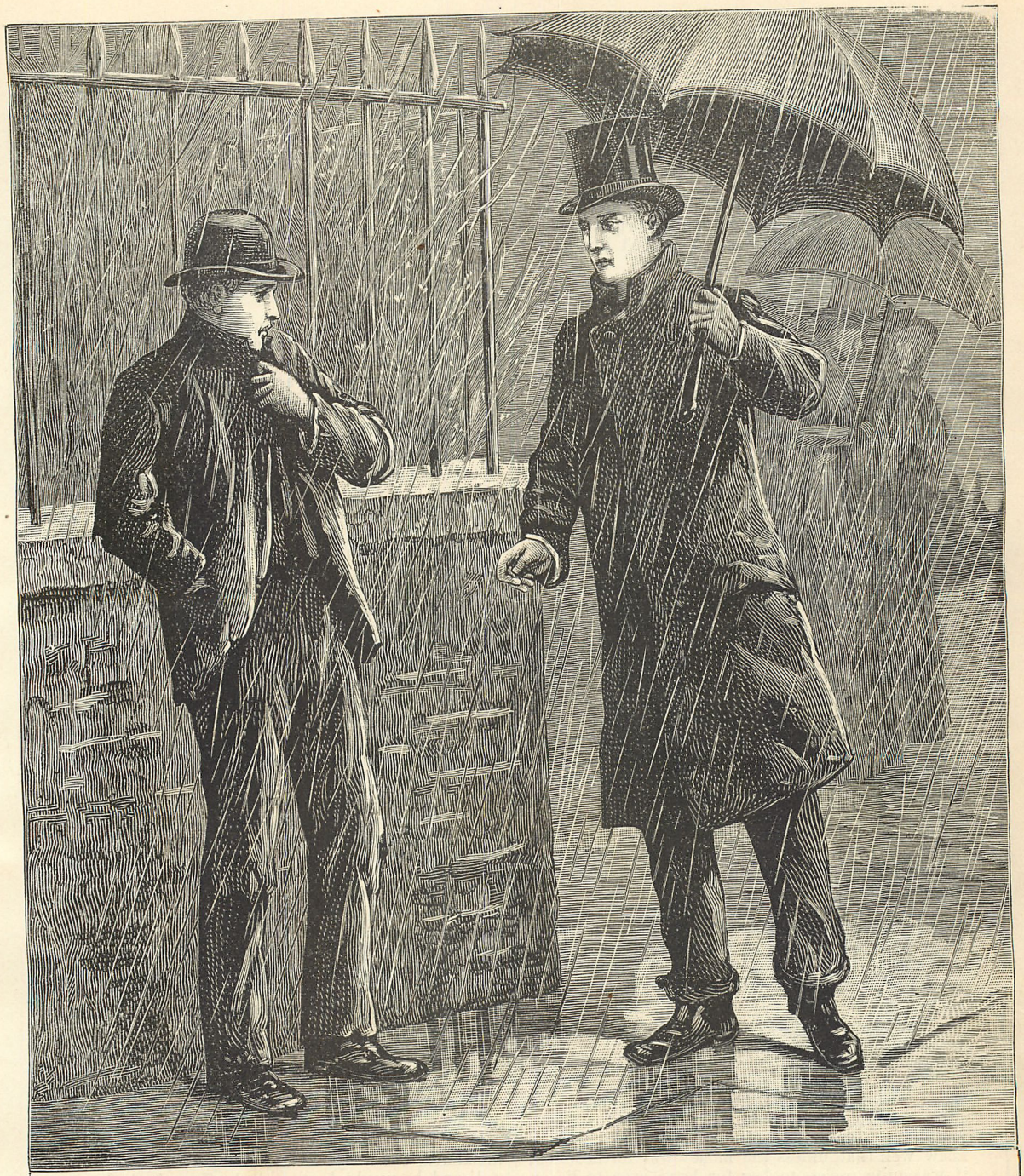
CHAPTER I.—A FRIEND IN NEED.



It was a cold, dismal Sunday afternoon in January; a piercing wind and constant showers of sleet made the shelter of home and a warm fire a very attractive prospect to those who were struggling along the wet pavements and muddy roads. The congregation of a large church on the outskirts of the manufacturing town of Beecham was just dispersing, every one bent on getting home as quickly as possible. They were all so occupied with their own discomfort, that none of them had a thought to bestow on one who plainly had no pleasant home or cheerful fire to go to. Perhaps it was scarcely surprising that the well-dressed and highly respectable congregation should pass by without a glance one who was so shabby, so miserable.

No one knew the difference better than poor Stephen Elliot himself, and as he watched them, he did not expect to get a word or look of pity. Sometimes he wondered whether any of these well-to-do people had ever known what it was to feel as he felt then, but for the most part he was taken up with a pressing need, which was making itself more and more felt every moment. He was hungry—in fact, starving—and he had not a farthing to buy food. For the last hour he had hardly had energy to move, and he was now leaning against the railings of a garden, wondering dreamily what would come of it, and why he felt so utterly wretched. Once or twice he had thought of asking for help, but begging did not come easy to him, and he hesitated so long before speaking that he failed to attract any attention. When at last he did make an effort, a look of indifference was all he received, and he fell back repulsed and hopeless.

'Better starve than try that again,' he muttered;



"Is anything the matter? Are you in any trouble?"

'perhaps I can get work to-morrow. I must try and last out till then.'

But his movements had attracted the attention of a lad about his own age who had passed him and was still lingering near. 'I wonder if there's anything the matter with him,' he thought, 'or whether he is a regular hand at it? I dare say he is. I'll go back again and see if he begs of me.' Stephen looked rather wistfully at him, but made no further attempt. 'Perhaps he does not want anything after all; but he looks uncommonly bad. I really think —— Well, I shall have to speak to him if I want any peace of mind;' and, with a half-laugh at himself, Sidney Yorke turned back again.

'Is anything the matter?' he said, as Stephen turned towards him. 'Are you in any trouble?'

Stephen Elliot looked at the friendly face of the other, and felt convinced that at least he would believe him. 'Yes, sir,' he said, slowly, 'I am starving! I've had nothing to eat all day, and I—and I—don't know what to do!'

'I'm awfully sorry,' said Sidney. 'I don't believe I have a penny with me, and we live right away at the other end of the town. You don't live here, I suppose?'

'No, sir; I only came yesterday. I tried to get work, but I couldn't find any. I would work, indeed, if I got the chance.'

Sidney nodded. 'The first thing to do is to get something to eat,' he said, looking up and down the road. 'If I could only drop upon any one I know —— Ah! there's Blake. I'll be back in a minute;' and he dashed off in pursuit of a boy who had just disappeared round the corner of the road. It seemed a long time to poor Stephen before he returned, and he had almost made up his mind that he was forgotten, when Sidney came running back. 'There!' he said, breathlessly, handing Stephen a large hunch of bread and meat, 'Blake's mother was out, so that is all we could get hold of. But that will keep you going till to-morrow, won't it?'

'Yes, sir, thank you,' said Stephen, gratefully.

'Then, to-morrow, you come up to our place,' went on his new friend, 'and I'll ask my father if he can give you some work. I dare say he will manage to find you a corner somewhere if I ask him and you would like to try.'

'Indeed I should, sir.'

'Well, then, any one will tell you where Yorke's factory is, and we live close by it. Stay a minute, I'll write it down for you;' and producing a letter from his pocket he scribbled a few words on the envelope and handed it to Stephen. 'Now, you come up early to-morrow morning and send that in to me, and we'll see what we can do. Good-bye; mind you come,' and with a friendly nod, Sidney Yorke hurried off without waiting for any more thanks.

There was not much fear of his failing to do that, Stephen thought, as he looked after him; and then he speedily set to work on the food so opportunely provided. When he had eaten it he felt decidedly better, though he was still as far as ever from a shelter for the night. It was rapidly getting dark, the rain was increasing, and the wind was bitterly cold, and he shivered as he thought of the long night before him. Several times he had spent the night under a haystack, but no such shelter was available now; and though doubtless there were plenty of places where a bed could be procured for threepence, that sum was quite beyond him; and he knew well that, unless the money was forthcoming, it was quite useless to beg for leave even to lie on the floor.

For some hours he wandered aimlessly about, till about midnight he heard the tramp of a policeman.

He walked slowly along, keeping as close as possible to the houses, hoping to escape observation. In vain. As the policeman overtook him, he turned the light of his lantern on Stephen's face, and exclaimed, 'Now, then, what are you up to? No good, I'll be bound. Where are you going at this time of night?'

'I—I—I——' stammered Stephen, shrinking away, 'I'm not doing anything. Why can't you let me alone? I've nowhere to go to, and I'm not doing any harm.'

'Perhaps not,' said the other, 'only intending to if you get the chance. Now, look here, young fellow, I know you'—which was a slight exaggeration, though Stephen gave a terrified start—'and I shall have my eye on you; so you had better mind what you are doing. Be off with you! If I find you loitering here again——'

'What's up, mate?' interrupted a voice on the other side of the road, as Stephen slunk off. 'What has the lad been doing?'

'I don't know that he's been doing anything,' was the reply, 'but I don't like the look of him, and I saw him hanging about here this afternoon doing nothing. He said he had nowhere to go, but I expect he's up to some mischief or other.'

'Rather hard upon him, wasn't it,' said the other, 'if you had nothing more to say against him than that? However, he has gone on my beat now, so I'll look after him if I come across him.'

So saying, John Davis turned away and slowly retraced his steps. The momentary sight he had had of Stephen's face showed trouble of some sort, and to trouble, in spite of his official severity, John's kindly heart always responded. Many a trouble had been lightened, many a quarrel healed, by his honest counsel; and many a crime had he prevented by his friendly though stern warning.

'I don't see,' he was wont to say to his wife, 'why I shouldn't try to keep people out of trouble if I can, even if I have to be hard on some of them. I don't say but what I haven't much pity for a good many of them; but I'm often sorry for other poor folk, and if I can give any of them a bit of help or a word of warning, I'm glad enough to do it.' So as burly John paced down the street, he looked about to see what had become of the poor lad who, as he mentally observed, had been bullied by his mate.

He was not long in discovering him. Stephen had hurried on for a short distance, alarmed by the policeman's threat, and then, tired and exhausted with his weary wandering, he threw himself down in a dark doorway, trusting to the darkness to hide him. So absorbed was he with his own misery, that he did not hear John's footsteps or notice that he had paused close to him.

'Poor laddie!' muttered John; and then, laying his hand on Stephen's shoulder, he continued aloud, 'Come, my lad, what's the matter?'

Stephen started to his feet with a despairing cry, too terrified to hear a word.

'I've not done anything—indeed I haven't!' he exclaimed, excitedly. 'Oh, don't, don't! Let me go!' and he would have rushed off again had not Davis seized his arm.

For a minute or two he struggled violently to escape, but, as John's practised eye discerned, it was in sheer fright and not with any intention of resisting, and so after holding him till he became capable of hearing what was said, he released him, and said, quietly, 'Why, I'm not going to hurt you, lad; sit down for a minute, and then tell me what's the matter.'

Somewhat reassured, Stephen sat down on the steps and leant against the wall, while Davis stood in front of him, looking up and down the street to see that all was right, and every now and then casting a compassionate glance behind him.

'Now, lad,' he said, at last, 'why are you wandering about here? What has gone wrong with you? You needn't be afraid to tell me; I shan't get you into trouble if I can help it.'

'I couldn't get any work yesterday,' said Stephen; 'I tried hard enough to get a job, but I only got threepence, and I had to get some bread with that, so I didn't know what to do to-day. I only came here yesterday morning——'

'Where did you come from?' asked the policeman; 'and what brought you here?'

'I've been tramping about for some days—weeks,' hesitated Stephen, 'and I thought I might get something to do here. I should have starved outright to-day if it had not been for a young gentleman, and perhaps he'll get me some work to-morrow if—if you'll let me stay here till morning.'

'No, that won't do,' said Davis, noticing how the lad shivered with cold; 'you know I cannot allow it. The best thing will be for me to take you to the station. There you will be in shelter, at least, and——'

'Oh, don't; please don't do that,' cried Stephen, in a tone of despair. 'Please let me stay here;' and, hiding his face in his hands, he murmured something, of which 'couldn't bear it' was all John could catch.

The policeman looked puzzled. He believed the lad's story; he was accustomed to read faces, and, kind-hearted as he was, there were very few who had succeeded in deceiving him; but he could not quite make out why the lad was so terrified. 'Stand up and let me look at you, lad,' he said, in a tone that showed he meant to be obeyed — unfastening the lantern he carried, and holding it so that the light fell full on the crouching figure. Stephen rose obediently, and looked in the other's face for a minute, dropping his eyes and turning away as he met the searching look fixed on him.

'Ah! I thought as much, poor fellow,' muttered John, as he shut up his lantern and returned it to its place in his belt. 'Now, listen to me,' he went on; 'you must come with me to the other end of my beat, and I'll hand you over to my mate, and he'll find a place for you. No, not at the station,' as the other gave a start of dismay. 'I think you've been telling me the truth, so I'll send you to my own house, and you shall sit by the fire till morning.'

Stephen could scarcely believe he heard right, and tried to express his thanks as he stumbled along, hardly able to keep up with Davis, and glad to lean against the wall when they reached the end of the beat. In a few minutes the expected mate appeared, and after a few words to him, Davis called Stephen. 'Now, you go with Wilson, and he'll look after you. I shall see you again in the morning; don't go away till I come.'

'No, sir; thank you,' returned Stephen, and he turned to follow his new conductor, wondering much at his good luck.

(*Continued at page* 266.)

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

22. Form a well-known proverb from the letters which compose the following words:—

Piano.	Fanny.	Drop.
Four.	Nine.	

23. From the letters contained in the following words form a proverb which counsels prompt and ready action:—

Hotel.	Shire.	Worth.
Kite.	Is.	In.

24. From the letters which compose the following words form a proverb which teaches that steadiness and perseverance are necessary to success:—

Rhone.	Stars.	Glass.
Time.	Noon.	Log.

C. C.

Illustrated Answers, page 285.

A WITTY IRISHMAN.

ONE day in attending to applications for the police force, the Mayor was about to appoint an Irishman. One of the competitors called out, 'What! are you going to appoint him? He cannot write his name, your honour.'

The man was then told to call again in a fortnight. As the people were leaving the hall a friend came to the Irishman and said, 'Now, Pat, go home, take a pen, and keep on writing your name, and I will set the copy.'

When the fortnight was up Pat made his appearance at the hall, and the Mayor said, 'Can you write?'

'Yes, your honour.'

'Well, take that pen and let me see you write your name.'

To the surprise of the bystanders he took the pen and wrote his name. Some one said to the Mayor, 'Tell him to write some one else's name.'

His honour said, 'Well thought of; write my name, Pat.'

The Irishman said, 'What! write your name and commit forgery? I cannot do it, your honour.'

THE POPPY.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed
A scarlet poppy grew;
And up it held its staring head,
And thrust it full in view.

Yet no attention did it win
By all these efforts made;
And less unwelcome had it been
In some retired shade.



The Poppy. By W. H. J. Boot.

For though within its scarlet breast
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I appear as pert and vain
As is this gaudy weed. Jane Taylor.



"Come in, my lad; come in."

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 263.)

CHAPTER II.—JOHN DAVIS, POLICEMAN.

'COME along,' said Wilson, as Davis turned back and disappeared in the darkness. 'Come along, and I'll see you safely housed. You don't look fit to be out here. Look sharp, and we will soon get there; and you'll find yourself in good hands, I can tell you.'

Stephen was too tired to make any reply, and they walked on in silence till they reached a pleasant little house standing a few yards back from the street, where Wilson stopped. 'Here we are,' he said, 'and Mrs. Davis is still up.'

He knocked at the door, and immediately the window was opened. 'What is it, Wilson?' inquired Mrs. Davis, not at all taken aback by such a late summons.

'Come down, Mrs. Davis, will you?' was the reply; 'I mustn't stay a minute.'

Mrs. Davis disappeared, and in another minute the door was opened by a pleasant-looking woman. A glance at her kind, cheerful face was enough to prove that John was right when he said that 'no man ever had a better wife than his missus.' Wilson hastily delivered her husband's message, and, wishing her 'Good night,' hurried off.

'Come in, my lad; come in,' said Mrs. Davis; and as Stephen did so, she shut the door and led the way into the kitchen. 'Why, how you are shivering; you are almost perished with cold. Sit down, and I'll poke up the fire, and you'll soon get warm.'

Stephen sat down, and stretched out his numbed hands to the cheerful blaze, while Mrs. Davis bustled about warming some coffee and making preparations for her unexpected guest by pulling a large, old-fashioned sofa nearer to the fire. Stephen was so worn out that he could hardly keep awake to drink the coffee; and no sooner did he lie down than he was sound asleep.

'Poor boy! Where did John pick him up, I wonder?' she thought, as she stood looking at him for a minute or two. 'I never saw such a man for finding out people that are in trouble, and he doesn't care what he does for them. I don't believe he thinks anything of the trouble he takes himself.'

And without a thought about how well she was following the example her John set her, Mrs. Davis went off to bed.

The next morning when Davis entered his kitchen, quite ready after his night's work for his morning meal, he found his wife, as usual, busy preparing it, while his acquaintance of the previous night was still lying in a heavy sleep on the sofa. After returning his wife's cheerful greeting, John went to the sleeper and stood for some minutes looking at him.

'It's not a bad face. There's not much harm in the lad, I'm sure,' he said, at last. 'I wonder what took him a step in the wrong direction, and whether it will be possible to give him a pull back into the right road?'

'If anybody can, *you* will, John,' said his wife, proudly. 'But what makes you think he has gone wrong? Wilson said he was not doing anything last night; only tired out and homeless. Poor fellow! and he looks quite a boy, too. I dare say he will tell you all about it presently, and then you can put him to rights again.'

Good Mrs. Davis was firmly convinced that every one would trust their troubles to her John, and she did not doubt his power any more than his willingness to help them. In all the years of her married life she had poured all her troubles, great and small, into John's ear, and never had he failed to 'put her to rights again,' as she expressed it, and so she was convinced he would do for other people. Her husband smiled at her decided tone, and was about to reply, when Stephen, roused by their voices, opened his eyes and looked round in wonder, as if unable to make out where he was. He started as he saw the tall figure towering over him, but he was encouraged by John's hearty voice. 'Well, my lad, had a good rest? Better than lying on the stones all night, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir, thank you,' sitting up and looking from John to his wife, as if still half asleep or bewildered.

'Leave him to himself a bit,' whispered John to his wife, who busied herself with completing her breakfast operations, and when it was ready John seated himself.

'Come along, lad; I'm sure you must want some breakfast.'

Stephen said nothing, but looked at his clothes and then at his hands.

'Oh! go along and get a wash then,' said Davis, good-humouredly. 'That's easily put right, at all events.'

Stephen followed Mrs. Davis out of the room, and presently she bustled back again to look after her cooking.

'He's a strange lad, John,' she remarked. 'He hasn't said a word, and he starts when he's spoken to, and doesn't seem to know what to do.'

'He'll be all right presently,' returned her husband. 'He's a bit frightened, that's all.'

'*Frightened!* What at?'

'At *me* chiefly!' said John, laughing. 'I suspect he has known what it is to get rather roughly treated, and he's not quite sure what I'm going to do with him. He will come round when he has had something to eat and finds that I'm not very surly. Ah! here he comes.'

The door was pushed slowly open, and Stephen made his appearance. He was a tall lad, with what would have been a pleasant face had it not been spoiled by a downcast expression which gave him the appearance of being afraid to look at any one. He was miserably clad, and was thin and evidently half-starved, but nevertheless he looked as if, under better conditions, he would have been a bright, intelligent lad.

Davis looked him over keenly, and then, apparently satisfied with the correctness of his previous opinion, he said, 'Sit down, lad, and have some breakfast;' and as Stephen came hesitatingly to the table, he put

a plate of Mrs. Davis's excellent bacon in front of him, and told him to make haste and dispose of it, after which he took no more notice of his silent guest, though hospitable Mrs. Davis watched with pleasure his evident enjoyment of her good food.

'Well,' said John, at length, when he saw that Stephen had finished his meal, 'you haven't told me your name yet.'

The lad hesitated, coloured, and then said in a low tone, with evident effort, 'Stephen Elliot, sir!'

'And what are you going to do with yourself?' asked Davis, taking no notice of his manner, though he made a mental note of the fact that the boy had resisted the temptation to give a false name, and set that down to his credit.

'I—I don't know,' stammered Stephen; 'the young gentleman said I was to go to him this morning, but I thought—I thought you——'

'You thought you were in a scrape, eh? Well, though you were so desperately afraid of me last night, I haven't treated you very badly yet, have I?—not given you quite prison fare!'

Stephen glanced furtively at Davis, and finding he was watching him, hastily turned away his face; but after a moment's pause he looked up again, and said in a more open manner than he had spoken before, and in quite a different tone, 'You have been very good to me, sir, and I can't thank you enough. If only I get the chance, I'll try and get on now, and not——' he stopped abruptly and looked very uncomfortable.

Davis nodded. 'That's right, lad,' he said, kindly. 'Now who was this young gentleman; I suppose he gave you his name?'

'He told me I was to ask for Yorke's factory, and to go to his house and send in this'—producing a scrap of paper—'and he would ask his father to give me a job.'

'Ah! that's young Mr. Sidney,' returned Davis, 'I know him well; you're not the first by many that he has done a kindness to!'

'No, that's true enough,' interposed Mrs. Davis, pausing in the act of carrying off her plates; 'he's as like his father as ever he can be, and *he* is as kind a gentleman as ever lived. I ought to know, that's certain, seeing how many years I lived with them. Mr. Sidney is always trying to do a good turn to somebody or other!'

'And gets taken in pretty often,' growled her husband, shrugging his broad shoulders.

'The more shame for them that take him in,' retorted Mrs. Davis, indignantly. 'Look at that young rascal Brown, after all the trouble Mr. Sidney took with him, no sooner did he get a good place than he must needs drink and fight, till he got into gaol. I hope,' turning to Stephen, 'that if you do get work there, you will behave yourself and not vex Mr. Sidney, for he's terribly put out when any of his friends go wrong.'

'I'll try,' said Stephen, in a low tone; 'I'll not forget how kind he was yesterday.'

'Oh, come! some of them do turn out well,' said Davis, cheerfully, 'and I don't see why Elliot shouldn't. As for that scamp Brown, I told Mr. Sidney he would come to no good, but he wouldn't listen to me. But there's young Jackson getting on like a house on fire, and Mr. Sidney as pleased as anything about it. Now time is getting on, Elliot, and you had better be going. The factory is not far off, and I'll come to the corner of the street and put you in the way.'

Stephen, after thanking Mrs. Davis, followed him to the door, but no sooner were they outside than Davis stopped. 'Elliot,' he said, putting his hand on Stephen's shoulder, 'you must tell Mr. Yorke the truth!'

'Oh! I can't, I can't!' exclaimed Stephen, shivering and turning pale; 'if I do, he won't take me on, and what am I to do if no one will employ me? I saw you knew all about it, but don't make me tell him, you don't know how hard it is.'

'Yes, I think I know very well,' said Davis, kindly; 'but believe me, lad, it's the right thing to do, and the wisest thing, too, in the long run. You would always be afraid it might come out, and if it did, Mr. Yorke and Mr. Sidney would feel you had been deceiving them, and never trust you again.'

'They won't give me a chance if I tell them.'

'I think they will, and think the better of you for speaking out. It won't happen again, lad?'

'No!' was Stephen's only reply as they walked on.

'Then be a brave fellow and get it over. You were meant for better things than this,' touching Stephen's ragged coat; 'and if I were you, I'd fight hard to get up in the world. This is not the life you have been used to, I can see. What work have you been doing?'

'I was in an office, and meant to have got on, and then—then, I know I deserved it, but they really were very hard on me. I wish you had been there,' turning suddenly to his companion.

In spite of himself, Davis could not help laughing. 'You think I should have been softer-hearted, do you? Don't be too sure of that. I have a disagreeable side, too, so take care you don't give me any reason to show it to you. There you are; turn to the right at the bottom of this street and you'll see the factory in front of you, and Mr. Yorke's house is just to the left of it, through some large green gates. Now take my advice and have it all out.'

'Yes, sir, I *will* do it; I know you're right, but——'

'Go along with you, and don't stop to think about it,' interrupted Davis; 'and look here, come back to me if you get work, and I'll find you a decent place to lodge at. You can tell Mr. Yorke, if you like, that I'll keep an eye on you.'

Oddly enough, the very same words that had nearly scared Stephen out of his senses the night before, yet they seemed quite different now. Then they had been a terrible threat to him, now they sounded like a cheering and friendly encouragement; so much depends on the way in which words are spoken, and the person who speaks them.

Stephen, as he made his way to the factory, wondered at the kindness he had received from one whom he had fully expected to be 'down on him,' and made up his mind that if he could only get work he would stick to it, no matter how hard it was, though he felt that it was very doubtful whether he had any chance in such a condition as he was then.

And good-natured John Davis, having watched him



Old houses in Wych Street.

down the street, sauntered slowly home, thinking about the lad to whom he had given a helping hand. 'A better sort of lad than most of them,' was the conclusion of his thoughts; 'comes of a decent family I should think, and got led wrong by some good-for-nothing fellow. He may get along now if he likes, and I believe he will. Anyhow, it's just as easy to give him a friendly word and try to push him up as it is to shake him roughly and drag him down.'

With which kindly thought John turned into his house and betook himself to rest.

(*Continued at page* 274.)

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Wych Street.

WYCH STREET, a tributary of the Strand, derives its name from the Via de Aldwych, of which it originally formed a part. In it there still remain some curious, old, wooden-fronted and gabled houses. On its northern side, near the centre, is the entrance to New Inn. In a narrow court of this street, Jack Sheppard served his apprenticeship to Mr. Wood, the carpenter, and in White Lion Passage, stood formerly the 'hostelrie' of the 'White Lion,' the scene of many events in the career of the notorious young thief,



The death of poor Snap.

who used nightly to meet his professional acquaintances in the taproom.

To the Wych Street of Jack Sheppard's time we may apply the description which has been given of Holborn Hill:—

'The street curves quaint,
And cumbrous sign-boards creak on left and right.'

It was from the 'Angel' Inn at the bottom of Wych Street that, in 1554, Bishop Hooper was taken and sent off to martyrdom at Gloucester. Rather more than two centuries later (March 28th, 1769), the inn figured as follows in an advertisement of the *Public Advertiser*:—

'To be sold, a Black Girl, 11 years of age; extremely handy; works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English well. Inquire of Mr. Owen, at the 'Angel' Inn, behind St. Clement's Church, in the Strand.'

FRED AND HIS PET DOG.

FRED CHESNEY had been sent home from India (where his parents resided), but as he had no relatives who could receive him, he was boarded with a tutor, who undertook the charge of his education. Fred had as a companion in his studies his tutor's son, Charlie Oswald, a boy somewhat younger than he, and of a very frank and pleasant temper. The two little fellows soon became fast friends, and although Meriton House could never seem quite like home to a boy who knew that his own parents were alive, still, Fred was contented and happy, always looking forward to the time when his father and mother might return to this country, and take him to live with themselves.

Now, when a boy is boarded with a tutor, he cannot have quite so much freedom in the way of keeping pets as he might have in his father's house; therefore it was a great day in Fred's life when, having rescued a poor little dog from some boys who were stoning it to death, he carried it home, and found that Mr. Oswald would allow him to keep it.

Before many months had passed away, both boys were so fond of Snap, as Fred had called the dog, that they almost wondered how they could ever have been happy without him. He was not very handsome, but he was lively and good-tempered.

On one occasion Snap had proved very useful. The two boys had climbed up a steep, rocky shoulder of the hill, in search of a bird's nest. They found themselves in a terrible difficulty; they could not descend again to the pathway below—indeed, only to glance downwards made them grow sick and giddy. Fred, who was less accustomed to hill-climbing than was Charlie, clung with all his might to a tough, wiry bush, which grew in a crevice of the rock. 'What are we to do now?' he said to Charlie, in faint, despairing tones.

'Hold on for your life!' shouted Charlie in reply. 'Listen how Snap is barking down below. Some shepherd is sure to hear him and come to the rescue.'

And this was exactly what took place. A shout from above made both boys look up, and there they saw two men—shepherds—who, having heard the distressed barking of the faithful dog, had come to the help of the lads, who had ventured upon one of the most dangerous parts of the hill. With the help of these men they were speedily rescued from their disagreeable position, and ran home, with Snap barking joyfully at their heels.

But now we come to a sad part of our story. The boys had been allowed to keep pigeons in the hay-loft, but they were troubled to find that rats had devoured the grain which they had bought for their pets.

'Now, isn't it provoking?' said Fred. 'Unless we get rid of these rats we need not attempt to keep pigeons at all! I say, Charlie, suppose we buy a box of phosphorus paste?'

'I don't know what mother would say to that,' he replied, doubtfully. 'Mischief might come of it, you know.'

'Don't say anything about it then,' said Fred, 'and we can take good care of the poison. Nothing is so good for killing rats as phosphorus paste.'

After some more conversation, Charlie agreed to buy the paste, and to say nothing about it to either his father or his mother. But deceit of this kind seldom prospers, and it did not do so in this case.

The poison having been procured was spread upon small pieces of bread and butter, which the boys then laid in the loft in hopes that the rats might be tempted to nibble at the dangerous compound. But just as everything was nearly arranged, a few wisps of hay being laid above the poisoned bread and butter, the voice of Mr. Oswald was heard calling the boys to his study. In their haste to obey, lest he should come himself and find out what they had been doing, both boys ran out of the loft, drawing the door shut behind them, but not taking time to fasten it.

Alas, alas! Poor Snap, who was never permitted to enter the study, but who liked to lie among the hay in the loft, went there at once, and speedily sniffed out the bread and butter. A few minutes more and he had eaten as much of the poisoned food as ensured his death in the course of a few hours.

When the boys left the study they went up to the loft, and there they found poor Snap, in all the agony of a terrible death. Fred's cries of horror brought Mr. Oswald to the scene; but, alas! nothing could be done. A few more struggles and the dog was dead. Fred was bitterly sorry and ashamed of himself.

Boys, take warning by this little story. Never try to deceive your parents or teachers, and never tamper with poison, lest you should cause the death of some pet animal of the house, or, far worse, even of some dear child or companion.

D. B.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

CHAINS.

IF we could only see how some of the common things of life—some of the things which we own—are made, or learn their history from the earliest moment, how very differently we should estimate them! A chain, now, is a very simple thing, whether it holds a dog in the back-yard, or helps to raise a great beam to the top of a building, or fastens a monster ship to the side of a dock. But a singular interest is attached to it when we know that over it a delicate young woman toiled, heavy hammer in hand and a fire at her side.

For it is females who make nearly all the small chains—all up to the size of those by which the first horse is fastened to the shaft of a heavily-laden waggon. There is little or nothing else for them to do round about Cradley Heath, near Birmingham, where nearly all English-made chains come from. Wives and daughters work in the forge, just as the

nail-makers do at Bromsgrove and other Black Country towns.

The women get from the warehouse iron rods of the thickness of the chain to be made, carry them home, and set to work in a little smithy at the back of their house. Each one has an anvil and also a forge like that you see in a blacksmith's shop. The worker puts the ends of two or three rods in the fire, plies the bellows, and draws out that piece of iron which gets red hot first.

She then cuts off a length of iron sufficient to make a link of chain, by putting the red hot part across a chisel and striking it a heavy blow. Thrusting the rod back in the fire, she picks up the second piece with a pair of pincers, and sticking it in a hole in the anvil bends it over. The other end of the piece is served in the same way, and then it is put in the fire. While this is getting red hot the girl cuts off another piece and serves that just as she did the first. The link is now withdrawn from the fire, and the two overlapping ends are hammered until they weld together. Next a third length is cut off, and then the second is added to the first by being thrust through the finished link and hammered until the two ends join.

In this way chain-makers go on day after day, making a link and adding it to the previous one. When it is desired to produce a rather fancy appearance, each link, after it is joined, but before it becomes cold, is thrust sideways into an opening in the anvil, and is so held fast. A small bar of iron is then put through the part of the link which is towards the worker and turned to the left or right, so as to give the link a slight twist. The effect of this operation can be seen in many dog-chains and in some of the chains in horses' harness.

If a chain is required to be bright, it is afterwards put in a cylinder with a number of others, and with some polishing substance. The cylinder, which looks something like a monstrous churn, is turned round by machinery, and of course the contents are banged and rubbed together with some force. When the chains have gone through this treatment for a short time, they look, as the saying goes, 'as clean as a new pin.'

Girls and women who make chains earn about from 4*s.* to 8*s.* a week. As they have to deal about ten thousand heavy blows with a hammer every day, they have certainly to work hard for very little money.

Thick, heavy chains are made by men. Most of these do not carry on their occupation at home, as all the women do, but in large works, where the smithy fires are blown by machinery, which also cuts the iron bars up into lengths ready to be turned into links.

At an anvil where chains with links about two or three inches long are made, only one man works; at one where links about four inches long are forged, two men work; and at one where the largest chains are made, three work. A man by himself works in almost exactly the same way as a woman, though, of course, his work is much more tiring than hers. Where there are two men, one attends to the forge, looking after the fire, and drawing the iron out when it is ready, and the other deals all the heavy blows that are required to join the links. In the remaining case there are two assistants as 'strikers.'

All these men, though they wear neither coat nor waistcoat nor shirt, perspire very freely and soon become, in their own language, 'done up,' or exhausted. They are rarely able to work all day, usually stopping at home in the afternoon, or leaving off about four o'clock.

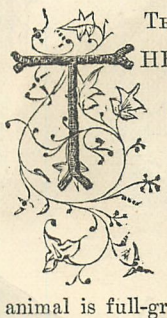
If you will look at the largest chains made, you will see a bar across the middle of each link, bearing the word 'Tested.' This bar is not wrought or made as the rest of the chain is, but cast in a mould, and is fixed in each link merely by putting it between the two sides before they become cold and hammering them together.

The testing takes place afterwards when the chain is finished and cold, in another part of the works, where machinery subjects it to a greater test than it is guaranteed to bear in actual use. If there is a weak link this operation finds it out, and then another link is forged and put in its place, the faulty one being thrown aside. All chains are tried in this way, whether they bear the word 'Tested' or not, if those who buy them insist upon it. But, as a rule, the small chains are sent from the works without being tried. Life does not often depend on their strength; it often does on the strength of the large chains.

W.

HAPPY IN EXILE.

The Puma, or American Lion.



THE Puma, or Cougar, sometimes called the American Lion, is one of the largest of the American Felidæ, rivalled only by the Jaguar, which is larger still. Its fur is thick and close, reddish-brown above, and of a paler colour on the breast and lower parts of the body. Young pumas, however, have dark brown spots all over the back, which spots disappear when the animal is full-grown.

The puma climbs trees with great ease, and generally secures its prey by darting down upon some unwary animal, such as an antelope, which may be passing below. It is not only very active in its habits, but it is a powerfully built animal, though fortunately it is rather cowardly, seldom venturing to attack a man face to face, though quite willing to dog his footsteps day after day, in the hope of finding him off his guard or asleep, when it would at once attack and destroy him.

Many tales are told of lonely travellers in the great American forests being thus followed by a puma, for days at a time. Notwithstanding all this, the puma is easily tamed, if taken young and kept well supplied with food, when it proves to be gentle, purring like a cat, and equally fond of being caressed. This capability of being tamed makes it a very suitable inhabitant of the Zoological Gardens, where it seems happy and at ease, while the little ones are as playful and frolicsome as so many kittens.

M.



HAPPY IN EXILE.

The Pumas in the Zoölogical Gardens.



Shag's Morning Lesson.

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 268.)

CHAPTER III.—HEPBURN OF HEPBURN HALL.

'YOU will, father, won't you? You really might do it for once.'

'My dear Sidney, for once! My memory may not be very good, but I have a faint recollection of one or two previous requests of this kind. It seems to me you are always picking up some young scamp or other. No wonder Walter looks askance at us. Oh, why isn't Walter my boy? Why am I plagued with a son who is always bothering about other people instead of keeping himself to himself in a proper and respectable manner.'

'I can't think why,' was the saucy rejoinder; 'could it be, do you think, father, the force of your own bad example.

'You young rascal,' returned Mr. Yorke, laughing. 'But do you really think it is any use trying this lad? Very few of them will take the trouble to get on, even if they do get a helping hand.'

'Oh, yes, father, very often they do. Look how Jackson is getting on; you said yourself he had done capitally and deserved to rise in the world.'

'Yes, he has certainly; but what about Brown, and—well never mind, Sidney,' seeing his son's face clouding over, 'you cannot expect to succeed always, and it is well worth trying if you can help one or two, so we will see what we can do for this new friend if he comes, and hope for the best.'

'He will be sure to come, I know,' said Sidney. 'Thank you very much, father; I'm sure he will turn out well, he hadn't at all a bad face. But, father,' hesitatingly, 'you will speak to Richardson about him, won't you?'

'Your courage is not equal to that, eh? Now I think it would be a real test of friendship if you were to speak to him yourself, and not fight shy of it because you don't care to hear his remarks about Mr. Sidney's pets!'

Sidney coloured. 'Of course I will speak to him. I ought not to mind, only I'm afraid of losing my temper'—in a low tone.

His father smiled; he knew his son too well to be afraid of that, though all he said was, 'We won't risk it then. I'll undertake him. You know, Sidney, Richardson is a very good fellow, and it is his duty to see that the work is properly done. You ought not to dislike him because he won't let the lads shirk their work or be insolent to him, as Brown was.'

'No, of course not,' said Sidney; 'he was quite right there. It isn't that, only he always seems rather pleased than otherwise if he catches one of the lads tripping, especially if——'

'It is one of your pets! No, no, Sidney, I don't think that. Richardson is strictly just, though he might be a little more lenient; but you may depend upon it, if your new friend shows that he is really anxious to get up the ladder, Richardson is not the man to push him down again.'

'Only he won't hold out a finger to help him up!'

'You are incorrigible!' said his father, laughing; 'every one won't be bothered with your whims as I am. I really wish——'

'You had Walter for a son!'

'Yes, indeed;' and Mr. Yorke put his hand on Sidney's shoulder with a look of affection that belied his words; 'his requests are limited to one person, and that saves trouble: "Uncle Henry, I want—so sorry to trouble you, Uncle Henry, but could you let me have a little money? I am out of cigars!" Cigars! of course; but ragged lads—faugh!'

'You are too bad, father,' laughed Sidney. 'Walter is a good-enough fellow at the bottom, if only he didn't think himself——'

'So superior,' said Mr. Yorke, shrugging his shoulders; 'that's just it. You see, he always bears in mind that he is Hepburn of Hepburn Hall and you—Yorke of Yorke's Factory.

'And proud to be so!'

'That's right; make the best of a bad business.'

'Which it is not, sir! On the contrary, it is the most thriving business in the town. The well-known establishment of Mr. Henry Yorke is always to be relied upon for thoroughly good work, and I am proud to say we turn out more and better blankets ——'

'Hush, hush!' interposed Mr. Yorke, with exaggerated alarm, 'here comes Hepburn of Hepburn Hall. Let me beg you to drop the subject, and if you could only look as if you had never heard of a blanket—— Good morning, Walter; Sidney and I were just beginning to want our breakfast.'

'Good morning, uncle,' returned young Hepburn; 'I hope I have not kept you waiting.'

'No, it's only just time. Come along, Sidney,' and he led the way into an adjoining room.

Mrs. Yorke, a pleasant-looking lady, was busy with breakfast arrangement, and a merry-looking girl about three years younger than Sidney was superintending the education of a Skye terrier, who looked like a shaggy mat with a black nose at one end.

'I thought you were never coming!' she exclaimed, by way of greeting. 'I've been teaching Shag for ever so long, and I want to show him off. Now, Shag, no well-brought-up dog would think of eating this piece of bread without leave from the greatest person in the kingdom.'

Shag sat up, dangled his paws, and mutely protested that he *was* a well-brought-up dog.

'The Prime Minister?' Shag repudiated the suggestion with scorn.

'The Prince of Wales?' Shag whined, but doubted the Prince of Wales.

'The Queen?' Shag promptly pounced on the coveted morsel and snapped it up.

'There!' said Maud, triumphantly; 'and he can die when he is told, and knows his right hand from his left.'

'His education is progressing, certainly,' said Mr. Yorke, laughing. 'But I advise you not to give him too many rewards; he is getting fat.'

'It's only his hair,' said Maud. 'There, Shag, out

you go;' and opening the low window she dismissed her pet and sat down to breakfast.

'I can't think how you can take so much trouble with the little dog,' remarked her cousin, languidly. 'I should get some one else to teach him if I were you.'

'Trouble?' returned Maud. 'I don't see any trouble in it, and I want him to be a learned dog. Why don't you teach Rufus to fetch and carry? He is getting nearly as lazy as——' his master, she was going to say, but a quick glance from her mother made her pause abruptly.

'He really does want a little exercise,' said Sidney. 'Let us go for a long walk this morning and give him a run. I want to go over to Repton to see Harry Ford; do come with me.'

'To Repton?' exclaimed Walter. 'Why, it's miles and miles! Besides, what's the use of bothering oneself to walk? Why not have the dogcart and drive?'

'It's only three miles,' said Sydney, 'and you know we can't drive to-day; Smith is not fit to go out yet.'

'What a nuisance the fellow is,' grumbled Walter. 'What is the use of a man who can't do his work? I particularly want to go over and see Ffoulkes to-day, and he is off to-morrow, so it's my last chance. But I don't see why we shouldn't go without Smith. It's absurd to suppose I can't manage Harkaway.'

'My dear Walter,' said Mrs. Yorke, in an undertone, glancing at her husband, who was apparently absorbed in his paper, 'you know your uncle said you were not to go without Smith. Harkaway is such a very spirited horse, and the last time you drove you know what happened.'

Walter looked very cross, and muttered, 'Nothing to signify.'

'Nothing to signify!' burst out Maud. 'You don't care what you hurt, I believe! You are a perfect Nero!'

'My dear Maud,' remarked her father, putting down his paper, 'what did happen that excites you so much? Walter has not been crushing any one under the wheels of his chariot, surely?'

'Not exactly,' said Maud; 'but he did drive over a dog, and——'

'Was it hurt much, Walter?' inquired her father.

'I don't know,' replied Walter, carelessly. 'It was only a little mongrel; it couldn't have been of much value to any one.'

'Do you really mean you didn't take the trouble to see?' asked Mr. Yorke, sharply.

'Such a fuss about nothing,' Walter muttered. 'There are plenty of dogs.'

'We couldn't pull up Harkaway for some distance,' Sidney said, quickly.

'What, were you there? You surely don't mean that *you* left the poor little beast in the road without knowing whether it was dying in pain or not?'

'Of course he didn't!' the impetuous Maud burst out. 'You ought to know better than that, father. Sidney went back, and it belonged to a little boy who didn't know what to do with it, so Sidney carried the poor little thing all the way to Morton, and its leg was broken, but Morton set it, and he says it will soon be as well as ever.'

'Ah!' said Mr. Yorke, in a tone that made Sidney's face flush with pleasure. 'Now, Walter, you are not to drive Harkaway again. I will not run the risk of your meeting with an accident either to yourself or other people; so you must wait till Smith is well enough to go out with you. Do you hear?'

'Yes, uncle,' muttered Walter, sulkily. 'But if Smith is going to be laid up like this, I do wish——'

'That I would dismiss him and get you another groom, eh? That's a pretty way to treat a man who has served you as well as Smith has.'

'Walter did not mean to be unkind to Smith, I am sure,' said Mrs. Yorke, gently. 'Did you, Walter?'

But Walter declined to speak, and only looked very cross.

'A lad named Elliot has brought this paper, sir,' said the servant at that moment, 'and he says he was told to come up this morning.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' exclaimed Sidney, jumping up. 'May I go to him, mother?'

'No, no; finish your breakfast first,' said his father. 'There's no hurry; he won't run away. Saunders, take the lad into my room and ask him if he has had any breakfast; if not, see that he has some. That's right, is it not, Sid?'

'Quite right, thank you, father,' said Sidney, laughing. 'I cannot imagine how it is you always know what one is thinking about.'

'What a terribly unpleasant idea! Don't you think so, Walter? if I were to guess what *you* were thinking of, I should say—never mind,' seeing that Walter looked really uncomfortable; 'if I do guess, I'll keep it a secret. And look here, my boy; I don't want you to break your neck, and I cannot send away a trustworthy man like Smith. But if you like to send Harkaway out to Hepburn Hall, you shall have a steadier horse here till Smith gets about again. Parker told me yesterday he had a very good chestnut, and if you want to go out to-day, you can ask him if he will go with you and let you try it. I almost think it would be better to sell Harkaway,' he continued, gathering up his letters as he spoke; 'he is not at all a safe horse for you, though I am not "so absurd as to suppose" that you are not a first-rate whip. At all events, you can drive Parker's to-day and see how you like it. Will that suit you?' laying his hand on his nephew's shoulder as he passed him.

'Yes, thank you, uncle,' replied Walter, looking up; and then colouring, he added, in an undertone, 'I didn't mean—I wasn't thinking——'

'What a brute of an uncle you had got,' interrupted Mr. Yorke, laughing in a good-humoured way. 'Well, don't think worse of me than you can help. Now, Sidney, if you are ready, let us go and see after this new friend of yours.'

(*Continued at page* 282.)

A SUMMER SHOWER.

'TAKE your umbrella, my dear.'

'Oh, grannie, there isn't a cloud anywhere!'

'Never mind. You will be away two hours, and there is no depending on an English day.'

So Gertrude did as she was told. She carried



A Summer Shower. By W. H. J. Boot.

her umbrella to church, in spite of the sunshine, and came home with it dripping in consequence of a sudden shower. The blacksmith's wife and her four children were caught in the same shower, and Gertrude passed them as they were sheltering under the rather scanty boughs of the trees which overhung the village pond.

'What a shower!' she exclaimed.

'Yes, miss; but you're prepared.'

'Thanks to grannie,' said Gertrude. 'What do *you* think of English weather, Mrs. Gregg?'

'Well, miss, as I said to my husband this morning, it's terrible uncertain, but for all that, I like England better than Australia.'

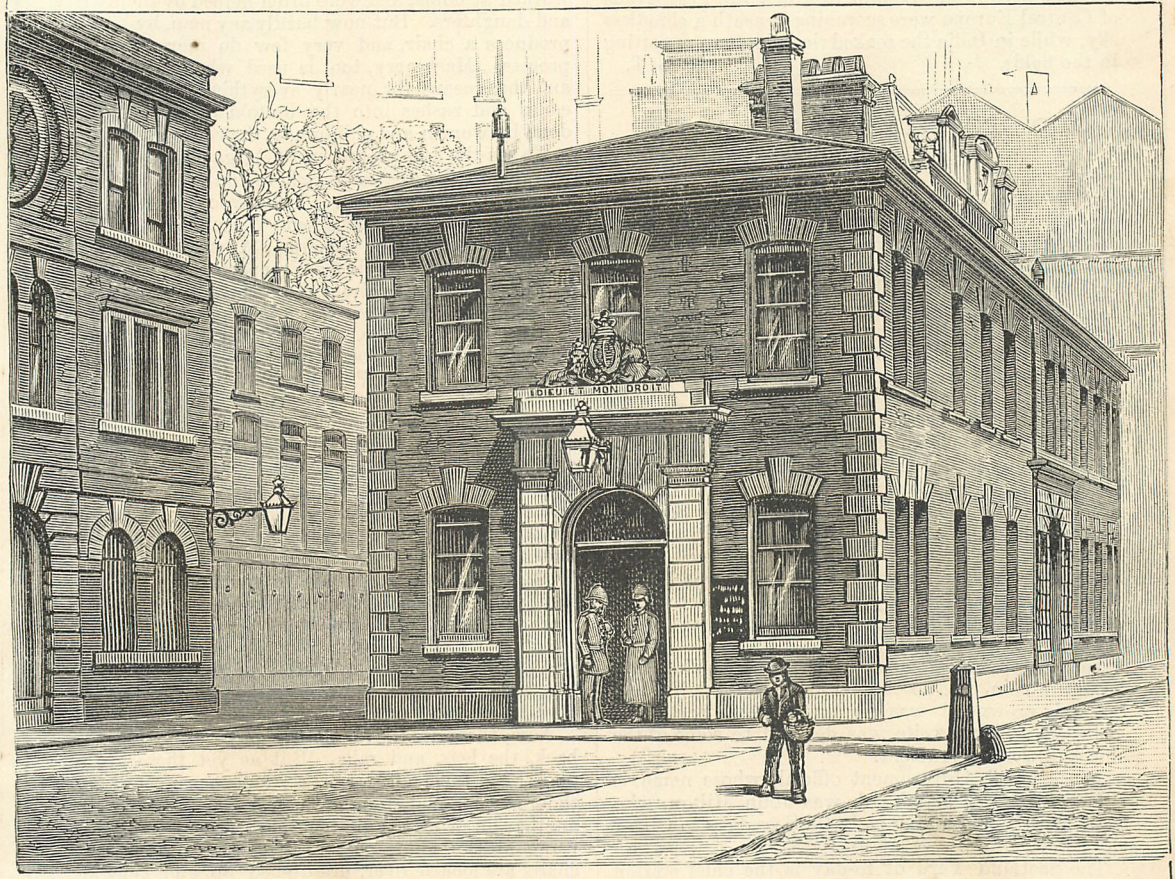
'I should think so,' said Gertrude, as she hurried on.

Grannie met her at the door. 'Didn't I warn you?' said she, laughing. 'Never trust the English climate! I wouldn't stir out of the house without an umbrella on any account.'

Certainly the weather in our little island is apt to be extremely changeable, but the average rainfall is far below that of many other countries, and even our next-door neighbours, the Irish, have more wet days in the year than we have.

There are countries where it rains every day, and there are others where it never rains at all. On the western coast of Norway, for instance, Grannie's advice about the umbrella might be followed with advantage, while if you are intending to make a long stay in Guatemala or Beloochistan, you may safely reckon that no protection against rain is likely to be needed.

More rain falls within the tropics than within the temperate zones. We grumble at our showers, and talk about 'pouring wet days,' but travellers might reasonably tell us that we English folk do not know what rain is. A tropical shower which will drench one to the skin in a few minutes is truly to be dreaded, and we may be thankful that our rain-storms are more moderate. But in the tropics people know in a measure what kind of weather to expect, as the year is divided into a wet and dry season, while in our latitudes rain and sunshine alternate with what we consider provoking rapidity.



Scotland Yard.

On the western coast of Europe, more rain falls in winter than in summer, although there is no 'dry season' properly so called. In Germany and Russia, the reverse is the case. The difference in the rain-fall of Norway and Sweden is curious. The clouds sweeping up from the Atlantic are caught amongst the mountains which divide the two countries, and usually discharge the greater part of their contents in Norway, where, as I said before, you may expect a

shower at any time, while on the other side of the range, in Sweden, the annual rain-fall is very small.

It has been noted that a period of heavy rains and floods in one part of the world is often accompanied by a terrible drought in other localities. In 1864, the year of the great drought in Europe, Australia suffered from severe floods. Two years later, the Australian cattle were dying in thousands for want of water, while in England we were being deluged with rain. Again, in 1868, the grass-lands of Central Europe were scorching beneath a cloudless sky, while in India the soaked rice-plants were rotting in the fields. H. L. T.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Scotland Yard.



To us the name 'Scotland Yard' at once suggests policemen. But it is only since 1829 that there has been any connexion between the two, for it was only in that year that the modern police-force was organized. In olden days Scotland Yard had very different associations. Stow speaks of it as a place where 'great buildings have been, for the receipt of the kings of Scotland, and other estates of that country.' It is recorded that this property was given by the Saxon King Edgar to Kenneth III., King of Scotland, for his residence during his annual visit to London to do homage for his kingdom to the English Crown. Afterwards, it was the residence of the Scottish kings when they attended the English Parliament as barons of the realm. The last member of the Scottish royal family who lived here was Queen Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., who came to England after the death of her husband, James IV., upon the fatal field of Flodden.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign the ancient palace had become a ruin. After the union of the English and Scottish crowns it was dismantled, and partly demolished. Then its site was devoted to some of the offices of the Government.

The greatest Government official, whose name is linked with Scotland Yard, was John Milton, who dwelt here whilst acting as Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell.

The Scotland Yard of to-day is the chief station of the Metropolitan Force. It possesses, however, other departments besides that connected with the Police. Here is the Prisoners' Property Office, and also the offices for cab and omnibus licences. Articles left in a cab should be applied for at the Police Office in Scotland Yard, whither every cab-driver is bound to take them, and he receives a reward according to the value of the recovered article.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

CHAIRS.

MANY years ago it struck some of the villagers of High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, to make use of the beech-trees which were then very plentiful about the town. So they turned some of the wood into chairs. The industry thus begun grew and grew until to-day Wycombe is the principal place for chair-making, and is known all over the civilised world. In busy times it turns out no fewer than two million chairs a year, and these are sold at all prices, as low as one shilling, as high as twenty pounds or more. The value of the whole is about 250,000*l.*

It is hardly necessary to say that for a long time chairs were made at Wycombe by hand alone. Men worked at home, and were often helped by their wives and daughters. But now hardly any man, by himself, produces a chair, and very few do more than one process. Machinery, too, is used wherever possible, and that means for nearly everything. The putting canes and rushes into the bottom of chairs is still done by women and children in the cottages.

To see the first process in the large chair works one must go to the saw-mills, where the great trunks of trees are torn asunder. This wood is no longer obtained wholly from about Wycombe. It comes from the Continent, America, Australia, and other parts. For bringing it from seaports, and for taking away the chairs, the Great Western Railway Company draws about 50,000*l.* a year, a large sum for so small a town as Wycombe. Do not let it be supposed, however, that all the beech-trees in the neighbourhood have been used up. Plenty still remain.

The next step in the production of a wooden-bottomed chair is the making of the seat, which has to go through three hands before it is even shaped. One man roughly shapes a piece of wood, which then goes to another department. Here a second man stands over it, and, hatchet in hand, hews it until it looks something like a seat. A third department smooths it and finishes it.

Backs of chairs are made in more than one way, though there is not much difference in the various methods. First of all the wood, having been cut to about the proper size, is bent by the application of steam, and then it is worked into shape. The legs and rails are turned in a lathe in yet another department.

Now, then, we have all the pieces, the seat, the back, the legs, and rails. But as yet these are all plain or in their natural dress; and so men now take them in hand and stain and polish them. After this another lot of men join together the various pieces, using at the joints just a little glue. Finally the chairs are looked over, brightened up, and generally 'finished,' after which they are ready to be sent to all parts of the world.

Wycombe, however, does not now dispose of much of her goods to foreign countries. Fifteen years or so ago she did, and could then produce a chair a minute the whole year round, day and night, and Sundays and holidays included. In other words, she could make about five million two hundred and fifty thousand chairs a year. What an enormous number! There is sitting capacity there for all the inhabitants of London, with a few spare chairs for their friends. The chairs Wycombe now makes are nearly all for home use, and the wonder is that they ever find occupants.

So far we have spoken of plain wooden-bottomed chairs. For cane or rush-seated ones the frame is first made, and then the chairs are handed to women,

many of whom have been brought up to 'seating' from childhood, and they put in the canes or rushes. The canes are split by hand, no satisfactory machine having yet been invented for that purpose. As to the rushes they are called 'salt rushes,' and are said to be the strongest known. Each one, the workers even assert, would bear a man's weight. In the same way, chairs covered with velvet, leather, or a like material, have to pass through the hands of the upholsterer.

For expensive chairs there are, in addition, several other processes. Carving may just be mentioned as one. W.

LISTON RAMSAY AND HIS BLIND BROTHER.

IN a fishing village on the East Coast of Scotland, there lived some ten years ago, a lad named Liston Ramsay. Liston was a stout, strong young boy, about thirteen years of age, the son of a fisherman named Peter Ramsay, a man who was respected and loved by all his neighbours. Peter Ramsay had another son, named Colin, six years younger than his brother Liston, and not nearly so robust, either in body or in mind.

This little boy was the pet of the household; even Liston, though self-willed and often disobedient, would do almost anything to please his little brother, who had to stay almost constantly within doors, or, at best, to sit on a little wicker chair in the sunshine at his father's door.

It was the Queen's birthday, and the boys of the village had bought a few squibs and as much gunpowder as they had money to buy. Liston had the most; he had indeed quite a packet of coarse powder, which he mixed with water and kneaded together into large lumps and then dried them in the sun. His mother was very timid when she knew that the boys of the village were amusing themselves with gunpowder, and she begged Liston to keep the dangerous stuff away from little Colin, lest he should fall in with some accident.

'You don't surely think that I would be such a fool as to give the poor little chap gunpowder to play with?' he said to his mother. 'Not likely! Colin can sit in the window and look out, and after it is quite dark, he can see us fizzing off our squibs.'

Then Mrs. Ramsay felt content, but her disobedient son had not told her that he intended to carry Colin outside and let him share the fun of the other boys.

'Come along, Colin,' he said, 'it is quite dark now. I can carry you down to the rocks on my back, and you shall have some grand fun!'

'But I am afraid mother would not like me to go,' said the little fellow anxiously. 'Wait till she comes home, Liston, and if she says "Yes," won't I be glad to go?—yes, indeed.'

'Oh, but I asked her before she went out,' said Liston, 'and she was quite willing.' But this was quite untrue; Liston was telling a lie, but little Colin did not know it. 'Oh, I am so glad!' he said. 'And it is so kind of you, Liston, to carry me!'

Then they set off to the rocks, where the other boys were assembled, with squibs, crackers, and gunpowder. Colin was seated on a rocky seat, and with his heart beating fast with delight, he watched to see the first squib set off.

'I say, Colin, as you are sitting still, I wish you would take care of my powder for me,' said Liston, as he put three or four lumps of kneaded powder beside the little boy. 'Now watch,' he said, and having lit the squib, he ran about, waving it wildly in the air. But, alas! What noise was that? a sudden explosion had taken place, the lumps of kneaded gunpowder had burst, and little Colin was lying on his back, senseless or dead. The noise of the explosion brought two or three fishermen to the scene, who carried the little boy carefully home, at the same time sending Liston away to fetch the doctor.

But, alas! what could the doctor do? Colin was not dead, but the eyes were burned out of his head; he was suffering terrible pain, and blind for life!

Boys, can you imagine the sorrow of the poor parents when they saw their darling child carried home bleeding and senseless? Yes, I think you can imagine that; but I do not think you can quite imagine Liston's agony of mind when he was told that his little brother was blind for life. 'It was all my doing!' he cried wildly. 'I told him mother had let him go to see the squibs, and it was all a lie. Oh, how wicked I have been! I can never, never forgive myself! Then Colin stretched out his hand and took hold of his brother's. 'Poor Liston!' he said, 'don't cry like that, it vexes me to hear you.' He said no more, for, poor little fellow, he was terribly weak and faint.

A few months afterwards and Colin, who was now strong and well, might have often been seen walking about among the rocks of his native village, hand-in-hand with his elder brother, who never wearied of looking after him and helping him in every possible way, and at home Liston was now obedient to his parents, truthful in all his doings, loving and kind to all.

Ten years have passed since that sad day. Peter Ramsay and his wife are both lying at rest in the village churchyard. Liston, now a sturdy young fisherman of four-and-twenty, is going to marry a young fisher-girl; but he has explained to her that a cosy seat by the hearth must always be kept for his brother Colin.

'You know, Jeanie,' he said, 'it was through my wicked lie that he was tempted out that night, and blinded for life, and so long as God spares me I will maintain him in every comfort that I can provide. Do you agree to this, Jeanie?'

We need not give Jeanie's answer; she remembers very well the night when Colin Ramsay had his eyesight taken away, and ever since then she has felt for him, and loved him as though he had been a brother of her own.

Liston Ramsay, now a young married man, industriously follows his dangerous calling as a fisherman for the support of his wife and his blind brother.



Liston Ramsay and his blind brother.

Colin leads a quiet, but not unhappy, life as a basket-maker, seated by his brother's warm hearth, and secure of his brother's affection. By this basket-weaving he is nearly able to maintain himself, and the thought gives him much happiness; for though he knows very well that Liston would cheerfully give him everything that he might require, he feels how pleasant it is to help himself. It is but a humble cottage in which these brothers live, but I do not think that the whole village contains a happier group than Liston and Jeanie Ramsay and the blind basket-weaver, Colin. D. B. McKean.



"Have you no home or friends?"

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page 275.*)

CHAPTER IV.—YORKE OF YORKE'S FACTORY.

'WONDERS will never cease,' remarked Mr. Yorke, as with his hand passed through his son's arm he crossed the hall. 'That is the first time Walter has condescended to make the slightest apology to me for all his impertinent speeches and sulky looks.'

'He doesn't mean half he says,' said Sidney, eagerly; 'I believe he tries to make you think as badly as possible of him. He is all right at the bottom, only he seems to think it fine to——'

'Give himself airs with me,' said Mr. Yorke, finishing the sentence. 'I dare say you are right, Sidney; I cannot believe his father's son could be so unfeeling and cruel as he seems to be. Your uncle was as kind-hearted a man as ever lived, and what he would say to his son, I cannot think. He was a kind, good friend to me, and for his sake I must do the best I can for Walter; but I confess he irritates me with his conceited airs and his indifference to every one but himself.'

'He is not as bad as he makes himself out,' said Sidney. 'About the dog, father; it was really an accident. It ran out into the road suddenly and Harkaway shied and was over it before we could stop him, and then he bolted and we couldn't pull him up. Walter declared it served the dog right, and he pretends he doesn't know whether it is alive or dead; but all the same I know he went down to Morton yesterday and saw it, for Morton told me "the young gent laughed and said it was the ugliest little brute he had ever seen, but it must be patched up somehow, for he didn't want to be haunted all his life by a three-legged mongrel," and he recommended Morton to give it beef-tea and cod-liver oil.'

'I hope his prescriptions will be efficacious. I am very glad that he did take some trouble about it, though why he should be so bent on provoking me, I cannot think.'

Sidney was going to speak but checked himself, feeling that it was useless to attempt any excuse for his cousin's frequent defiance of his uncle's wishes, and his rude, insolent manner. He often wondered at his father's forbearance, little thinking that his own constant efforts to keep the peace had not escaped notice, and that Mr. Yorke often kept back a sharp rebuke that his son might have the satisfaction of feeling that he had been successful. Nor did he guess with what interest and pleasure his father was watching the steady influence which he was gaining over his cousin, and how earnestly he was hoping that his careful training of his own son might be a benefit to the son of his dear friend and benefactor.

Up to the last year Walter had been practically his own master. His father was the owner of a large estate some three miles from Beecham, and had died when he was about six years old, leaving him to the guardianship of his mother and of his brother-in-law, Mr. Yorke, who had been his most intimate friend, and for whom he had the warmest esteem. Unfortunately this feeling was not shared by his wife, and she was extremely indignant that her son should be in any degree under the control of one whom she had always looked down upon as being the owner of the largest manufactory in Beecham, ignoring the fact that Mr. Yorke was a gentleman by birth and education, and in every way her husband's equal. Although she was obliged to consult him on matters of business, she showed her dislike openly, and did her best to prejudice Walter against him as he grew older, until Mr. Yorke often declared that he would wash his hands of it and let Mrs. Hepburn ruin the boy her own way. For his old friend's sake, however, he still tried to exert his authority to save his son, and when Walter was about seventeen, the sudden death of his mother, who had lived abroad for some years, left him entirely under the control of his much-disliked uncle.

As he had been brought up to consider himself the most important person in the house, and allowed to have his own way in everything, Walter felt acutely the change to his uncle's house, and he set himself obstinately to resist his authority whenever he dared. As he never had given the slightest thought to the happiness of those round him, he looked with scorn on the interest which his uncle and cousin took in the well-doing of the numerous workmen in the manufactory. With a view to show his superiority he indulged in such constant sneers, that it must be confessed Maud was not far wrong when she remarked 'that Cousin Walter was a most detestable creature.' Kind-hearted Mrs. Yorke, however, could not help hoping for better things, and Sidney maintained that at the bottom Walter was not such a bad fellow, and, in spite of differences now and then, the two were very good friends.

Insensibly, too, Walter became influenced by his surroundings, and though he still openly grumbled at his uncle's restrictions, in spite of himself he began to feel very differently towards him. Mr. Yorke would have been greatly surprised had he known what was really the case, though Walter would hardly have owned, even to himself, that the person for whom he felt the greatest respect, and whose opinion he most valued, was the uncle he had been taught to despise and dislike. Lately, Mr. Yorke had fancied that, though outwardly as much at variance with him as ever, his nephew was now and then a little ashamed of his rude speeches, and would have said so had not pride kept him back, and he was thinking more favourably of Walter than usual as he followed Sidney into the room where Stephen Elliot was awaiting his fate.

'I'm so glad you have come,' began Sidney, and poor Stephen looked greatly relieved at the sight of his friendly face. 'It is all right; father will find you something to do.'

'Wait a bit, Sidney,' interposed his father, 'we must see first what he has to say for himself. How came you to be in such bad case yesterday? You don't look as if you ought to be wandering about in this plight.'

'I can't get any work to do, sir,' said Stephen, in a low voice.

'You are not likely to get any if you go about in this way. Should not you have had a better chance in your own neighbourhood?'

'No, sir.'

'Have you no home or friends?'

'No, sir.'

'Where did you come from then?'

Stephen made no reply.

'What have you been doing? Do you know anything about our kind of work?'

'No, sir; but I will learn, indeed I will, if you will only try me.'

'Where did you sleep last night? You told Mr. Sidney you had no money to get a bed or food.'

'No, sir; I should have starved if I hadn't met him, and then Mr. Davis, the policeman, sent me to his house, and he said I was to tell you——'

'Well?' said Mr. Yorke, as Stephen hesitated.

'He said I was to tell you, he would—keep an eye on me.'

'Oh!' said Mr. Yorke, smiling. 'Did Davis know anything of you before?'

'No, sir.'

'Then what made him say that? Come, my lad,' as Stephen said nothing, 'I am willing enough to give you a helping hand, but you must tell me what has brought you into this state. Have you run away from your parents—is that it?'

'I—I came—I have been—' and then poor Stephen stood nervously twisting his hat round in his hands, quite unable to get any further. If he had looked up and seen the keen eyes fixed on him he would have known that his confession was needless, and that Mr. Yorke knew without any more words what he was struggling to say, but he did not venture to raise his head.

'Suppose you tell Mr. Sidney all about it,' said Mr. Yorke, after a moment's silence; 'and then he can tell me if he still wishes to help you. Whatever it is, Elliot, it is better to be open about it than to have it always hanging over you. Sidney, I'll wait ten minutes in my study, and then I must be off. Poor lad, it is rather a hard trial,' he thought, as he closed the door. 'I hope Sidney will be judicious and not make too little of it for fear of being thought unkind and hard-hearted;' and Mr. Yorke sat down to his desk and became busy with his letters.

'Well,' he said, when Sidney came in, 'what says the lad? Has he told you his history and confided his troubles to you?'

'Yes,' said Sidney, slowly; 'I am very sorry for him, but he says he is afraid you will not employ him if you know.'

'You would rather not tell me, you mean?'

'Of course I shall tell you, father—you ought to know; but he is really very sorry now, and——'

'My dear Sidney,' said his father, half-laughing, 'it is nearly as difficult for you to get to the point as for the unfortunate lad himself. Perhaps it will be a relief to your mind to know that you need not explain any further. That's what it is, eh?' and writing one word on a piece of paper, he threw it across the table to his son.

'Yes,' replied Sidney, 'but I cannot think how you knew; I know you will be kind to him if I tell you about him.'

'Poor lad!' said Mr. Yorke, when Sidney had finished his story. 'You think he is really ashamed of himself, and you still want to help him?'

'Yes, indeed, I do. I am sure he will do well now, if you will give him a chance.'

'Very well then. Of course, one cannot be certain, but unless I am a bad judge of character, you will not be disappointed this time.'

'Oh, I'm so glad!' exclaimed Sidney; 'you are always right, father. Let me fetch him.'

'I can see you are sorry now,' said Mr. Yorke, kindly, seeing Stephen's downcast face as he appeared in answer to Sidney's call. 'If I give you a chance of making a fresh start, will you do your best to get back your character, and be trustworthy and honest for the future?'

'Yes, indeed I will, sir!'

'Very well, you shall have a chance; but mind, it depends on you to show us that you mean what you say, and I hope we shall see you getting on in the world. You can come up to the office in the morning, and Mr. Richardson, the foreman, will set you on. Mr. Sidney will tell you about the work, and he will help you if you are in any difficulty;' and nodding in reply to Stephen's stammering thanks, Mr. Yorke hurried off.

(*Continued at page* 290.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

14.—Charade.

My first is in cream, but not in milk;
My second is in cloth, but not in silk;
My third is in watch, but not in clock;
My fourth is in bonnet, but not in frock;
My fifth is in night, but not in day;
My sixth is in lie, but not in lay;
My seventh is in fire, but not in flame;
My eighth is in blind, but not in lame;
My ninth is in oak, but not in pine;
My tenth is in six, but not in nine;
My whole is a book I am happy to own,
And ought to be found in every home.

15.—Transpositions.

Buried birds.

1. Wslalwo.	2. Hsrthu.	3. Npoige.
4. Gmpiae.	5. Lrcweu.	6. Tttmoi.

[*Answers at page* 319.]

Answers.

11.—1. Arno. 2. Amsterdam. 3. Germany.
4. Nile. 5. Windsor. 6. Norway.
7. Andes. 8. Genoa. 9. Benares.
10. Acre. 11. Manchester. 12. Antwerp.

12.—Longfellow.

13.—Deal, lead, dale, ale.



The Horse Guards.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

The Horse Guards.

THE extensive range of buildings in Whitehall, known as 'The Horse Guards,' is thus named because a troop of Horse Guards is constantly on duty there. The horse-guardsman, as we know, is a very splendid person. He had his origin in the reign of Charles II., who, shortly after the Restoration, raised a body of troops which he called his 'Horse Guards,' its special duty being the protection of the royal person.

The Horse Guards' buildings, fitly enough, occupy the site of the ancient Tilt-yard, or place of military exercises. The present edifice dates from 1753. It cost 30,000*l.* but is not very beautiful. It consists of a centre, in which are the main rooms and offices, and two wings. The central archway forms a passage to St James's Park, through which the Queen passes on her way to and from opening or proroguing Parliament. In the two great sentry boxes on either side there sit on their splendid horses troopers in full uniform, who no doubt inspire many a lad with a desire for Her Majesty's service. The clock in the turret is famous for going very exactly, and it is the supreme authority of the whole neighbourhood in the matter of time-keeping.

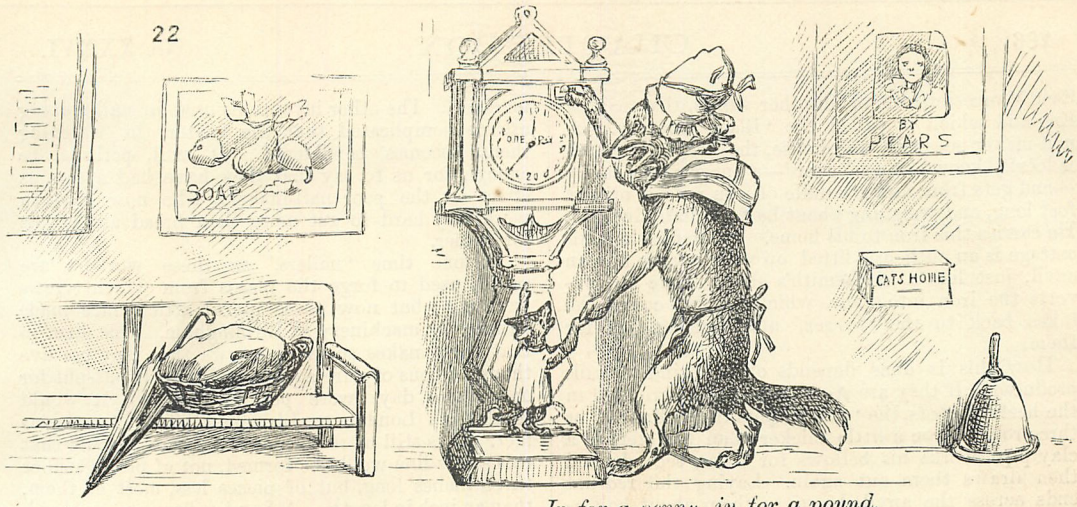
THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

NAILS AND SCREWS.

AS there are three thousand different kinds of nails, we cannot, even with the best intentions, describe the making of them all. Roughly, however, all these may be divided into two classes —machine-made nails and hand-made nails. We will take the latter kind first, because until about half a century ago all nails were made by hand.

The trade is carried on in South Staffordshire and

22



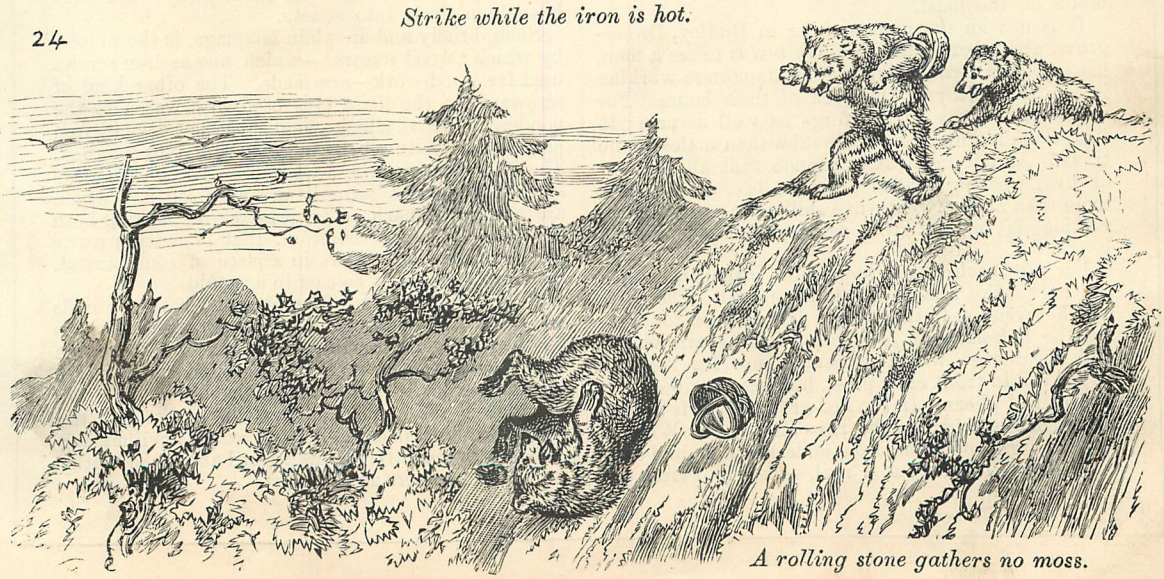
In for a penny, in for a pound.

23



Strike while the iron is hot.

24



A rolling stone gathers no moss.

East Worcestershire, or, in other words, that part of England which is called the 'Black Country.' A nail-maker goes to a warehouse, the keeper of which is locally known as a 'fogger'—a queer name, surely—and gets from him a bundle of iron rods, about six feet long, and weighing about half a hundredweight. He carries this iron to his home. At the back of his cottage is an outhouse fitted up with a forge and an anvil, just like a blacksmith's shop. Here he converts the iron into nails, which, in due course, he takes back to the 'fogger,' and receives pay for them.

How this is done depends on the kind of nails produced. If they are Λ-shaped, such as are used in the heels of boots, the 'nailer' puts in the fire two or three rods of iron a little thicker than the stem of a clay pipe, works his bellows for a few seconds, and then draws them out again. Laying the red-hot ends across the anvil, he gives them about half-a-dozen smart blows to form the points. Then he puts the rods on a steel chisel, fastened point upwards in his bench, close to the anvil, hits them with a hammer, and thus cuts them off, when they fall into a box underneath. Sometimes two of these nails are made at once, sometimes three.

For larger nails larger rods have, of course, to be used. One about three inches long is made in this way. The iron is taken from the fire and hammered to a point. Then it is held over the chisel and cut half-way through, after which the point is put into a steel instrument called a 'bore,' and the nail is twisted off. A few smart blows, and the head spreads into the required shape, and the nail is finished.

From these few facts it will be evident that nail-makers are very skilful with the hammer. Hutton, the historian of Birmingham, said he believed they could forge images on their anvils. That is doubtful, but they have made nails which could hardly be seen with the naked eye. Some were shown at the great Exhibition of 1851. When put upon white paper, they seemed to be grains of dust; but when they were examined through a microscope, they proved to be well-formed nails, each with the marks of seven blows on the head.

It is not an uncommon thing in Dudley, Bromsgrove, and other Black Country towns to see a man, his wife, and two or three of his daughters working in a little smithy at the back of their house. For women toil away at the forge as well as men; in fact, there are many more females than males in the trade. And it may easily happen that all the four or five, working twelve hours a day, do not earn more than about twenty-five shillings a week. Nail-making is one of the worst-paid industries in England.

For this machinery is responsible, machinery which can now make almost any kind of nail. The most simple invention in this way is largely used for making the hob-nails of Λ-shape, called 'sparrowbills,' and the sprigs which carpenters use for flooring. A girl sits in front of a press, holding a strip of iron in a pair of pliers. In the bed of the press is a hole, in and out of which a die rises and falls. When it is up the girl puts the iron underneath it, and as it comes down it cuts out a nail, which falls from the machine. The other inventions used in nail-making are so complicated that the visitor, in watching them, becomes bewildered. It will, perhaps, be enough for us to say that they have had a serious effect on the poor nail-makers, who now have to work very hard to get more than bread and butter for dinner.

At one time 'nailers,' as these workers are called, used to forge the pieces from which screws were cut; but now these useful articles are made entirely by machinery at Birmingham. One firm in that town makes so many screws that they use five thousand tons of wire a year, and if their out-put for only three days were put end to end, it would reach from London to Liverpool. This is a curious fact. It is still more curious if we bear in mind that this screw line would be formed, not of pieces two or three inches long, but of pieces less, most of them, than an inch in length. A London firm, we may add, makes from five hundred to a thousand tons of bolts and nuts every week.

Screws are made from iron wire, which is cut up into lengths. A machine makes a sort of round end on these pieces, which are called 'forged blanks.' These blanks are taken to the turning and nicking machine. A quantity of them are put in a holder above the machine, and they go down into it one by one, without being touched by hand. One ingenious arrangement turns the head, then a saw cuts the nick into which the carpenter puts the point of his screw-driver, and then the head is re-turned to take away the rough places left by the saw. This done, the screw falls into a bucket.

Thence the bright pieces of metal are carried to another machine, where they are thrown into another holder as before. Once more they drop down into the moving wheels. Cutters then slice out parts of the metal, and at the same time make the points, after which they fall into a bucket below.

All these machines are quite self-acting. A woman can look after a dozen of them, and all she has to do is to supply blanks and take them away when they have been made into screws.

Such, briefly and in plain language, is the process by which 'wood screws'—which means iron screws used for wood-work—are made. The other kind of screws, from the little pins used in a watch to the ponderous bolts which hold together thick iron plates, are produced by a very different method. They are cut in lathes, where the bolts, which are soft, turn against suitably arranged cutters, which are hard and sharp. The principle in making both kinds of screws is, therefore, that of cutting away parts and making hollows in a piece of round metal. Such articles cannot be cast in a mould.

As machinery is now largely used both for nails and screws, it seems unlikely that prosperous times for the nail-workers will ever return. We only wish they would, because there are some sad sights in the Black Country. In the forges babies swing from the roof in rude chairs among the smoke and the sparks, while their mothers stand at the anvil making nails, and other little children crawl about the smithy floor in the cinders and the dirt. W.

PERILS BY GUNPOWDER.

No. 3.

IN the seventeenth century a nobleman and his wife, named Lord and Lady Edgeworth, lived in a house called Castle Lissard, in Ireland.

Some alarm had caused the gentlemen of the family to take down their guns, and Lady Edgeworth went to the top of the house to get some gunpowder from a barrel which was kept there. She took a young maidservant to hold the candle, which was without any candlestick. After taking the powder which she needed, Lady Edgeworth locked the door, and was nearly downstairs when she missed the candle, and asked the girl what she had done with it. She replied 'that she had left it sticking in the barrel of black salt!'

Think what fearful danger to the whole house! Lady Edgeworth told her to stand still, and went back alone to the loft. There stood the tallow candle flaring and guttering in the midst of the gunpowder. The brave lady put a steady hand beneath it, took it out so carefully that no spark fell, and carried it downstairs. When she reached the bottom she dropped on her knees, and thanked God aloud for having preserved the household in such a fearful danger. This was indeed a brave act. If Lady Edgeworth's hand had trembled—if a gust of wind had blown a spark from the candle—it would have been instant death, first to her, and then most probably to every member of the family. Thus the lives of many persons were saved by the courage and presence of mind of one woman.

HOW TO READ.

WHEN a boy I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page which I read I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed; but I compelled myself to comply with the plan, until now after I have read a book through once I can almost recite it from beginning to end. It is a very simple habit to form in early life, and it is invaluable as a means of making our reading serve the best purpose.

LORD MACAULAY.

THE GREAT MEN OF OLD.

VI.—EURIPIDES.

THE last of the three great tragic poets of Athens was Euripides. He was fifteen years younger than Sophocles. He was born in Salamis, whither his father and mother had fled when the Persians got possession of Attica, in the year B.C. 480. Like Sophocles, he excelled in his youth in the exercises of the gymnasium. He was crowned victor in the athletic contests in honour of Theseus when in his seventeenth year. His father's hope was for him to be victor at the Olympic games, but he left the gymnasium, and at the age of eighteen put himself under the most famous teachers in Athens for the study of philosophy and rhetoric. He exhibited his first tragedy when he was in his twenty-fifth year, but he did not gain the first prize in the tragic contests until fourteen years afterwards.

He encountered violent opposition because he introduced his philosophy into his dramas, and his enemies took advantage of this to accuse him before the Court of the Areopagus; but he was acquitted. He had to leave Athens in his old age. Archelaus, king of Macedonia, a great patron of learned men, invited him to his Court, and when he arrived, treated him with the greatest honour; but the favour shown to him excited the envy of two rival poets at the Court; they set the King's dogs upon him, and the aged dramatist was so torn and bitten that he died of his injuries. He received a magnificent funeral, the King himself showing his grief by going into mourning; and when the news reached Athens, Sophocles, his former rival, brought his actors on the stage without their garlands, and wearing mourning habits.

Euripides was seventy-five years old when he met with his death. He is said to have written seventy-five dramas, of which eighteen are still in existence. They are distinct from those of Æschylus, or Sophocles. The characters in them are more like those in real life, and it was said that he represented people as they were, and not as they ought to be. His works were chiefly prized by the ancients for their wisdom. Socrates, though he despised theatrical performances, always went to the theatre whenever one of the plays of Euripides was being acted. The poet took great pains with his work, and, complaining of his own slowness, said that he could not compose more than three verses in as many days. Another poet when he heard this said that he could produce three hundred in that time. 'Ah!' said Euripides, 'but your verses are made to live no longer than those three days, while mine are to last for ever.'

Notwithstanding his genius, and the care which he bestowed on his work, Euripides, like his two great rivals, had frequently to yield in the dramatic contests to men of inferior talent; for out of all his dramas only fifteen gained prizes, and of these only five were first prizes. His poetry was held in higher esteem abroad than in his own country; for when the Athenians were routed in a great battle in Sicily, and vast numbers of them were taken prisoners, many gained their liberty through being able to teach his verses to their conquerors; and on their return home they called on the poet to thank him for having been the cause of their restoration to freedom.

Euripides was of a grave and serious turn of mind, and, judging from his bust, he had rather a stern cast of countenance, and did not possess such handsome features as are shown by the bust of his rival, Sophocles, in the Capitoline Museum. Amongst the Greeks tragedy and comedy were kept completely apart. The comic dramatists were a distinct class of writers. They frequently ridiculed or burlesqued the style of the tragic poets, as Aristophanes did. None of the ancient dramatic writers excelled equally in tragedy and comedy, in the setting forth of the sublime as well as the humorous side of human nature, as our own Shakespeare has done in his plays.

A. R.



GREAT MEN OF OLD.

Euripides.



Harkaway bolted back down the hill.

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 283.)



CHAPTER V.—HARKAWAY.

'SIDNEY! Bother the fellow. Sidney, I say!'

'Well, what is it?'

'I've been waiting for you no end of a time. What on earth have you been doing? Come along, and let us go down to Parker and see if we can have a rocking-horse this afternoon.'

Sidney laughed. 'Or a donkey! I can't come just now, though; you had better go without me.'

Walter came slowly into the hall where his cousin was talking to Stephen.

'What are you up to then, and who may that be?'

'A friend of mine,' returned Sidney.

'Your *friend* looks rather cold,' Walter said, raising his eyebrows and looking rather disdainfully at Stephen, but ending his sentence differently to what he intended, at a sharp glance from Sidney. 'What are you going to do with him?'

'He is going to work in the factory to-morrow,' said Sidney, following his cousin into the room, where he threw himself into an armchair by the fire.

'Well, surely you can send him off now. I can't, for the life of me, think why you want to bother about a fellow like that. His clothes are in rags.'

'You choose your friends by their clothes, then,' remarked Sidney, rather scornfully; 'but as for that, I'm sure I wish he had a warmer jacket; it's horribly cold to-day.'

'Get him one,' said Walter, carelessly.

'I would if I could,' said Sidney, looking into his purse somewhat ruefully, 'but unluckily I am——'

'Bankrupt,' suggested Walter, eyeing him with an expression of mingled amusement and wonder. 'I dare say he is used to being cold, so it doesn't much matter. Why not give him half your own coat, like that fellow you were dinning into my ears the other day—Saint somebody or other. Rather you than I, though, such a day as this. Just give me that book and shut the door, there's a good fellow.'

'I believe you think of no one but yourself,' said Sidney, indignantly; 'as long as you are comfortable, you don't care two straws whether other people are starving or not.'

'Why should I?' returned Walter, coolly; 'that is not my line, you know. "Take care of number one, and number two will take care of himself," that's my motto.'

'I wonder you are not ashamed to own it!' and Sidney marched out of the room, too angry to see that Walter was really half in fun.

'Sidney!' he called after him, but Sidney paid no attention.

'Oh, dear! oh, dear! I shall have to go after him, I suppose.' But on reaching the hall, he found only Elliot there.

'Hi! you—what's your name?—come here a minute,' and when Stephen approached he went on, 'It strikes me you would be the better for a warmer coat. Shouldn't like to shiver about in a thing like that myself. Here, cut away now, and get a new one. What? Oh, all right, never mind about the thanks; that is all understood, you know,' and he shut the door and went back to the fire, leaving the astonished Stephen gazing at the bright coin he had dropped into his hand.

'Walter, how awfully good of you!' exclaimed Sidney, a moment later, rushing headlong into the room. 'Did you really mean it?'

'Mean what?' grumbled Walter. 'Oh, I remember, "Take care of number one, and number two will take care of himself." Yes, of course I mean it. Can't imagine, though, why you should make a fellow jump nearly out of his skin about it. I thought you didn't approve of the sentiment either.'

'What an ass you are!' laughed Sidney; 'Elliot can hardly believe it is true, and I didn't——'

'Expect it of me,' Walter interrupted, rather drily. 'I am quite aware, my good cousin, that you would not expect it of me.'

'Nonsense, old fellow, don't be absurd,' said Sidney, rather vexed at his cousin's tone; 'I was going to say I didn't want such a lot as that. It won't take all that for a coat!'

'Well, I suppose you can spend the rest, somehow.'

'Of course, and thanks, very much.'

'Oh, rubbish; it was entirely to please'—you, he was going to say, but substituted 'myself; for it seems as if nothing else would make you get rid of the fellow and shut the door, and my motto is——'

'Bother your motto,' said Sidney, laughing; 'take that,' and seizing a cushion, he hurled it at his cousin's head and disappeared, opening the door again to say that he would be at Parker's in half an hour if Walter would meet him there.

'What about the horse, Walter?' inquired Mr. Yorke, when the party were dispersing after lunch; 'are you going to try it to-day?'

'No,' said Walter, shortly.

'We cannot have it to-day,' said Sidney; 'Parker said he was very sorry, but he was obliged to use it this afternoon, but we can have it to-morrow.'

'That will do as well, I suppose, won't it? I forgot though,' seeing his nephew's cloudy face, 'you wanted to see young Ffoulkes, didn't you? Are you sure he is off to-morrow?'

'Yes,' was all Walter vouchsafed, and he left the room, followed immediately by Sidney.

A few minutes later, as Mr. Yorke crossed the hall, he became aware that a lively discussion was going on between his son and his nephew. 'It's all very fine to say that,' he heard the latter say, angrily, 'but if it were one of your precious pets, you wouldn't like him to go off for years without seeing him, and all because of this absurd nonsense. I tell you I won't——' An angry inaudible mutter ended the sentence as Mr. Yorke appeared.

At the sight of his son's face Mr. Yorke paused, and after a moment's consideration retraced his steps.

'Walter,' he said, ignoring his nephew's black looks, 'I find I must get over to Fordham this afternoon to see Mr. Harper, and your aunt wants the

carriage. I don't wish to upset her arrangements; what do you say to driving me over? About half an hour will settle my business, and then we can come round by "The Firs" and you can see your friend Ffoulkes. I shall be glad of the chance of having a chat with his father.'

'Oh! that will be first-rate,' exclaimed Sidney, with such a look of relief that his father could scarcely suppress a smile; 'that will just do, won't it, Walter?'

'What are we to drive?' Walter muttered, ungraciously.

'Harkaway, if he won't be too lively,' said Mr. Yorke; 'I will be ready in about an hour if you will order the dog-cart;' and taking his nephew's consent for granted, he went into his room.

It must be confessed that, when an hour later Mr. Yorke stood at the door watching the restive movements of the high-mettled Harkaway, he a little regretted his good-natured desire to gratify his nephew's wishes, and felt rather dubious of his power of restraining such a fiery steed. But he need have felt no uneasiness. Whatever might be lacking in his qualifications as an obedient ward, an affectionate nephew, or an agreeable guest, there was no doubt that 'Hepburn of Hepburn Hall' was a first-rate whip. So skilfully did he drive the horse Harkaway that his uncle was fain to own to himself that there was some truth in the lad's assertion 'that it was absurd to suppose he could not manage Harkaway.' The exertion, too, seemed to rouse Walter out of his usual indolent manner, and though for the first few miles he maintained, for some reason, a half-sulky, half-ashamed air, and left all the conversation to Sidney, who occupied the back seat, by degrees he shook that off, and Mr. Yorke had never before found him so pleasant a companion.

Harkaway too, much to Sidney's secret relief, seemed at first more inclined to behave himself than usual, and until they left 'The Firs' on their return all went smoothly. But when, after his farewell to his friend, Walter took up the reins, there were signs which, to Sidney's experienced eye, boded mischief. Whether Harkaway's temper had been tried by the long waiting, or whether he thought that it was time to show off a little, certain it was that even in the avenue he shied and started constantly. When they reached the road he continued to shy at every object that attracted his attention; a heap of stones, an overturned wheelbarrow, an old woman with a white basket, were each in turn the cause of a violent start, and when the sight of a man lying by the side of the road nearly landed them in the opposite ditch, Mr. Yorke began to be a little nervous as to the ultimate result. But Walter betrayed no uneasiness, and though it was evident it taxed his utmost strength and skill, he would no doubt have been able to control the excited animal, had not an unlucky circumstance finally nearly brought on a dire catastrophe.

They were about a mile from Beecham, and had just reached the top of the long ascent that led to the town on that side, when they came full on Harkaway's pet aversion—a traction engine. He stopped short instantly, and begun plunging and rearing viciously, evidently determined not to pass it. Walter was alternately soothing him and urging him on, when a shrill hiss from the engine brought matters to a crisis. Harkaway gave a loud snort, and turned so sharply round as nearly to overturn the dog-cart, and with a bound that tried every strap in the harness, and nearly jerked the reins out of Walter's hand, he bolted back down the hill.

By this time, Mr. Yorke had become so confident in his nephew's skill, that he had little doubt that he would regain control over the horse if they met no obstacle in their headlong career; but to his dismay he remembered that a short time before they had passed a heavily laden waggon slowly lumbering towards the town. Before they were half way down the hill he saw it, and involuntarily uttered an exclamation of horror, while a swift glance at Walter's face showed that he realised to the full their perilous position. At the bottom of the hill, the road crossed a bridge, barely wide enough at any time for two vehicles to pass, and in the middle of it stood, at this moment, the broad waggon.

To Mr. Yorke and Sidney, who had with difficulty kept his seat, it seemed as if another second would see the dog-cart smashed in pieces against the waggon, or jammed between the wheels and the bridge; but Walter's presence of mind had not deserted him.

Suddenly, with a sharp 'Hold tight, Sidney,' he slackened the reins and seized the whip.

A few yards from the bridge a lane turned sharp to the left, leading up a steep pitch to a farm, and from thence to another high-road. The instant they reached this lane, Walter leant forward as far as he dared and brought his whip down with a sudden cut on the right side of Harkaway's head, at the same time tightening the opposite rein. The horse swerved sharply to the left, and in another instant was galloping up the lane, gradually slackening his pace as the pull became harder. Almost before the others had time to understand what had happened, Walter had checked his speed to a moderate pace, and the danger was over.

(*Continued at page* 298.)

BY THE CARRIER.

CHEAP railway-fares have not yet driven the old-fashioned carrier's cart from our English high-roads. On market-days we may still see it standing in the inn-yard, or at the corner of the market-place, waiting for its load of passengers and parcels.

Who does not know the carrier's dog, a big faithful fellow, with a fondness for trotting along underneath the cart, making occasional excursions into the road to satisfy himself that the horse and his driver are all right, and then returning contentedly to his post at Dobbin's heels? We know the carrier too, burly Dan, with his corduroy breeches, and weather-beaten hat and coat. He has driven his cart summer and winter for fifty years, and though his hair is getting very white and scanty, and he finds it difficult to mount the shafts, owing to his portly figure, and his frequent attacks of rheumatism, he declares that, as long as he can hold the



The Carrier's Cart.

reins, that cart shall make its weekly journey under no guidance but his own.

Dobbin, too, has seen his best days, and takes his time on the road, but that is an advantage if you have an eye for scenery, and are in no hurry to reach your journey's end. Shall we make our escape for a few hours from the rush and rattle of modern life, and endeavour to soothe our spirits by a quiet drive in the carrier's cart?

We come slowly out of the town with its thronged streets, and soon find ourselves on the smooth high-road. A passing shower has laid the dust, and freshened the green of the hedges. Presently we forget the town altogether, and see only broad fields, wayside banks all blue with hyacinths, and great hawthorn bushes white with fragrant 'may.' If we grow weary of the sweet spring landscape, we can turn our attention to our fellow-passengers and study character for half an hour.

There is a venerable dame in the corner who would not risk her life in 'one of them railway trains' for untold gold. Her husband, who is a year older than herself she tells you, was once beguiled into taking a trip with a young friend, but 'bless you, he were that scared, he didn't get over it for a fortnight!' She prefers to trust herself and her parcels to Dan, who has never yet failed to convey her safely to and from the market, which even her eighty years will

not keep her from attending in person. 'I don't trust no young folk to do *my* marketings,' she says.

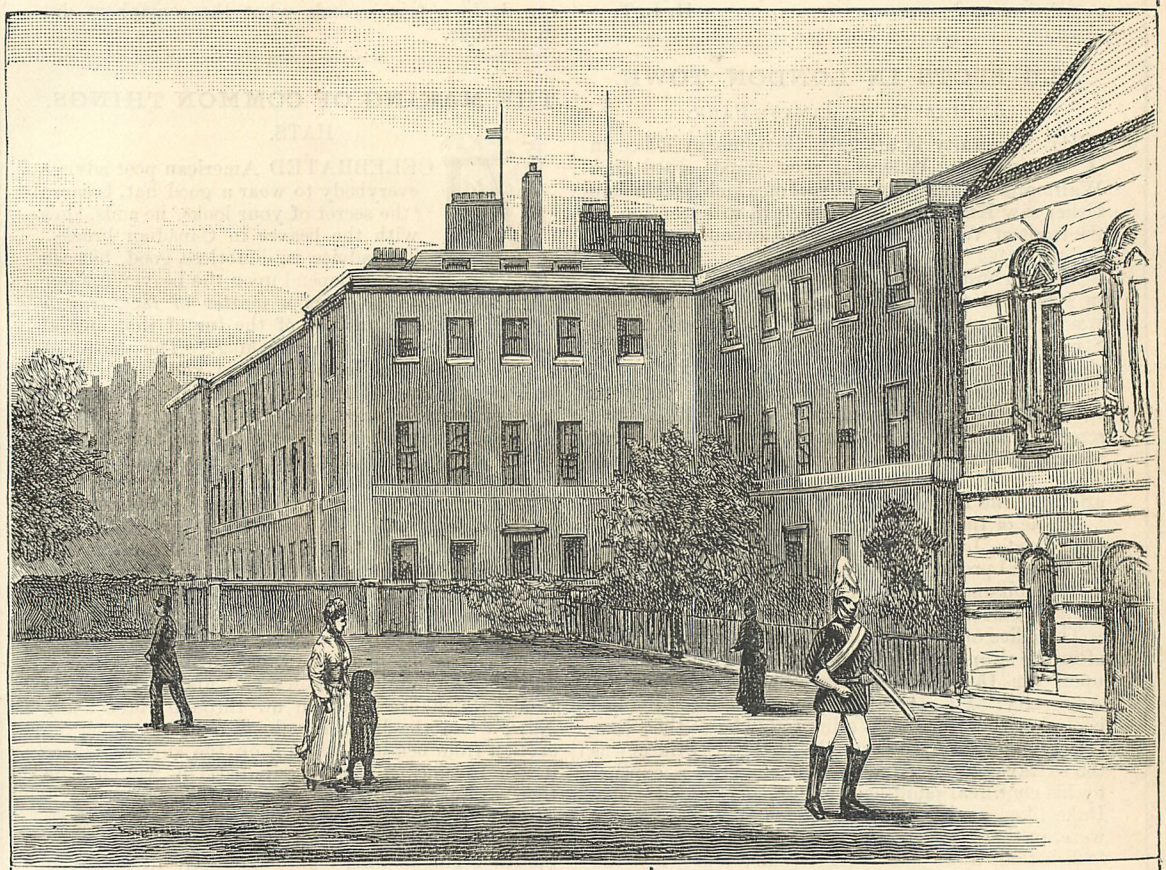
But we have other passengers. There is a timid-looking girl in black, returning from her first place. Her mistress died suddenly a week ago, so she is coming home until she can hear of another situation. We are all very friendly you see, and don't mind chatting about our personal affairs.

Then there is Timothy. Probably he has a surname, but to all the occupants of the vehicle he is simply 'Timothy.' He must be eighty, at least, but he is more enterprising than the husband of the old lady in the corner. He has actually been to London by rail no less than six times, and he saw 'nowt to scare one' either in the train itself or in the crowded station. But, as his old friend reminds him, he 'always *were* venturesome!' and we begin to wonder whether that bent figure could ever have been straight and active, and whether those feeble limbs did really climb trees, leap five-bar gates, and perform other feats of youthful daring, long, long ago.

Then we have a fresh-looking country matron, in the bloom of middle life, with her little daughter to keep her company. Her home lies off the road, a two-mile walk through the fields, and 'it's lonesome,' so she brings Jessie, and the marketing is 'a bit of a change for her.'

And now we overtake a cart from another village, which left the town half an hour earlier than we did, and has made even slower progress. Its driver is a woman. Such a little picture of a woman, too, with her black hood, white cap-border, and a gay plaid shawl pinned tightly over her breast! She and Dan are old friends, and have a chat as we go up the hill. Presently we part at the cross lanes, and a little further on we stop in a shady hollow to set down the servant-maid, whose brother meets her at the stile on one side of the road, while, at the opposite stile, old Timothy's wife and two grandchildren are waiting to help him over, and carry his bundle up the field.

But the twilight is deepening, and we have some long miles yet before us. Dobbin is bidden to 'gee-up,' and, stirred probably by thoughts of his supper, he contrives to quicken his pace a little. One by one our companions leave us, the old dame nods in her



Admiralty Buildings, St. James's Park.

corner, and we feel inclined to follow her example, when suddenly a joyful bark from Rover announces that something pleasant is about to happen. The cart-wheels give one or two jolts, and we are thoroughly roused, as our old-fashioned conveyance rolls heavily over the paved courtyard of the village inn. We have arrived safely at our destination.

We have been just three hours on the road. The train would have brought us in twenty minutes, but we do not feel that the time has been wasted, and some day we shall certainly be tempted to repeat the expedition. H. L. T.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Admiralty, St. James's Park.

THE Admiralty is an ugly Government Office in Whitehall. Where it now stands stood once Wallingford House, from the roof of which Archbishop Usher saw King Charles I. led forth to execution in the front of Whitehall Palace and swooned at the sad sight.

Wallingford House was purchased by the Crown in 1680, and thither the business of the Admiralty was transferred from Crutched Friars and Duke Street, Westminster. The street front was rebuilt about 1726.

To conceal the ugliness of the place the courtyard was fronted in the reign of George III. with a stone screen. On this are sculptured the prows of ancient vessels, and an anchor is carved over the portico. These tell that in the office are administered the affairs of the Royal Navy.

In one of the large rooms the body of Lord Nelson lay in state, January 8th, 1806, and on the next day the funeral procession, with a military force of nearly eight thousand men, marched from this spot to St. Paul's Cathedral.

The office of Lord High Admiral, revived in 1827, after the sleep of a century, was conferred by patent upon the Duke of Clarence, who resided at the Admiralty. His Royal Highness got into 'the bad books' of the Duke of Wellington, who at that time was Premier, and who thought that the Prince was too extravagant, and incurred much needless expense by his continual jauntings and cruisings about. The Duke liked to have shows on sea and land. These were, in the Premier's opinion, 'more expensive and foolish than in any way serviceable,' and when the Royal Duke sent in to the Treasury a long account for travelling expenses, the Duke of Wellington dismissed the paper after endorsing it thus: 'No travelling expenses allowed to the Lord High Admiral.' This must have been decidedly unpleasant for the Duke of Clarence, and we are not surprised to read that he resigned the appointment. The salary was 5000*l.* a year.

During the great war against Napoleon, and afterwards, the Admiralty was surmounted by a semaphore. By means of this 'telegraph' (as it was called) a message could be sent on fine days and in clear weather to Portsmouth, and to one or two other stations, in about an hour. The electric telegraph now occupies the place of the semaphore, which was considered a wonderful thing in its day. In the year 1835 we find Leigh Hunt remarking, 'Where the poor Archbishop sank down in horror at the sight of King Charles's execution, telegraphs now ply their dumb and far seen discourses, like spirits in the guise of mechanism, and tell news of the spread of liberty and knowledge all over the world.'

'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,' and if this admirer of the semaphore could have looked forward only five years, he would have seen the machine of which he boasted superseded by a far more ingenious and subtle mechanism, which can do in a few seconds what the semaphore did in an hour.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

HATS.

A CELEBRATED American poet advises everybody to wear a good hat, because 'the secret of your looks,' he adds, 'lies with the beaver in Canadian brooks.' The advice is, doubtless, good, but we do not depend upon the beaver for our hats; and, as a matter of fact, only a small quantity of the fur of that animal is used in their making. The basis of common hats is sheep's wool, and for the finer qualities the material used is the hair of rabbits, with small quantities of hare, beaver, and other fur. Beaver is so dear that a hat made principally from it sells in the shops for about 24*s.*; but then such a head covering will outwear three or four ordinary hats.

In England the hatting industry is most extensively carried on in Denton, Stockport, and other places round Manchester. The first process in the works, after the various sorts of fur have been mixed together, is forming what is called the 'bat.' A certain quantity of fur is fed in at one end of a machine, and is carried on by a current of air over a thimble-shaped copper cone which turns round slowly. In this are a number of holes, and underneath it is a funnel which draws down air through these holes. Now, when the light fur floats over the cone, the suction from beneath draws it on the surface, where it soon becomes equally distributed. A wet cloth is then wrapped round the cone, and another cone is slipped over that to hold it in position, after which the whole is dipped in hot water. Then it is that the fur begins to cling together. Next, the workman turns the cone upside down, touches the covering on it round the edges, and off comes a sort of soft, fleecy 'wideawake' hat big enough for a giant—it is, in fact, just about four times as large as it will be when finished—and so thin that light passes through it easily.

The 'bat' then goes to a man called a 'planker.' He works on a sloping board which runs down to a small copper containing water and vitriol, and with a fire underneath it. The 'planker' takes three 'bats,' dips them in the liquid before him, and rolls them up in a cloth fastened to his bench, afterwards working them to and fro with the palms of his hand, just as if he were using a rolling-pin. This operation, being repeated many times, causes the fibres of the 'bat' to work together, and hence the material thickens and

gradually shrinks down to about one-quarter its original size, when the 'planker' has done with it. As may be supposed, this process is of great importance in hat-making. So much care has to be taken over it, that a man can 'plank' only about three dozen hats in a day.

Next comes 'proofing,' which is dipping the hat in a composition which varies according to the stiffness required. Then it goes to the 'stove'—a heated room—until it dries, and afterwards it is dyed. If the hat is coloured—that is, brown, fawn, or the like—it pays another visit to the 'stove;' but if it is black it travels to the 'blocker,' who puts it on a block and stretches and shapes it roughly, according to the fashion of the day. Then it goes on another block, which revolves by machinery. As the hat turns round, the workman applies sandpaper to it, for the purpose of making it smooth, brushing the dust off when he has finished. Finally, he glosses the hat, by holding a greasy pad on it as it revolves.

The process which follows is done by machinery. It is that of curling the edges of the brims, which is effected while the hat is heated. The 'curl,' as it is called, is then cut down to the size required, and afterwards the whole brim is shaped, which is also done by machinery. Pressure is the means employed both for this operation and for curling.

The hat is now perfect with the exception of trimming, which is done by females. They put on the band and the braid round the rim, and sew in the lining, and then it is ready for wear.

What a lot of trouble there is about hats! Yes; and yet our manufacturers can make them cheaper than any others in the world. We send abroad about one million dozens every year—a good proportion of them to France. There are some Englishmen who buy their fur, shellac, and other things in that country, bring them over here, make them into hats, send them to France, and sell them there for a less price than French hat-makers can afford to take.

Our silk hats, which are principally made in London, are also celebrated in every part of the civilised world. The way these are made seems very simple, but really it requires a great deal of skill. First of all a body is formed with two or three layers of cotton cloth saturated with varnish, and then this is shaped on wooden blocks. Varnish is next applied to the outside, and while it is wet silk plush is stuck on with great care. When the band is put on, the join between the brim and the body cannot be seen. As in the case of silk hats, this addition is made by women, who also put on the braid round the brim, and sew in the leather and lining. W.

THE FARMER AND HIS ECHO.

A FARMER was once relating to a number of gentlemen what a wonderful echo he had on his farm. They did not seem to believe him, so the farmer told them to come to his house on the morrow. The next day they all came, and the farmer told his servant to hide in the hollow of a tree and repeat what he said. When they arrived at the spot the farmer shouted aloud, 'Are you there, Pat?'

'Yes, sure I am, and have been waiting a great while,' was the startling reply.

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

25. Transpose the letters of the following so as to make correct words, and rearrange the words formed so as to make a proverb:—

Tibnet hys cone ciwte.

26. Transpose the letters of the following so as to make correct words, and rearrange the words formed so as to make a proverb:—

Nout live vile hatt mih knisth.

27. From the letters which compose the following words form a proverb which shows that there is not always safety in a multitude of counsellors:—

Spoon.	Bother.	Stock.
Toil.	May.	Oh.

C. C.

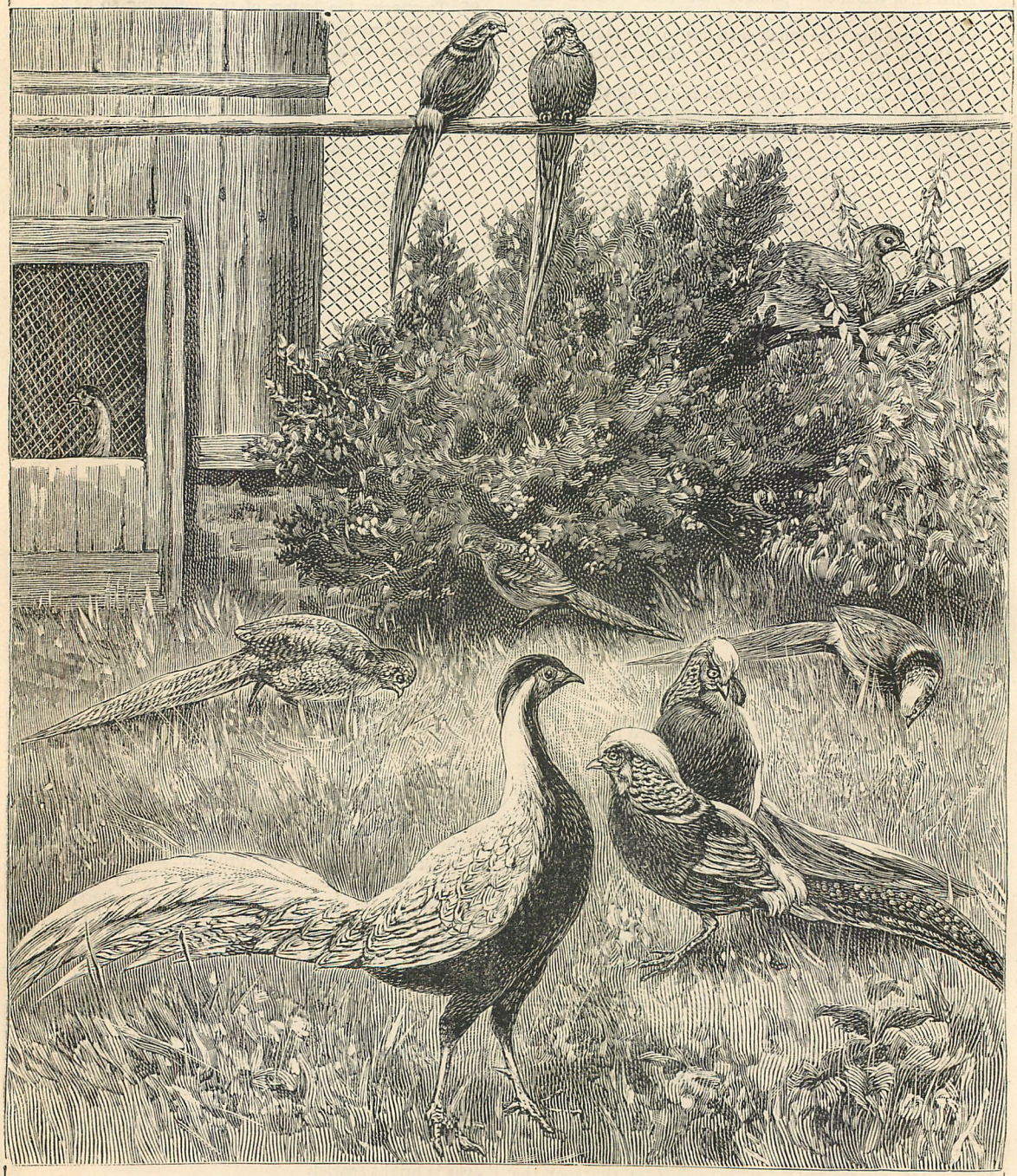
Illustrated Answers, page 317.

HAPPY IN EXILE.

The Pheasant House.

THE Pheasant House in the Zoo is a most attractive spot to the visitor, for the birds themselves are so beautiful, and the contentment which they enjoy in their well-ordered home is so evident to the onlooker. Of the common pheasant no description is necessary, as every one is familiar with its appearance, at least when dead and hung up in the poulterer's shop; but it is not given to every one to see this fine bird in its native haunts, although those who travel by railway in early summer through a wooded part of the country, if they have a quick eye, may see the beautiful birds perched, it may be, on some paling, flying off in alarm as the train draws near, or running along the grass beneath the trees. Pheasants are easily caught by poachers, as they roost in trees at no great height from the ground, when a little sulphur burned underneath secures the booty at once. But they have other enemies besides poachers; as during the moulting season they remain on the ground all night, and thus fall a prey to foxes. The handsome bird represented in the foreground of our picture is the silver pheasant, originally a native of northern China, though long since introduced into our own country. It is one of the largest of the tribe, and is a bold and somewhat pugnacious bird, always seeking to drive away the common pheasant from the preserves to which it has been introduced. The crest on the top of the head is of a deep purple-black, the prevailing colour of the upper parts of the body and tail of the male bird being white, finely pencilled with black. The naked skin round the eyes is bright scarlet.

The Golden Pheasant, also from China, is another very handsome variety, distinguished, not only by its finely developed crest of a rich golden-yellow colour,



Pheasant House in the Zoological Gardens.

but by a large ruff of orange and black feathers, capable of being erected at pleasure. The tail of the golden pheasant is very long. The crest and ruff are much valued by anglers for making artificial flies. It is scarcely necessary to say that the flesh of the pheasant is very good to eat. M.



The Valour of a Girl.

THE VALOUR OF A GIRL.

—o—

IN the winter of the year 1820, there lived in a lonely house near a forest in Germany, a gamekeeper and his family. One Sunday they set off, as usual, to church, leaving the eldest daughter to take care of the house. When the rest of the household had been gone some time, she heard a knocking at the door, and a very old man appeared. He said that he was half-frozen with the cold, and begged her to let him come in and warm himself. She pitied him, and giving him a seat by the fire, she hastened to get some hot soup ready for him. While she prepared it, she happened to look through a small window in the wall, between the kitchen and the room in which she had left him. To her terror, she perceived that he had taken off his long beard and changed his appearance. He was evidently a strong man, and was walking up and down the room with a short sword in his hand. She did not scream or lose her presence of mind, but, arming herself with a chopper in one hand and the boiling soup in the other, she boldly entered the room, dashed the soup into his face, and dealing him a blow with the chopper, she felled him to the ground. Another knock now sounded at the door. Warned by her late experience, she did not open it, but looked out at an upper window. Outside there stood a hunter, who asked admittance. She refused, and he threatened to break open the door; but she got her father's gun and shot at him, wounding him slightly, when he made off and was seen no more. She now hoped that her troubles were over; but half an hour later a third person came, and asked after an old man, who he said must have passed that way. She said that she had not seen an old man, upon which the visitor threatened to make her open to him, and then began to force his way in. At length, in self-defence, she raised the gun again, and shot him dead!

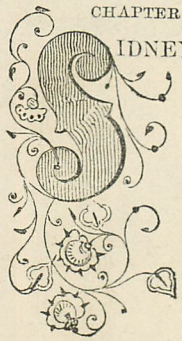
After this third attempt, it was no wonder that her spirits began to fail, and her heart to sink. She screamed from the window and fired off the gun, till the noise attracted the notice of some workmen in the forest. But she was so fearful after the alarms which she had had, that nothing would induce her to let any one in till her father returned from church. It was some time before she got over the effects of her adventure. The robber whom she had struck down and the wounded one, who was afterwards taken, were both tried and punished for their wicked conduct. The chief thing which troubled the brave yet tender-hearted girl was the death of the man whom, to preserve her own life, she had been forced to kill.

COLONEL BIRCH, who sat in the House of Commons in 1675, had a coarse but ready wit, with which he retorted without distinction on all assailants. A reflection having been made in the House upon his former occupation (that of a carrier), Birch replied, 'It is very true, as that gentleman says, I once was a carrier; and let me tell that gentleman it is very fortunate for him that he never was a carrier, for if he had, he would have been a carrier still.'

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 291.)

CHAPTER VI.—EATING HUMBLE PIE.



'SIDNEY,' said Mr. Yorke, when he found himself alone that evening with his son, 'I don't know what Walter will say, but I cannot let him drive that horse any more.'

'It is rather risky,' said Sidney, looking up from his book with a lively recollection of several hair-breadth escapes, nearly as bad as their experience that afternoon. 'He drives splendidly though, doesn't he, father?'

'He does, indeed; if his nerve had failed him for one minute, we should have been smashed to pieces; it is a perfect marvel to me that we escaped. I hope he won't be very furious at parting with Harkaway, but I cannot allow him to run such a fearful risk again. The strain is far too much for him at his age.'

Sidney said nothing, but he quite agreed. He knew only too well that after one of Harkaway's escapades, Walter was in such an irritable state for the rest of the day, that it was a matter of great difficulty to avoid an open quarrel.

Beyond an emphatic 'Well done, Walter!' from Mr. Yorke, when they found themselves in safety, the remainder of the drive had been passed almost in silence, but Mr. Yorke had been observing his nephew all the evening. He had heard his irritable answers whenever he was addressed by Sidney or Maud, and had noticed that, though apparently lounging in his usual indolent way in an easy chair, he evidently could not fix his mind on the book before him, and the slightest noise made him start nervously. At last, when the sudden sharp crack of a log of wood in the fire had made him jump so violently as to drop his book, he got up with an impatient exclamation and left the room, as if much annoyed with himself.

'I wonder where he has gone?' resumed Mr. Yorke; 'I had better have it out with him, I think, and get it over. Ah! here he comes,' and Walter, reappearing at that moment, Mr. Yorke began on the subject immediately.

'Walter, I really think it would be better to get rid of Harkaway at once and get another horse; I cannot let you drive him again, I wonder you have not met with some accident before now!'

Probably if Mr. Yorke had waited till the next day to discuss the question, Walter would have been more willing to listen to reason, but his nerves had been more upset than his uncle guessed, and he was ready to take offence at the first word.

'No one could have helped the brute running away to-day,' he said, sulkily.

'No, I know that, and very few would have thought of, or done, what you did. I am not throwing any slur on your skill, Walter, but your own sense must tell you that it is, at the best, a very dangerous amusement to drive such a horse as that.'

'I have often driven it before, and no harm has

come of it. It is my own affair if I choose to risk it, and cannot matter to any one else!'

'Well, yes it does,' returned Mr. Yorke; 'as long as you are with me it is my business to see that you do not run needlessly into danger. Anyhow, I won't let you risk your life and Sidney's.'

'Ah! that's the real reason,' interrupted Walter, rudely. 'It's Sidney's safety you are anxious about, not mine.'

'Not exactly,' said Mr. Yorke, who, angry as he was at his nephew's impertinent tone, did not wish to quarrel with him. 'As far as Sidney is concerned, I need only forbid him to drive with you to put an end to the risk for him.'

'He will be ready enough to obey you, I've no doubt. He is quite of your opinion that it is safer not to run any risk.'

At this covert sneer, Mr. Yorke looked at his son, but Sidney only laughed.

'Nonsense, Walter,' he said, good-humouredly; 'if you mean to say that I am a coward, you know that's bosh. If I had been, I should have declined to go out with you long ago; but most assuredly, when Harkaway wishes to charge a waggon, I am of opinion that it is safer not to be in the cart behind him.'

'You can get Parker to look out for a horse for you if you don't fancy the chestnut,' said Mr. Yorke, thinking it was quite time to end the discussion, 'but I will speak to him to-morrow about selling Harkaway. No, it is no use to argue the matter,' as his nephew began to speak. 'I have quite made up my mind about it. Surely, it would be much better to have a horse that you and Sidney could drive.'

'Yes, that's at the bottom of it all,' burst out Walter, passionately, losing all control over himself; 'it's all Sidney. You can't bear my doing anything better than he can. I won't have a horse at all if I cannot have one fit for a gentleman to drive. If I don't care about the risk, what can it matter to you? I have always had my own way before, and I will now! You have done nothing but thwart me ever since I came to this detestable place, and I won't stand it any longer. My mother said you would never let me have any pleasure if you got me into your clutches, and if my father had only known how you would treat me, he would never have left me to be domineered over by a—by a——'

'Walter!' interrupted Sidney, indignantly, 'how dare you speak to my father like that! I've a very good mind to give you a good thrashing,' and Sidney looked quite capable of carrying out his threat. 'You deserve to be kicked out of the house,' and Sidney stalked out of the room.

'I can hardly take such strong measures as Sidney suggests,' said Mr. Yorke, quietly, after a short silence, 'though it may perhaps be advisable that we should part. I know you have always set yourself against my authority, but while you are under my roof you will have to obey me, whether you like it or not. You will have to do that for the present wherever you are, but I have thought before this that it would be better to make arrangements for you to live with some one you would not dislike as you do me. I cannot help thinking, however, that you will be ashamed of what you have just said by to-morrow morning,' and Mr. Yorke followed his son's example and went off to his room, leaving Walter alone with his own thoughts.

These thoughts were not of a pleasant or satisfactory kind. For some time he tried to nurse his wrath and fan the flame of his resentment. He stamped up and down the room, vowing that he would never submit to be interfered with in this way. What did his uncle know about horses! He wished he *could* get away from this abominable house; he hated the place, he hated his uncle, he detested Sidney. But somehow it did not do. Perhaps a year ago he might have kept it up longer, but the influence of his uncle's house had done more for him than he knew, and in a very short time his anger began to subside, and he threw himself into his favourite armchair with very different thoughts beginning to make themselves felt. Harkaway was a cranky-tempered brute it was true, and whatever his uncle might know about horses he was sure to let him have a voice in the matter, and probably would let him choose for himself in the long run. On the whole, too, he believed he was *rather*—no, *very*—fond of that fellow Sidney, and as for his uncle, he was not sure now that he did hate him—rather the reverse; and when it came to the point, the idea of going away did not look well either. After gazing at the fire for a few minutes, Walter got up and began fidgeting about the room, picking up and putting down books in an absent sort of way, and walking moodily backwards and forwards. He had not waited till the next morning to be thoroughly ashamed of himself.

'I suppose I shall have to eat humble pie,' he muttered. 'I dare say he'll blow me up well, and the worst of it is I certainly deserve it, there's no denying that. It's rather like having a tooth drawn. But still—here goes!'

Mr. Yorke was standing by his fire excessively annoyed and vexed at his nephew's conduct when the door suddenly opened and Walter appeared.

'Uncle Henry,' he said, simply, as his uncle turned towards him, 'I beg your pardon.'

'That's right, my boy,' said Mr. Yorke, kindly. 'I thought you would soon see that you were in the wrong. I know you do not care for me, but still I am sorry you think I wish to be unkind to you.'

'I don't,' said Walter, hastily; 'I'm not such an idiot as to think that. You won't send me away, will you, uncle? If you do,' he added, 'I'll go headlong to the bad, that I will!'

'I don't want it to come to that, Walter,' replied Mr. Yorke, smiling at this boyish threat. 'I was only thinking that we do not seem to hit it off together as I should wish, and that perhaps you would be happier with some one you liked better.'

'But I don't dislike you, Uncle Henry,' exclaimed Walter, eagerly, 'indeed I don't. I wish you wouldn't think that. I didn't mean what I said. I *do* care for you and—and I would give a great deal,' looking down and colouring, 'to make you think better of me.'

'I don't think so very badly of you now,' said Mr. Yorke, surprised, and not a little touched, at this unexpected glimpse of his nephew's feelings. 'Your father was a dear friend of mine, Walter, and for his sake I should like to keep you with me. I should be sorry



"Sidney! When are you going to pitch into me?"

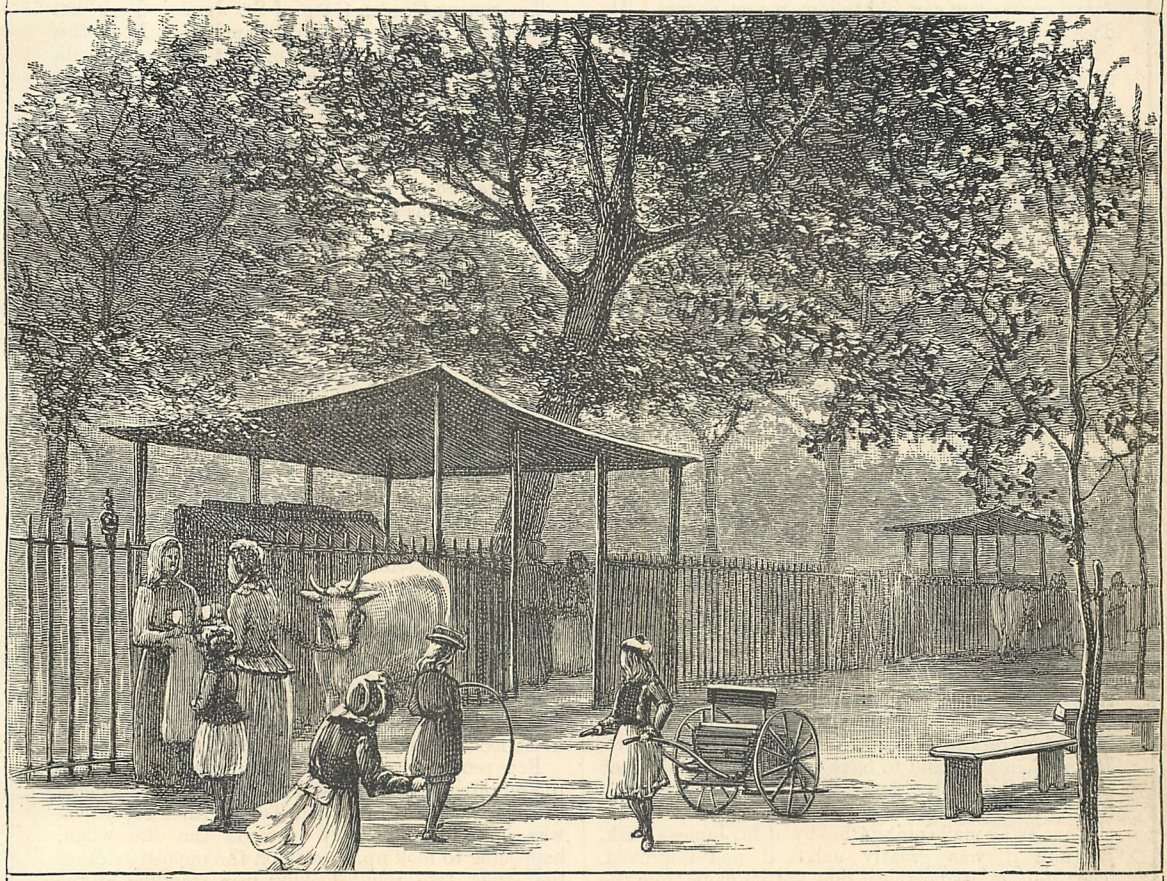
indeed to think he would have regretted leaving you to my care. He was a kind, generous, good man; I should like to feel,' laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, 'that I had helped his son to be, what had he lived he would have wished to see him, a thorough Christian gentleman—a gentleman in the highest and best sense of the word. You will try yourself, won't you, my dear boy?'

'Yes,' was all Walter's answer.

'Then let us start on a fresh tack to-morrow,' went on Mr. Yorke, in a lighter tone. 'I'll believe you are ashamed of what you said, and you must believe that I am not always thwarting you just for the pleasure of it, or that I want to domineer.'

'Don't, uncle,' muttered Walter, getting very red.

'All right,' said Mr. Yorke, laughing, 'that's to be



St. James's Park.

considered rubbed out. But now about the subject of our quarrel. Life is far too precious to be risked in such a mad way as our adventure this afternoon, so do not think me very hard if I stick to my decision.'

'No, uncle; and I don't care much for Harkaway. It was only——'

'Out of sheer opposition to me, eh? Yet do you know, Walter, I am uncommonly proud of my nephew's presence of mind and skill, and I am not going to condemn him to drive an antiquated cob! I think you will like Parker's horse if you will look at it with unprejudiced eyes. It is quite young and quite sufficiently fresh for—Sidney!'

'You are too bad, Uncle Henry,' said Walter, unable to help laughing. 'I must go and make it up with Sidney. I hope he won't give me a thrashing, though!'

'You deserved it, I must say,' remarked his uncle, drily, 'especially as you intended to go this afternoon in direct defiance of me, didn't you?'

'Yes, I did,' said Walter, honestly, though a good deal abashed.

'Don't let that happen again, my good nephew, or I shall come down on you; but we will forget all that, and I believe we shall be better friends in future. Now off with you, and tell Sidney I have not turned you out at present.'

'Sidney!' and before he could turn round his arms were firmly seized from behind. 'Sidney! when are you going to pitch into me? Hadn't you better have it out before I am kicked out neck and crop? You would never believe what I have been doing, young man.'

'I can believe anything of *you*,' retorted Sidney.

'Now don't be snappish, Sid, for I've been eating humble pie. I am quite a good boy now, I assure you, and won't behave like that again. It is quite true, Sid,' as his cousin shook himself free without speaking. 'Of course, I know I behaved abominably, and I have told Uncle Henry so, and it's all right.'

'Do you really mean it?' asked his cousin, looking doubtfully at him.

'Yes, I do,' replied Walter, seriously, 'and he was awfully kind about it too. I didn't think he would

have said what he did. Anyhow, I like him better than ever, and I mean to make him like me if I can.'

'Of course you can, old fellow, if you choose. He does now, as far as that goes.'

'Does he?' said Walter, doubtfully, and after meditating for a few minutes over his uncle's words, so very different to the 'blowing up' which he had expected, he roused himself and added in his usual manner, 'You will be glad to hear that Harkaway is to depart, and to-morrow we will go and look up the —rocking-horse!'

(*Continued at page* 306.)

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

St. James's Park.

ONCE upon a time there was a hospital called St. James's Hospital, to which was attached a swampy field. Henry VIII. turned the hospital into a palace, and the field into a pleasure ground. The former took the name of St. James's Palace, the latter that of St. James's Park.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the Park was little more than a nursery for deer, and an appendage to the tilt-yard of Whitehall. In the reign of Charles I. a royal menagerie took the place of the deer. Charles walked through the Park to Whitehall on the day of his execution, January 30th, 1649, when he is said to have pointed to a tree which had been planted by his brother, Prince Henry, near Spring Gardens.

Charles II. made quite a hobby of St. James's Park. By him it was greatly enlarged and improved. The *Mall*, on its northern side, got its name from the game of 'pale maille' which the merry monarch and his courtiers frequently played here. It was a smooth walk planted on each side. Suspended from the arm of a pole was an iron hoop through which the ball was struck by a *maille* or mallet.

The *Birdcage Walk*, on the southern side of the Park, nearly in the same line with the road which still bears that name, had in Charles the Second's time real birdcages hanging from its trees.

A canal was formed in what was called 'the inward park,' and the water with its water-fowl is still one of the most picturesque and attractive features of St. James's Park.

The Park was in olden days of great service to some unfortunate folk. Both it and the palace afforded shelter from the arm of the law. We read that in 1632 one John Perkins, a constable, was imprisoned for daring to serve the Lord Chief Justice's warrant upon John Beard in St. James's Park. To draw a sword in the sacred precincts was also considered a grave offence. Congreve, in his *Old Bachelor* makes Bluffe say, 'My blood rises at that fellow. I can't stay where he is; and *I must not draw in the Park!*' Traitorous expressions, uttered in the Park, were punished with additional severity.

The Spring Garden Gate of St. James's Park was formed by command of William III. Near this entrance is the once flourishing, but now very small, 'Milk Fair,' which was held by a privilege granted from royalty to the gatekeepers. In the year 1700 this spot presented a lively scene, with its noisy cries of, 'A can of milk, ladies?' 'A can of real cow's milk, sir?' Even in more recent times 'Milk Fair' was regarded as a very pleasant institution by the little lads and lasses of London who visited St. James's Park, and had a cake from the old woman's stall, and a glass of new milk from the rather sad-looking cow.

TOM BIGLOW'S FIGHT.

TOM BIGLOW was a fine young fellow of about seventeen when he was sent from school to the establishment of Captain Harlow to be coached for the army examination. There were about a dozen other young men, all intended for the same profession, fellow pupils with Tom, and although they worked hard, yet there was always time found for manly sports and recreation, such as cricket, football, and swimming. But, strong and big as he was, Tom had caught a terrible cold after playing in a football match, three days before the event which I am about to narrate took place. His tutor said that, with the examinations close at hand, he must keep indoors until the worst symptoms had subsided. Tom had unwillingly assented, and thus it came about that, instead of going with the rest of the household to church that Sunday morning, he had remained at home looking enviously out of the window.

Few people were about in the quiet street, although the morning was bright and frosty, every one seemed to have gone to church, and Tom, with a big yawn, was just turning away towards the fire when, happening to look up, he saw on the opposite side of the street two rough-looking men standing at the front door of the corner house. The next moment and a servant girl opened to their knock. Then Tom saw something which set the blood tingling to the ends of his fingers. The first man put out his hand and pushed the girl back into the passage, and stepping in himself was closely followed by his companion, and the door was instantly shut.

Away went all remembrance of his chill, and away went Tom Biglow himself. As he dashed across the road, armed only with a heavy-mounted riding-whip, which he had hastily snatched up from the rack in the hall, he saw that to attempt to enter the house by the front door would be worse than useless. He quickly passed through the little garden gate, and climbed over a low wall into the back premises. Through the scullery window he saw a sight that suddenly converted him from an amiable, easy-going young man into a raging fury. The poor servant girl was on her knees on the stone floor, a dirty red scarf tied tightly round her throat, the ends being held by a big ruffian, whose back was turned to Tom. He was evidently using both violence and threats, and the unhappy woman had almost lost consciousness. To this day Tom does not know how

he got into the scullery, but he does know that, as in a flash, he was beside the struggling pair. The ruffian left his hold on the girl, and with a short iron crowbar aimed such a blow at Tom as would have killed him on the spot if he had not successfully dodged it. As it was, before the fellow could recover his balance, Tom Biglow's right fist, with all the force of Tom Biglow's honest indignation to add to the weight of it, was driven on to his assailant's ear, and he fell to the floor. Almost at the same moment Tom found himself confronted by the second man, who, whilst rifling the house, had been disturbed by the scuffle downstairs. As he entered the scullery his eye fell on the senseless form of his companion and then on Tom, swelling with rage and flushed with victory. This ruffian was no fighter, and one glance at the youngster's athletic frame was enough for him. He turned and bolted up the stairs again, with Tom in hot pursuit. Wrenching the street door open before his pursuer could quite catch him, the thief had only descended at flying pace the two top steps, when Tom's right foot reached him with such force that the remaining steps disappeared from his vision in an instant of time, and he found himself grovelling on his nose amongst the flower beds. Scrambling to his feet again he rushed out of the garden gate, and into the very arms of Police Constable X Y 721, who happened to be passing at the moment.

That invaluable whistle, with which the police are now so wisely armed, was quickly sounded, and to some purpose, as before the scoundrel lying in the scullery had fairly recovered his senses, two more constables and a sergeant were on the spot, and the precious pair were quickly under lock and key. A doctor was soon in attendance on the unhappy victim of the assault, who, however, had been so roughly handled that she was ill in bed for two or three weeks afterwards. When the owner of the house returned from church with his wife and family, Tom was beset with thanks and praises for his manly conduct to such an extent that, being like so many brave fellows, extremely modest, he took an early opportunity of rushing away to escape further honours.

At the ensuing assizes Tom Biglow was the principal witness—with the exception of the maidservant—against the pair of prisoners, and after a patient trial they were each sent to endure a long term of penal servitude. Taken red-handed, it is difficult to see what the counsel could have said in their defence.

FOX RUSSELL.

PUCK'S GIRDLE.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, in his war correspondent's reminiscences, gives a curious instance of the way in which, owing to difference of time between India and San Francisco, the news of an event in the former peninsula reached the latter city *apparently* before it actually occurred.

In the early morning of the 22nd of November, 1878, a British Division, under General Sir Samuel Browne, occupied the Afghan fortress of Ali Musjid in the Khyber Pass, and the war correspondent (Archibald Forbes) telegraphed the news to England in a short message bearing date 10 a.m. There is five hours difference between India and England in favour of the latter, so the readers of the *Daily News* read at their breakfast tables, at 9 a.m., on November 22nd, the news of the occupation, dated 10 a.m., one hour of *apparent* time before it was dispatched.

The matter did not rest here, for, owing again to the five hours difference of time between London and New York, the Indian message was in time for the regular editions of the New York papers that same morning. It was immediately wired across to San Francisco, where, owing again to the difference in time between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the early rising citizen, purchasing his morning paper at 6 a.m. in San Francisco, read the announcement of an event which actually occurred over two hours later in *apparent* time, some 13,000 miles away on the other side of the globe. Puck professed himself able to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but the telegram sped half round the globe in two hours less than no time at all.

K. W.

PRINCE.

PRINCE'S kennel was in the stable-yard at the Manor House, and Joe's home was at the little farm in the hollow, but they were firm friends for all that. It was part of Joe's duty to take Prince for his daily ramble, and very much both boy and dog enjoyed it. Prince might have gone with the young ladies had he chosen to do so, for he was a well-behaved dog, and they were very fond of him, but he preferred Joe, the garden boy, to every other human being, and Sir Harry often said with a laugh, 'I shall have to make him over to you altogether, Joe, for he cares for no one else!'

Perhaps no other animal is quite so faithful to his master as the dog. The horse has strong affections, but the dog seems to love more intelligently. He appears to understand our words and feelings so thoroughly, to be happy when we are happy, and down-hearted when we are sad. The history of his race is a most interesting one, and begins in very ancient times.

In old Egyptian paintings we find portraits of many dogs, for the animal was considered sacred on the banks of the Nile, although it was never so highly esteemed as the cat. It was worshipped as divine at Cynopolis, and the people of that city actually went to war with some of their neighbours who had dared to kill and eat a dog.

The Greeks kept dogs as pets, and also trained them to assist in hunting. The Romans used them to guard their houses, and the well-known motto—'Cave canem,' 'Beware of the dog,' was taken from the mosaic floor of a porch in Pompeii.

But, although the dog was so well-treated by these nations, it was held in great contempt by others.

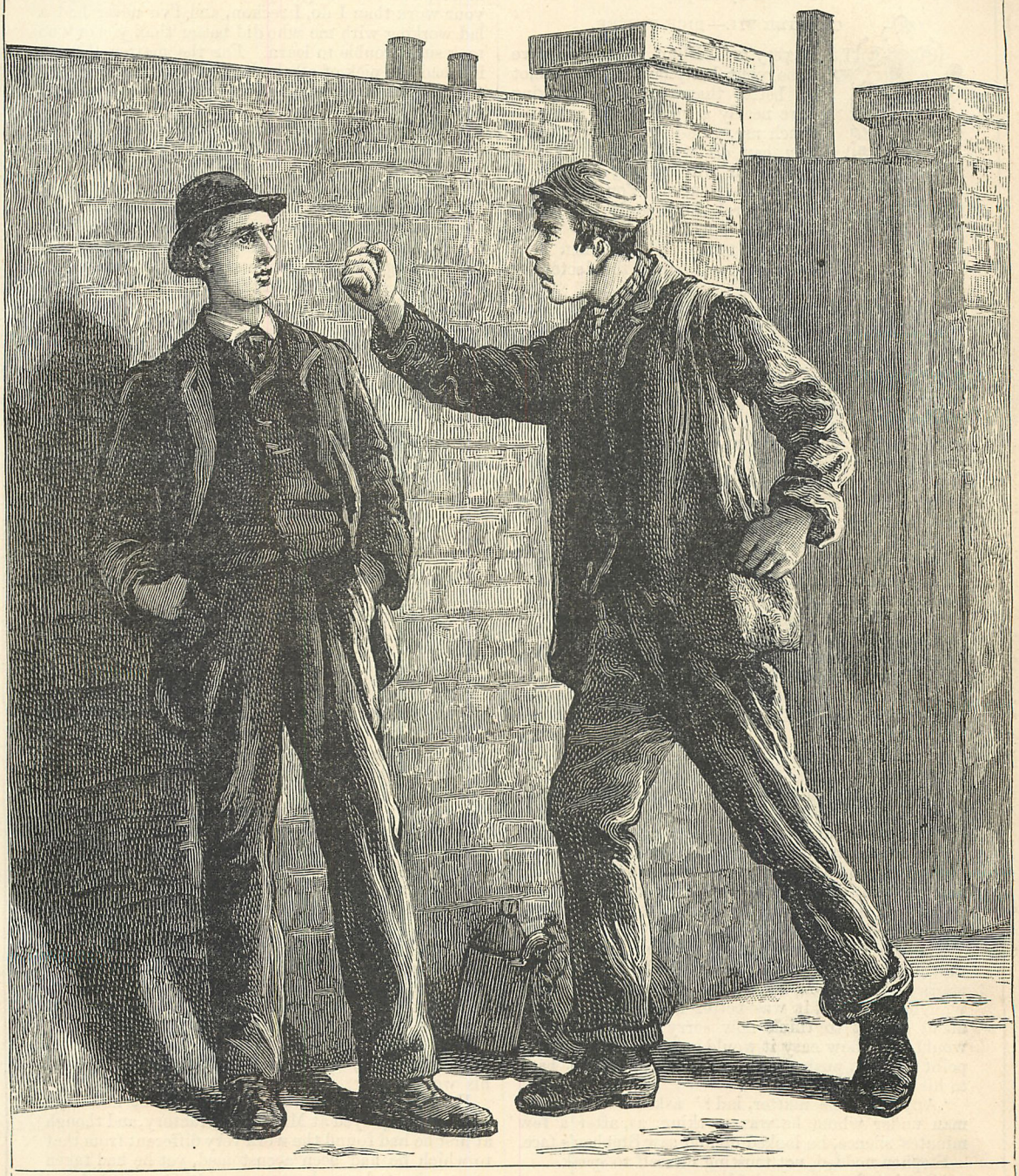


Prince and Joe. By W. H. J. Boot.

The Jews regarded it as unclean, and the Mussulmans have always followed their example. To have one's flesh eaten by dogs is held by them to be the most disgraceful ending of a human life, and to call a man a dog is to offer him the greatest possible insult.

At the present time, the Eastern dog is valued as a scavenger, but the position which he occupies is different to that of his Western brother. He is not the faithful companion and friend, he is only suffered to live because his services are needed. In Constantinople especially, a dog's life may be compared to that of a London street-arab. He has no home, no friends, no regular meals. He lives just where and how he can. Poor fellow! How much better to be an English dog, especially so great a pet as Prince!

H. L. T.



Dick Foster threatens Stephen with revenge.

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 302.)

CHAPTER VII.—DICK FOSTER.

'IT'S all very well, Elliot, to say you have done your best, but if you cannot do better than that after working here nearly a year, you'll never be much use. Besides, it is not true; you can do well enough if you choose—it was nothing but downright carelessness. You have been late several times lately too, which is a thing I will not allow.'

'Only twice, sir, and then Mrs. Watson was ill and asked me to go to the doctor for her.'

'Well, that is no excuse for your bad work. And it is only a fortnight since I spoke to you before about it, didn't I?'

'Yes, sir, but——'

'I won't have any excuses,' interrupted Mr. Richardson, angrily. 'At first you took a great deal of trouble to learn, and I was willing to overlook any mistakes, but now it is simply abominable that you should spoil a large piece of work as you did yesterday. Last time you said you did not want Mr. Sidney to be vexed by hearing a bad report of you, but you have soon left off trying to please him.'

'No, I have not, sir,' said Stephen, looking up rather indignantly. 'I have done my best ever since I have been here. Ask Mr. Watson, sir, and he will tell you that is the truth.'

'Ah! Watson was away yesterday, so I suppose you thought you would not be found out. You will be as bad as young Foster before long; the very next time I have to find fault with him he goes. As for you, I warned you before that I should speak to Mr. Sidney if it happened again, so you knew what you had to expect.'

'Yes, sir, I am sorry, but I have done my best and it was not——'

'Your fault, I suppose. Whose then, I should like to know?'

Stephen was about to speak but checked himself, and the foreman went on: 'Of course, you want to lay the blame on some one else, but I don't care for any excuses. Mr. Sidney will be in this afternoon, and I shall tell him and see what he thinks of it. Go back to your work.'

Stephen turned without a word and went out of the office, across the yard, and slowly mounted the stairs to the room where he worked. However wretched he felt, it was better not to stop to think about it, not to think how sorry his kind friend would be or how easy it would be to—— But at this point Stephen pushed open the door and went back to his place.

'Anything the matter, lad?' asked Watson, the man under whom he was working, as, after a few minutes' silence, he looked up and saw Stephen's face.

Stephen nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

'Got into hot water, eh?'

'Yes,' muttered Stephen.

'What about?' pursued the other, who was a kind-hearted man, and never could bear to see the lads in trouble. 'Not about your work, surely. Why, lad,' as Stephen nodded again, 'no one knows more about your work than I do, I reckon, and I've never had a lad working with me who did better than you or who took such trouble to learn. For the matter of that, if I had the pick of all the lads I would choose you, though you haven't been here long—so long as some of them.'

'Will you tell Mr. Sidney so?' exclaimed Stephen, eagerly. 'Will you tell Mr. Sidney that I have done my best?'

'Of course I will, if he asks me. Come, lad, you've known me a smartish time now, tell me what's up.'

'Mr. Richardson says I've been shamefully careless lately,' said Stephen, 'and yesterday some of the work here got spoilt, and he says I did it, and——'

'Yesterday,' interrupted the other, 'I know nothing of what happened yesterday. Who were you with then?'

'Mitchell wanted me with him, and I didn't understand his work, and, I suppose, when Mr. Richardson asked him he said I wasn't much use, so he thought I hadn't taken any trouble to learn. I shouldn't care so much, because I have done as well as I could, only he is going to tell Mr. Sidney, and he will think me so ungrateful after all his kindness,' and poor Stephen choked and turned away his head.

Watson considered the point a minute, and then said: 'Who was working in this room yesterday besides you?'

'William Smith and Dick Foster.'

'And whatever it was that was done, Dick Foster did it.'

Stephen looked round sharply, and though he said nothing, he could not help Watson reading an affirmative in his eyes.

'Why didn't you tell him it was Foster?'

'He wouldn't let me speak,' returned Stephen; 'besides,' colouring and looking down, 'I didn't like to tell tales, and he said if he had any fault to find with Dick again he would turn him off.'

'Serve him right, too—the young scamp!' said Watson.

'But he's got such a bad home,' said Stephen. 'He said the other day his father was awful sometimes, and that he would half murder him if he "got the sack."'

'They are a bad lot, it's true,' agreed Watson; 'but still I don't see why you should bear the blame.'

'I don't think he'll turn me off this time,' said Stephen, 'and I hope Mr. Sidney won't think I don't care about pleasing him. If he does, I must try and show him that I am really grateful. Perhaps I may be able to prove it some day. If you will tell him I've done well, he will be more likely to believe me.'

'Ay, lad, I'll do that,' returned Watson; 'and a little more, too,' he mentally added, as he resumed his work.

For the last ten months Stephen Elliot had been regularly employed at Mr. Yorke's factory, and though at first he had found the work very different from that to which he had been accustomed, yet he had taken great pains to learn, bent upon getting on and showing Mr. Yorke and Sidney that he was trying to make the most of the chance they had given him.

He was fortunate, too, in the man with whom he was working, for Watson was a good-natured, kind man, who spared himself no trouble in teaching the lads under him as soon as they showed themselves worth it. As Stephen lodged with him, he had plenty of opportunities of observing him, and saw that he was a quiet, well-behaved lad; and though he had not failed to notice that Elliot never mentioned his previous life, and suspected that he had some good reason for his reserve on that point, yet, as he saw he was anxious to learn his work thoroughly, he did his best to help him. By degrees, too, as he found that Stephen was always ready to do a good turn for Mrs. Watson, who was often ailing, or to help his younger boys with their school work, showing as he did so that he had been much better educated than any of them, he became quite attached to him, and would have been much vexed if anything had gone wrong with him. Stephen, on his part, returned the liking, and congratulated himself often on his good luck in falling in with such kind people. When the bell rang for the workmen to go to their dinner, Watson lingered behind, calling to Stephen to tell his wife he should not be home just yet; and though when he did get there he had only time for a very hurried meal, he looked well pleased with himself. As the afternoon went on poor Stephen's spirits sank lower and lower, till at last a boy came hastily in. 'Elliot,' he called, 'Elliot, you're wanted in the office.'

'All right,' replied Stephen, though 'all wrong' would have been a truer answer as far as his feelings were concerned.

He was so long brushing his jacket and smoothing his hair, that Watson felt obliged to hurry him. 'Don't keep Mr. Sidney waiting, lad,' he said, kindly. 'It won't do any good to put it off. Be off at once, and don't dawdle. You know he is sure to be very kind.'

Stephen nodded, and ran down the stairs and knocked at the office door, and on receiving a reply, went in. He had expected to find Mr. Richardson there prepared to repeat his complaint, but Sidney was alone. 'Well, Elliot,' he began, 'what have you to say for yourself?'

'I've done my best—indeed I have, Mr. Sidney,' Stephen burst out. 'I do want to please you, though Mr. Richardson says I don't, and—and—I couldn't help it!'

'Mr. Richardson says he had to speak to you a fortnight ago; couldn't you help that?'

'No, sir.'

'Or some blunder you made before that?'

'Yes, sir; that was my fault. Mr. Richardson gave me an order that I didn't understand. Watson told me I had better go and ask again, but I was afraid he would say I had been inattentive; so I tried to find out what he meant, and made a mess of it. I know that was my fault, and that makes him think I am always careless; but Watson will tell you he never has to find fault with me, and—I couldn't help it!'

Stephen had been so carefully examining an ink spot on the office table that he had not looked up after the first moment, but if he had seen the amused look on Sidney's face he would have felt his trouble much lightened.

'I don't quite understand,' Sidney said. 'What is it you couldn't help? By the way, Mitchell says you were not much use to him yesterday; how was that?'

'I don't understand his work, sir,' replied Stephen. 'I had never done it before. If I had known he would want me, I would have asked Watson to explain it to me.'

'That's another thing you couldn't help. But as to this shameful piece of carelessness yesterday, I really don't think I shall take the trouble to beg you off.' Stephen looked so dismal that Sidney suddenly gave up his grave tone and laughed outright. 'Oh, Stephen, what a goose you are! I shan't beg you off, because you didn't do it. Do you suppose I don't know that you have been getting along like a house on fire? I know well enough you have done your best; and as for Watson, he can't say enough for you. But why on earth didn't you tell Richardson at once that it was Dick Foster's doing, not yours?'

'Mr. Richardson said he would turn him off,' said Stephen, so much relieved at this unexpected turn of events as to be scarcely able to speak; 'and his father will be so furious if he gets discharged, and it will ruin him, too. Don't tell Mr. Richardson it was his doing, Mr. Sidney. I don't care now you know about it. I can't think how you found it out, though.'

'Unluckily, Mr. Richardson told *me*,' returned Sidney, 'so we can't keep it from him, I'm afraid.'

'Oh, then do get him to let Dick off!' exclaimed Stephen, eagerly. 'He will if you ask him.'

'I will if I can,' said Sidney; and, as at that moment the door of an inner room opened and the foreman appeared, he went on, 'Elliot wants to beg off Foster, and as *he* has had a blowing-up about it, can't you let the other off cheap, Richardson?'

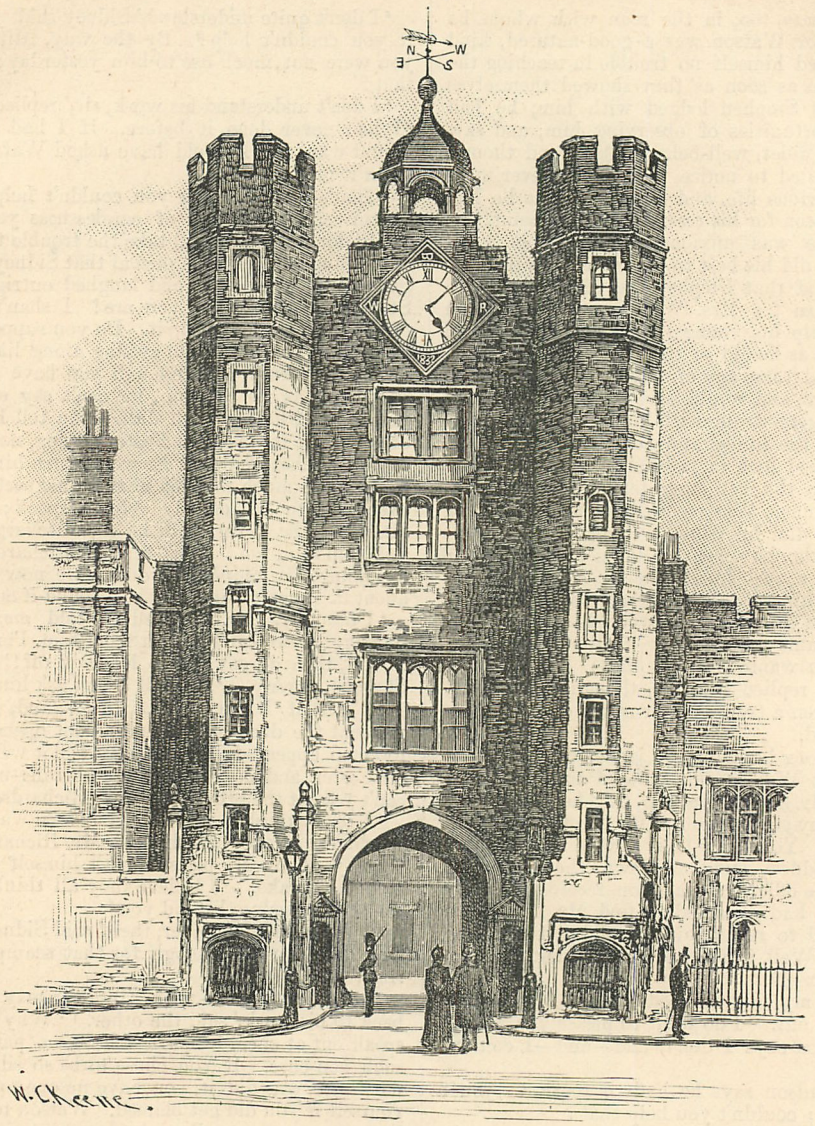
'I really think if you had your own way the boys would do as they liked,' said Mr. Richardson, who was by no means pleased with himself for having made a mistake. 'I believe they all think they can shelter themselves behind you.'

'I wish I were broader, then,' said Sidney, merrily. 'But there's room enough for that scamp Dick this time.'

'If you have done with Elliot, he may as well go back to his work,' said the other. 'Why didn't you speak out at once, Elliot? I have no patience with such nonsense. If you chose to be so silly as to let me think you did it, you have no one to thank but yourself if you did get blamed. Watson tells me you have got on very well, so it was the more foolish of you not to say it was Foster. I am glad I have got to the bottom of it, though, and that you were not to blame. Now, don't waste any more time.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Stephen; and he retreated, followed by Sidney.

'It was not foolish at all, Stephen,' he said, in a low tone, at the door. 'On the contrary, it was very brave and generous, and I am proud of you. I'll get Dick off;' and slapping him warmly on the shoulder, he went back into the office, while Stephen returned to his work so vastly pleased with the praise that he hardly knew how to explain to his friend what had happened. His delight was rather diminished when a call for Dick Foster was heard, and he was not surprised when, after a short absence, that youth re-



Gate-house at St. James's Palace.

turned looking exceedingly sulky and bad-tempered, though he did not understand why he scowled at him in passing. As he was leaving the yard when work was over, he was accosted by Dick, in a violent fury.

'What do you mean by telling tales of me?' he demanded, fiercely. 'What business had you to say anything about me, I should like to know?'

'I didn't tell tales of you, Foster,' returned Stephen, quietly. 'Mr. Richardson found it out somehow.'

'Found it out after you had been chattering to that young gent who makes such a precious fuss with you! A fine row there's been about it, and if father hears of it, I shall catch it that way, too. Just because you must needs go sneaking like that!'

'I tell you I didn't,' retorted Stephen. 'Mr. Sidney said Mr. Richardson had told him it was your doing.'

'A likely story!' sneered Dick. 'But I'll be even with you yet, my lad! If Mr. Sidney knew all about his precious favourite, do you think he would be so mighty fond of him? I thought I had you there,' as he saw Stephen wince. 'Some of these days, my fine fellow, I'll have my revenge. You have got me into a scrape this time, but if I get a drubbing, as most likely I shall, I'll lay it down to your account, and as soon as I get a chance I'll pay you back, as sure as my name is Dick Foster!'

(*Continued at page* 314.)



"The sun is shining brightly
Upon the dewy grass."

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

The Gate-house of St. James's Palace.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE occupies the site of a hospital for women-lepers, which was dedicated to St. James the Less, Bishop of Jerusalem. This charity, says Stow, was founded by the citizens of London, before the time of man's memory.

It was Henry VIII. who, casting covetous eyes upon the place, effected its transformation. He pulled down the ancient structure, 'and there,' as Holinshed tells us, 'made a faire parke for his greater

comoditie and pleasure,' and also erected a stately mansion. This was in the year of his marriage with Anne Boleyn.

Henry's gate-house and turrets, built of red brick, face St. James's Street. This lofty gate-house bears upon its roof the bell of the great clock, dated A.D. 1731, and inscribed with the name of Clay, clock-maker to George II. The clock had originally only one hand. When the gate-house was repaired, in 1831, the clock was removed, and was not put up again for some time, as its weight was pronounced too heavy for the roof. But the inhabitants of the neighbourhood petitioned the king (William IV.) that their old favourite might be replaced. His Majesty took their part, shrewdly inquiring how, if the palace roof was not strong enough to carry the clock, it was safe for the number of persons who were often seen upon it looking down on processions. So the good old time-keeper was restored, with an added minute hand, and new dials. The original dial, we are informed, was of wainscot, 'in a great number of very small pieces, curiously dovetailed together.'

The archway leads into the quadrangle or 'colour court,' where, according to ancient custom, a regiment of the sovereign's 'foot-guards,' accompanied by its band, parades daily at 11 a.m., for the purpose of exchanging the regimental standard, and handing over the keys of the palace to the incoming commandant. Here each new sovereign is formally proclaimed on his or her accession to the throne. It was on June 21st, 1837, that her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was proclaimed upon this spot 'Queen of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.'

LIFE'S MORNING SONG.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

COME hither, gentle maiden,
Come hither unto me;
For with a message laden,
Lo! Nature speaks to thee.

The sun is shining brightly
Upon the dewy grass,
The leaves they stir but lightly,
And let the breezes pass;

And hear you not sweet singing
Above the morning haze?
The lark its way is winging
To 'Heaven's gate' with praise;

And when the sun at even
Sinks downward in the west,
Praise will again be given
Before earth turns to rest.

Now listen, gentle maiden,
Now listen unto me:
'Tis with this message laden
That Nature speaks to thee:—

'In life's unclouded morning
Hope shineth like the sun,
Fair in its early dawning,
Life's day but scarce begun;

'Then, like the lark's sweet singing,
Let praise to God be given,
Your gladsome thoughts be winging
Ever their way to Heaven.

'So, of true praise the essence,
Let thankful joy be strong,
Until into His Presence
You enter with a song.'

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

PAPER.

ANYBODY who has watched the unloading of ships at Hull will have seen great bales of dirty rags hoisted from them, and will perhaps have wondered what we want with such offensive waste. We want it for making paper. We use up our own rags, and all those we can buy from France, Germany, Egypt, India, and other countries, and even then we have not enough to make all the paper we use. Years ago, therefore, trials were made to see if something else would not answer as well, with the result that it was found that other substances could be used; and paper is now made, not only from rags, but from wood, straw, esparto—a coarse, strong grass which grows in the south of Europe—and many other things.

The first process any material undergoes in a paper mill is sorting. Women stand at a table, the top of which is covered with wire netting, so that dust and dirt can fall through. Here they cut up the rags and remove pins, buttons, braid, &c., afterwards sorting the pieces. In the case of esparto, the roots are cut off and any rubbish in the bundles is cast aside.

Each material afterwards undergoes special treatment to fit it for boiling, which is a general operation for all things alike used in paper-making. Two kinds of boilers are generally used; one is fixed, the other revolves. Rags are fed into the latter by what is called a man-hole. Then a quantity of caustic soda is added, and the plate which covers the hole is screwed down. Next steam is let into the boiler, and, lastly, the machinery is started by which it is turned round. After the rags have been boiled for from four to six hours, they are emptied into trucks. Esparto must be boiled for eight hours or more, and straw and wood are even more difficult to get soft.

Following this process comes the washing, done in a machine which removes impurities loosened by the boiling, and also cuts the material into atoms. It is while the stuff is in this machine, too, that any colour which may be in the rags or other material is removed. For this purpose ordinary bleaching powder (chloride of lime) is used.

From the 'washing engine,' as it is called, the stuff runs through wooden pipes, and empties into stone cisterns, the bottoms of which consist of perforated

tiles. These allow the liquid to drain away, leaving behind the bleached material, which in due course is taken to the 'beating engine.'

This machine, which is somewhat similar to the 'washing engine,' separates every fibre in the pulp, breaking up all lumps and shreds. Colouring matter is also added at this stage. If the paper is to be of good quality, of either a white or blue shade, a little ultramarine is put into the pulp. Here, in fact, any desired tone or colour can be produced. After it has been treated for a few hours in this machine, the pulp is run into large circular chests, when it is ready to be made into paper.

This is done both by hand and by machine, but, as a rule, that produced in the former way, being very strong and tough, is only used for account books, drawing-papers, bank-notes, and the like.

It is difficult to describe the paper-making machine, but its principles are easily set forth. At one end of it are two chests full of pulp prepared in the way we have seen. This pulp flows into what is called the mixing box, on the machine proper—a box which has three pipes opening into it. One brings in the pulp, another clean water, and the third the water which drains away from the paper during its journey through the machine.

From here the pulp runs into a trough, in the bottom of which are wooden projections to catch sand and any other impurities which it may contain, afterwards passing through strainers, and then flowing in a stream on an endless wire web, which travels over rollers, and which has at its edges an indiarubber band to prevent the pulp running over. Here, by the shaking of the web to and fro and in other ways, some of the water is taken from the pulp, which settles on the wire and forms a sort of sheet. At this point, too, the wire passes lightly under a roller, which presses on the deposit and thus forms the upper surface of the sheet. This roller also forms the water-mark, or that impression which you see on some paper when you hold it up to the light.

After this the wire, with the paper still on it, passes between a pair of cylinders covered with felt, and these press out more water. Then the wire leaves the paper, which is carried on to a felt travelling round a wooden roll. At this point the sheet is just like wet blotting-paper. But after it has passed through two more rollers it is practically made, though it still requires to be dried and smoothed.

The drying is performed by means of cylinders heated by steam, with, in some cases, woollen felts running between each two, and the smoothing immediately follows. After leaving the drying cylinders the paper runs between heavy metal rollers, some of them heated by steam, and these put a finish on it. The paper then goes through a cutting arrangement, which divides it into sheets of the required size, or is reeled on wooden rollers, ready to be cut afterwards at another machine.

Such may be taken as a general description of paper-making. It is, of course, in some cases subject to modifications. Writing papers, for example, must contain size, or a gelatine prepared from the waste of tanners and curriers, and to put in this size a trough is used among the drying cylinders. In the same way, the speed at which machines run varies according to the quality to be produced; but a machine of the most modern kind, we may say, can turn out four miles of paper a day.

When, however, paper has been cut, it is taken to the finishing room, where girls and women sort it. In the case of coarse papers, this is done by taking a quantity on a bench, and turning up all the ends on one side to see if any sheets are faulty on that side. Afterwards the other side is treated in a similar manner, the bad sheets being thrown out. But the best paper is turned over sheet by sheet, and divided into three qualities; and the worst of these is generally returned to the beating engines and re-made.

The finisher, to whom the women pass the paper, counts it into quires of twenty-four sheets and folds it in two, using a round piece of wood or ivory to press down the back. Twenty of these quires usually make a ream. Printing papers, however, are now often sent out 'in the flat,' or with no division in the middle, and made up into reams of 500, 506, or 516 sheets.

Some newspaper machines, as well as those which print wall-papers, take in paper from a roll. This kind of paper does not go through the processes of the finishing room. As it comes from the making machine it is reeled on thin wooden rollers, which, when full, are taken off and packed straight away.

W.

AUTUMN.

Translated from the German.

THE dry leaves are falling—
The cold breeze above
Has stript of its glories
The sorrowing grove.

The hills are all weeping—
The field is a waste;
The songs of the forest
Are silent and past;

And the songsters are vanished—
In armies they fly
To a clime more benignant,
A friendlier sky.

The thick mists are veiling
The valley in white;
With the smoke of the village
They blend in their flight.

And lo! on the mountain
The wanderer stands,
And sees the pale Autumn
Pervading the lands.

Then, sorrowful wanderer,
Sigh not, nor weep;
For Nature, though shrouded,
Will wake from her sleep.

The Spring, proudly smiling,
Shall all things revive,
And gay bridal garments
Of splendour shall give.



Autumn.



"Elliot, will you let me see what you have in your pockets?"

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 308.)

CHAPTER VIII.—DICK FOSTER'S REVENGE.

DICK FOSTER got his 'drubbing,' coupled with many an assurance from his amiable parent that if it happened again he 'would break every bone in his body,' which it was Dick's private opinion he had nearly done already; and he lost no opportunity of repeating his threat of revenging himself upon Stephen, who was, he considered, the author of his woe. Stephen had once or twice tried to make him believe how far he had been from telling any tales, but Dick refused to listen; so at last he gave it up, and kept out of his way as much as possible, rather dreading what shape his vengeance might take. He was soon to discover.

A fortnight had passed, and Stephen had nearly forgotten the matter, when late one afternoon he received a peremptory summons to go at once to Mr. Richardson's room. As the foreman very often sent for one or other of the boys, he obeyed without any foreboding of trouble; but when he opened the door, and saw Dick Foster with a half-sulky, half-triumphant expression on his face, he knew instinctively that this was the threatened revenge.

'Elliot,' began Mr. Richardson, gravely, 'have you been in here before to-day?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Stephen; 'I was here just after dinner.'

'What did you come for?'

'I was told you wanted me at once.'

'Told I wanted you?' repeated Mr. Richardson. 'Who told you so?'

Stephen hesitated. 'One of the boys, sir.'

'How long were you here?'

'I waited a few minutes, and then I went to work.'

'If you thought I wanted you, why didn't you wait till I came?'

Stephen made no reply. Mr. Richardson repeated the question.

'When I found you were not here, I thought——'

'Well?' said Mr. Richardson, sharply.

'I thought it was only a hoax.'

'A hoax? Why on earth should it be a hoax? Was there any one here when you came in, or did you see any one about when you went away?'

'No, sir.'

'It is only fair to tell you why I am questioning you, Elliot. While I was absent at dinner, my desk has been broken open, and some money stolen. What's the matter?' for, in spite of his efforts at self-control, Stephen turned pale, and had to lean against the wall for support. 'The same thing happened once before,' went on Mr. Richardson, after a pause, 'but then the desk was unlocked, and I was not sure how much money was in it. This time I am determined to sift the matter to the bottom. I have ascertained that you and Foster were both seen in here after dinner. Foster was sent by one of the men on a message, but I can scarcely believe your story of being sent here by a hoax—it seems absurd! What have you to say about it?'

'I did not touch the money, sir, and I know nothing about it.'

'Foster volunteered at once to show me what he had in his pockets,' went on Mr. Richardson. 'Of course, I cannot compel you to do the same, though it would be in your favour if you did. You do not agree to that?' for Stephen made no attempt to move.

'I have told you I did not touch the money, sir; and I do not see why you should suspect me any more than Foster.'

'Don't you?' said Dick Foster, who had not spoken before. 'I should think there was a very good reason.'

'What do you mean, Foster?' demanded Mr. Richardson.

'Only that this is not the first time Elliot has done this sort of thing, sir. He is an old hand at it. Why, when he came here he had only just come out of gaol!'

So this was Dick Foster's revenge!

'Be careful what you say, Foster,' said Mr. Richardson, turning sharply on him. 'You have no right to make that kind of accusation unless you are certain it is true.'

'Ask him, sir,' was Dick's rejoinder, 'and see if he can say it is false.'

'You hear what Foster says, Elliot. Do you deny it?'

'No, sir. It is true.'

'*True!*' repeated Mr. Richardson, as if doubting whether he had heard aright. 'Do you know what you are saying, Elliot? If that is true, of course it makes you liable to suspicion in this case. Are you attending to me?' for Stephen looked scarcely conscious of what was going on.

'Yes, sir,' he answered, rousing himself. 'I do not know how Foster heard of it, but it is true.'

'You do not seem to care much about owning it,' said Mr. Richardson, though the sight of Stephen's white face might have shown him that was far from being the case. 'What do you suppose Mr. Sidney will say when he hears this?'

'Mr. Sidney knows all about it,' said Stephen, with a feeling of great thankfulness that he had made a clean breast of it, without waiting to be found out, 'and so does Mr. Yorke.'

At this announcement Dick Foster's face fell considerably.

'Well, you cannot be surprised that I suspect you now. If you took the money, you had better speak the truth about it at once; if not, you must take the consequences.'

'I have spoken the truth,' said Stephen, in a low voice; 'I did not take the money.'

Dick shrugged his shoulders, and Mr. Richardson without another word went to the door, and calling a boy from the opposite side of the yard, gave him an order, and then going back to his desk, sat down and

began writing a letter, entirely ignoring the two lads. As the minutes passed on, Foster, who had been looking the picture of successful malice, began to get very nervous, and wondering what was going to happen, and to feel doubtful if his well-planned revenge was turning out, after all, quite as he wished. Stephen Elliot still leant against the wall, his face perfectly colourless, his eyes fixed on the ground, so motionless, that he might have been carved in stone, save for an occasional long-drawn breath. It seemed an hour to him before there came a decided knock at the door. He knew what would happen directly, he thought dreamily. He had gone back in imagination some months, and knew that he should see——

'Good afternoon, sir.'

No, that was not the voice he expected to hear, and at the sound of it a feeling of relief came over him, and he would have looked up, only somehow he couldn't move, and——

'Good afternoon, sir,' repeated Davis, advancing into the room, and taking everything in at a glance. 'What's the matter, Elliot? Lie down a minute, lad. Mr. Richardson, have you got any water there? No, no, I shan't hurt you, my boy. Lie still,' as Stephen began struggling to get up, and muttering incoherently. 'No, there's nothing the matter with your head now. Come, drink this, and don't try to speak.'

Stephen drank some water, and after lying still a few minutes, opened his eyes and looked up at Davis.

'I thought I was at Hessingham and that it was Roberts,' he said, slowly. 'I am glad it is you. I'm all right now; let me get up.'

'Very well, lad,' returned Davis, helping him up. 'Sit down there, and let me hear what Mr. Richardson wants me for.'

He put Stephen into a chair, and then turned to Mr. Richardson, and listened to his account of what had happened, glancing now and again at the two lads.

'Elliot tells me,' said Mr. Richardson, 'that Mr. Yorke and Mr. Sidney were both aware that he had been in gaol, but I don't know how far that is to be believed.'

'That is true enough,' said Davis. 'He told them both before he was taken on, so that if it came out they might not think he had deceived them; and very lucky for him that he did, as it turns out. As far as I understand, both the lads have been in here alone to-day, and at present the only reason for suspecting Elliot is the fact that he has been convicted before.'

'Partly,' assented Mr. Richardson, 'and partly his absurd story of having been hoaxed to account for his being here. Also he declines to show what he has in his pockets, which Foster was quite willing to do. Of course, he is not bound to do so unless I decide to give him in charge; but I do not see why he should object.'

'Could you identify any of the money?' asked Davis.

'Yes, as it happens, I could. Amongst it was a curious gold coin which Mr. Hepburn brought from some foreign place. He was showing it me the other day, and left it on the table, and I put it into my desk, intending to return it to him, and forgot it.'

The policeman watched Elliot narrowly, but not the smallest change was visible on his face at this remark.

'Come here, Elliot,' was all he said; and Stephen instantly rose and stood in front of him. 'Who was the boy who told you Mr. Richardson wanted you?'

'Charles Harris, sir.'

'How long did you stay about here?'

'Between five and ten minutes, sir. I knocked twice, and then waited outside.'

'What made you think it was a hoax?'

'I remembered that Mr. Richardson was not likely to be back so soon, and besides——'

'Well?'

'Harris said another boy had told him, and I've had roundabout messages like that before. They often do play me tricks.'

'What kind of tricks?'

'Telling me Mr. Sidney Yorke wants me. The other day I waited all dinner-time for him, and it was only a hoax. Of course, I don't mind about that, it's only a bit of fun.'

'Did you come in here before or after Elliot?' Davis inquired, turning to Foster, who was beginning to think this kind of questioning was not what he meant.

'Before he did.'

'Did you notice if anything was amiss with the desk?'

'No—yes—I don't know,' stammered Dick.

'You don't know?' continued Davis. 'I didn't ask if there *was* anything amiss with the desk, only if you *noticed* it. You know that, I suppose?'

'I—I didn't notice,' said Dick, sullenly.

'Did you know anything about this hoax?'

'No,' replied Dick, still more sulkily.

'There's Charles Harris,' said Davis, as a boy passed the window, and opening it, he called him in. 'Harris, had you anything to do with hoaxing Elliot to-day?'

'Hoaxing Elliot?' exclaimed the boy, looking in amazement from one to the other. 'No, I never hoaxed him.'

'Did you tell him that Mr. Richardson wanted him directly after dinner?'

'Yes, I did; but I don't know anything about it being a hoax. Harry Adams told me to tell him.'

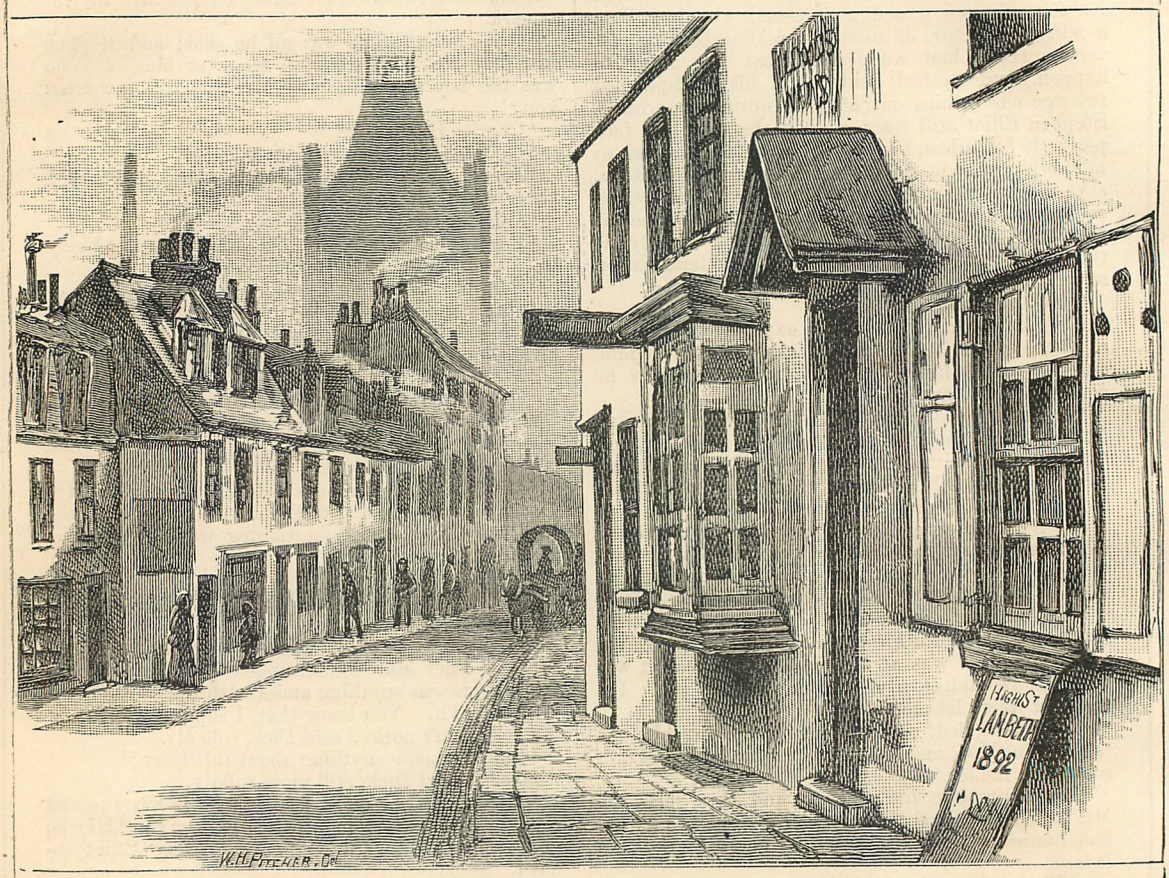
'Find Adams and send him here,' ordered Mr. Richardson.

'And don't tell him why we want him,' added Davis. 'I think, Foster,' he continued, 'it would be as well if you went into the other room for a few minutes. You don't want to go? But you see I intend that you shall. Off with you!'

Dick, who had fully meant to frighten poor little Harry Adams into saying what he liked, felt as if he was getting more than he bargained for. In his calculations he had not included a keen-witted policeman. He would have resisted had he dared, but not daring, he moved slowly away, disappearing through one door just as Harry Adams entered at the other.

'Well, little man,' said Davis, as Harry looked terribly alarmed at the awful spectacle of a big policeman so very close, 'did you tell Charlie Harris this afternoon that Mr. Richardson wanted Elliot?'

'Yes, sir, I did,' replied Harry, relieved at being



Lambeth High Street (looking West).

asked such a very easy question. 'Dick Foster told me to run and tell him.'

'Where was Foster when he told you?'

'Just coming out of this room.'

'That will do, Harry; you can run away now. Elliot,' turning to the lad, 'will you let me see what you have in your pockets?'

'Yes, of course,' said Stephen, readily, and without a moment's hesitation he emptied his pockets on to the table—a knife, some bits of string, one or two pencils, and a purse, which he held out to Davis.

'There seems to be a good deal of money in it,' remarked the policeman, opening it. 'How came you with all this?'

'It's not all mine,' replied Stephen; 'some of it belongs to Watson, and some to Smith. They went home before pay-time, and asked me to take their money.'

'Are you in the habit of taking their pay for them?'

'Oh, yes! I've done so lots of times if they are in a hurry to get home.'

'How much money was there in the desk?' inquired Davis.

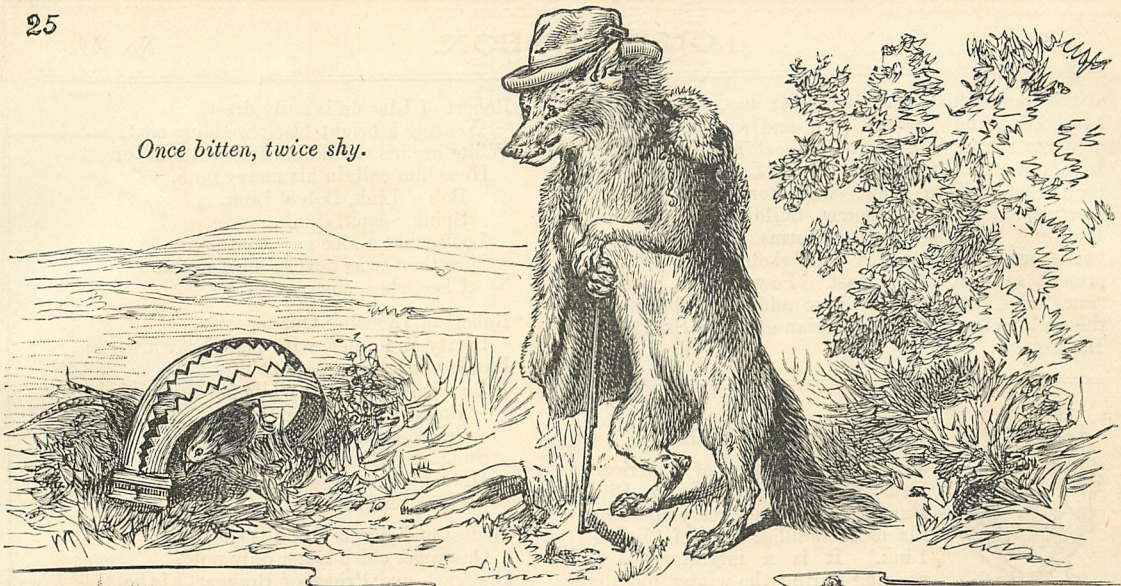
Mr. Richardson mentioned the amount, and the other, having counted the contents of the purse, looked sharply at Elliot. Then he examined the purse minutely, and opening the small pocket intended for stamps, he drew out a small piece of gold, at the sight of which Mr. Richardson uttered an exclamation. It was a foreign coin of a very peculiar kind.

(*Continued at page* 322.)

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

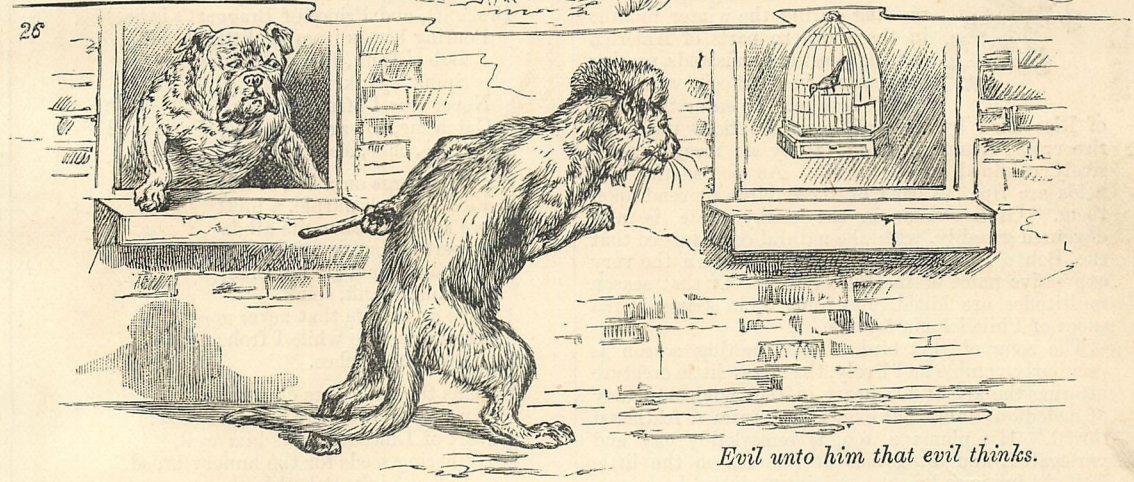
LAMBETH HIGH STREET (LOOKING WEST).

LAMBETH, with its palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, ranks foremost amongst parishes of historical interest in London. The High Street, as shown in our view, retains some features of a main thoroughfare of 250 years ago. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that here there lodged personages of rank and wealth who wished to obtain audience of the Archbishop Laud (1633), who held his court



Once bitten, twice shy.

26



Evil unto him that evil thinks.

27



Too many cooks spoil the broth.

at the Lambeth Palace; but so it was. The neighbourhood is now rather poor and squalid, yet the quaintness and 'old world' aspect are interesting. In a few years this piece of old London will have been removed to make way for more modern erections. The handsome building of Messrs. Doulton's famous pottery forms an appropriate background, and makes our sketch tell of the present as well as the past. Few men of modern times have done more to give additional beauty to the architecture of the Victorian era than Sir Henry Doulton. W. H. P.

BOB O' LINK.

ONE of the best known of American birds is the Rice Bird, or Rice Bunting, recognised everywhere by his more familiar title of 'Bob o' Link.' It is a migratory bird, residing during the winter months in the southern parts of America and the West Indian islands, passing northwards in vast flocks whenever spring sets in. It earns its name of Rice Bird by its terrible depredations upon the rice crops, though its food is by no means exclusively confined to that grain. As soon as the oat-fields are ripe, swarms of these birds descend upon them. Green wheat in the milky state is also devoured greedily, with the natural consequence that the Bob o' Links become so fat as to earn the very expressive name of the Butter Bird. At that season multitudes are killed, and hung up in strings in the shops of Philadelphia for sale.

The song of this bird at the nesting season is peculiarly voluble and lively, the merry little creature uttering the joy of his heart in the 'wildest medley of melodious notes that ever issued from a feathered throat.' His plumage, too, is remarkably gay and variegated, and altogether at this season the little Bob o' Link is as bright a specimen of bird happiness as one can well imagine. These merry notes and beautiful vestments are, however, all laid aside after the nesting season is over, and the poor little fellow sits idly on the branches in a very disconsolate fashion, just as though he thought that now there was nothing worth living for. But we may spare our pity. When spring again returns, who so gay as he? Once more he will don his wedding-coat, and play the merry farce all over again.

These peculiarities of the Bob o' Link have been so charmingly described by William Cullen Bryant, the poet, that we cannot do better than place these spirited and graceful verses before our readers.

'Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.
Bob o' Link, Bob o' Link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

'Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat,
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call, in his merry note,
Bob o' Link, Bob o' Link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine!
Chee, chee, chee.

'Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob o' Link, Bob o' Link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

'Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart, and Prince of Braggart's is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat.
Bob o' Link, Bob o' Link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

'Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob o' Link, Bob o' Link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about,
Chee, chee, chee.

'Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob o' Link, Bob o' Link,
Spink, spank, spink.
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me!
Chee, chee, chee.

'Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care.
Off is his holiday-garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob o' Link, Bob o' Link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

'Summer wanes, the children are grown,
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum crone,
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob o' Link, Bob o' Link,
Spink, spank, spink.
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again,
Chee, chee, chee.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

16.—Arithmetical Questions.

1. A man goes to market and buys eggs; he pays at the rate of 8*d.* for 9, and in selling them gives 8 for 9*d.* What profit will he make on 60 dozen?

2. Divide 100*l.* among A, B, and C, making A's share 30*l.* more than B's, and 30*s.* less than C's.

3. How many coins has a person in his purse if, a dozen more being added, he would then have 5 times as many?

4. How many square feet are there in a court 47 yards long and 111 feet square?

5. If a boy having 36 nuts gives away three times as many as he keeps for himself, how many will he have then?

6. If 4 men can reap a field in 4½ days, in what time could one man reap it? And how many men could reap it in a day?

7. Two brothers, A and B, buy a house for 960*l.*, of which sum A pays half as much again as B. They let it at 45*l.* a year. How much of the rent should each receive?

8. How many sovereigns are equivalent to 72 napoleons, each worth 15*s.* 10*d.*? C. C.

17.—Enigmas.

My 1, 3, 5, 7, is a kind of ship;
My 7, 9, 2, 6, is what we all strive to do;
My 8, 9, 5, 3, is a woman's glory;
My 10, 9, 6, is a human being;
My whole is a large town in England.

[*Answers at page* 335.]

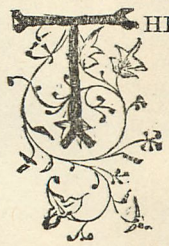
ANSWERS.

14.—Chatterbox.

15.—1. Swallow. 2. Thrush. 3. Pigeon. 4. Magpie. 5. Curlew. 6. Tomtit.

THE GREAT MEN OF OLD.

VII.—Epaminondas, the Theban General.



THEBES was one of the least important of the cities of ancient Greece, but it was raised to the highest rank by the valour and military skill of two generals, Epaminondas and Pelopidas, who were fast friends.

Epaminondas was born in Thebes, in the year B. C. 411, of a noble but poor family. In his youth he was educated in literature and philosophy. As he grew to manhood he began to form designs for freeing his country from the dominion of the Spartans, who then held possession of the citadel of Thebes.

His friendship with Pelopidas began during a battle in which they were both engaged: Pelopidas was wounded; and as he lay insensible on the ground, Epaminondas rescued him at the risk of his own life, and bore him to a place of safety. After this the sole thought of the two friends was how to drive their oppressors from the city. Epaminondas constantly encouraged the Theban youth to strive in athletic contests with the young Spartans, and when they were overcome he blamed them for tamely suffering themselves to be conquered. Thus he incited them to desire a struggle for independence. Yet when Pelopidas and his friends planned an attack on the citadel he refused to join in it, lest innocent citizens should be killed during the tumult; but when the chief Spartans had been slain, and the garrison driven out of the city, he united with the patriots, and soon became the principal personage in Thebes.

The Spartans now invaded the country with a numerous army, and Epaminondas being appointed general of the Theban forces, he defeated the enemy by a skilful stratagem at the famous battle of Leuctra. This was the first great reverse which the Spartans had suffered, and it destroyed the popular idea that their soldiers were invincible. In conjunction with Pelopidas he attacked the enemy in their own country; and gained many successes over them.

In his next campaign Epaminondas failed, and so lost the favour of his fellow citizens. He was degraded from his rank, and served as a private soldier in an expedition which was sent to rescue Pelopidas, who had fallen into the hands of the Tyrant of Pherœ. He preserved the army from destruction by the tactics which he suggested. Having thus proved his talents as a commander, and a second time saved his friend, he was again appointed general of the Theban forces.

The power of Thebes now rose to its greatest height, but many of her allies fell off and joined Sparta; and when Epaminondas invaded the Peloponnesus for the fourth time, he had to contend against a formidable confederacy. The Athenians and three other states united with the Laconians, who were led by Agesilaus, the celebrated King of Sparta. That city was an unwalled town; and Epaminondas tried to surprise it by a sudden movement, whilst its army was advancing to meet him in another place; but on his approach, it is said that the old men and boys who were left in the city armed themselves, and kept his troops at bay, until Agesilaus had time to return, when the Theban general drew off his forces, and marched to Mantinea. There a great battle was fought in which the Thebans were victorious; but Epaminondas was mortally wounded, and was carried out of the conflict to his tent.

The first question which he asked was if his shield had been recovered from the enemy; for the loss of the shield was accounted a disgrace by the Greek warriors. On being assured that it was safe, he had it brought to him, and gazing on it, he kissed it. He then asked how the battle went, and which side had gained the victory. When he heard that the Thebans had conquered, he soon afterwards expired, with the name of his country on his lips, in the year B.C. 363; and with him fell the power of Thebes.

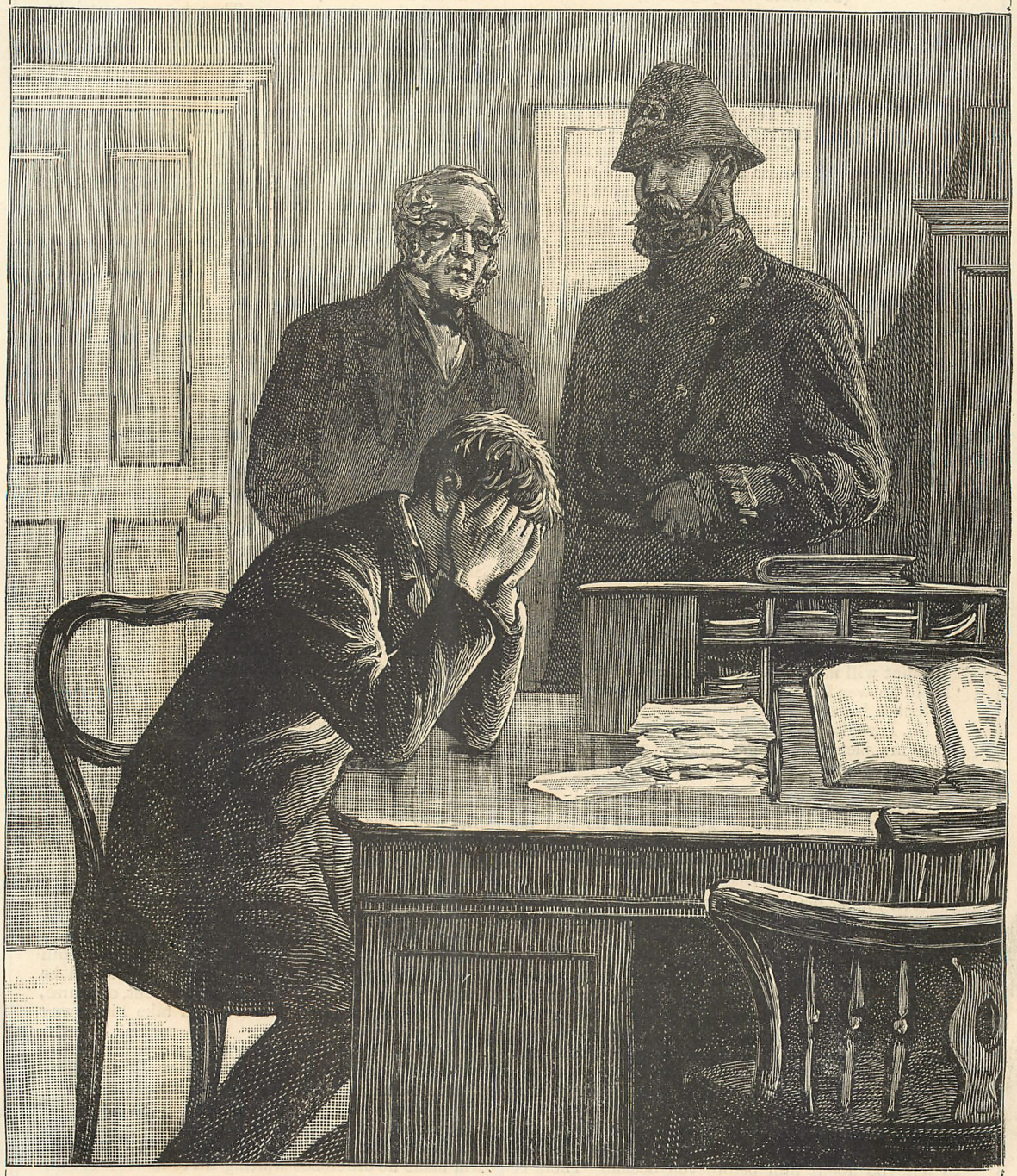
He was buried where he died; and his tomb was surmounted by a column on which a shield was hung, emblazoned with the figure of a dragon. Though he had filled the highest offices in the Theban state, he



Epaminondas.

did not leave enough money behind him to pay for his funeral. His friend, Pelopidas, survived him only a single year; and he also was killed in a battle in which his troops were victorious.

When Thebes was at the summit of her glory, the king of Macedonia sent his brother Philip there, as a hostage for peace; and this young prince resided for three years in the house of Epaminondas, learning those arts of war which he afterwards turned against the Thebans themselves, when he destroyed the liberty of Greece, and put her chief citizens to death. His son, Alexander the Great, razed the city to the ground; most of the inhabitants were sold into slavery, the rest were slain or driven away, so that there was an end of Thebes for twenty years, after which it was rebuilt by Cassander. A. R.



"Do you wish me to take him into custody?"

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 316.)

CHAPTER IX.—GONE!



'IS that the coin you mentioned?' asked Davis, as he held it out to Mr. Richardson.

'Yes, most assuredly it is,' was the reply.

'It is *not*, sir!' burst out Stephen, almost passionately. 'Mr. Sidney gave me that. He gave me the purse the day before he went away for a Christmas-box, because he said'—Stephen's voice shook—'he said I had been a credit to him, and he put that in the pocket for luck;' and then seeing the incredulous look on Mr. Richardson's face, he broke down, and throwing himself into the chair, he laid his head on the table.

For a few minutes no one spoke, then the policeman said a little reluctantly, 'Do you wish me to take him into custody, sir?'

'Oh, don't do that!' exclaimed Stephen before Mr. Richardson could reply, speaking in a low tone, but quite calmly. 'I have tried so hard to get on, and though I deserved it before, indeed I am innocent now. I know you won't believe me, but only wait till to-morrow, and ask Mr. Sidney. He is only at Hepburn Hall, and you can easily send to him; and it means ruin to me, for I should have no time to get him to speak for me. It would vex him so terribly, too. Do have a little mercy, sir, and let me alone till to-morrow!'

'And give you time to escape, I suppose,' said Mr. Richardson, coldly.

'Elliot will not do that,' interposed Davis, quietly. 'I will answer for his not attempting to make off.'

Stephen looked up gratefully.

'No, I won't. But I don't ask you to trust me. There are plenty of rooms here where you can lock me up if you will, so as to prevent any chance of that.'

Mr. Richardson hesitated. He knew how terribly distressed Sidney would be, and though he had no doubt himself, it would be more satisfactory to have the matter clearly proved before proceeding to extremities.

'Will you let me have a few words with you in the other room?' said Davis, and to this Mr. Richardson assented.

'I had almost forgotten that boy,' he said, as he opened the door, and saw Dick looking by no means comfortable. 'You can go now, Foster, but let me advise you to be more careful about speaking the truth. If you are wanted as a witness, the lies you have told to-day will make it very awkward for you.'

Dick, only too glad to escape, bolted out of the office, and Davis closed the door.

'I think, Mr. Richardson,' he began, 'as Mr. Yorke wished me to look after Elliot a little, I should like to tell you about him before you decide. There is no doubt that the coin and the amount of money are suspicious circumstances, but, on the other hand, he would scarcely dare to say that young Mr. Yorke had given him the coin, or that the money belonged to Watson and Smith, if it is not true, as of course I can find that out at once. Then he was certainly sent here by a hoax, whether in fun or not is not quite certain, and it is in his favour that he gave up his purse without any hesitation, and without seeming the least afraid, though he heard you mention that coin.'

'He knew you would search him,' remarked Mr. Richardson.

'So did Dick Foster,' said the other, drily. 'For the matter of that, both lads had plenty of time to hide the money elsewhere.'

'As for being afraid, it struck me as being most suspicious that he should faint directly he saw you.'

'Oh, that had nothing to do with it,' said Davis.

'Nothing to do with it?'

'No, sir. I doubt if he saw me at all. He was very much upset by the accusation, and knew how the other business would tell against him, which frightened him, and while he was waiting for some one to come, and dreading whom it might be, he got bewildered and went back to the former affair. He mistook me for the other man, and kept begging me not to be cruel to him, and not to hurt his head. He was thrown down before, and his head was so much hurt that he was ill for some weeks, and I suppose when I put him down on the floor, he had a confused notion that it was all coming over again.'

'No doubt that is possible,' said Mr. Richardson, remembering the half-unconscious expression on Stephen's face.

'I ought to tell you that Mr. Yorke wished me to find out all about him to see if his story was true, and not only was it perfectly true, but he had not attempted to excuse himself as he might have done. There had never been a doubt as to his honesty before, and every one knew he had been made a tool of by a rascal who was working with him. One of the magistrates expressed his regret at having to convict him, and another gentleman wrote to Mr. Yorke as soon as he heard he was here, and said he would have found plenty of friends to help him, if he had not been so foolish as to run away. He offered to have him now if he was not getting on at this work, but Elliot said he couldn't bear to go back, and would rather stay here, at all events till he had got back a character.'

'He has not been used to this work, I suppose?'

'No; and it is rather hard for him, I think. I have been watching him all the time and felt sure he was doing well. Mr. Yorke and Mr. Sidney are both much interested in him, and I think they would be glad if you would wait till to-morrow; but, of course, it is for you to decide, and I will take him away now if you wish.'

'And think me a hard-hearted brute, as Mr. Sidney will, eh?' said Mr. Richardson. 'Surely you don't think I should not take notice of a thing like this.'

'Of course not, sir. I'm the last man in the world to say that. If he did it, he deserves to be punished, and it is kinder in the end to put a stop to it; but it will make no difference waiting till to-morrow to hear what Mr. Yorke says.'

'Unless he bolts!'

'He won't do that. I'll take him home with me, and I'm certain he may be trusted not to run off. If I were not sure of that, I should not risk it.'

'Very well then,' said Mr. Richardson. 'You ask Watson and Smith about the money, and I will write to Mr. Sidney and ask him to come in as early as he can to-morrow. We had better tell Elliot, for I should think he is being pretty well punished by this suspense.'

It appeared that he was, indeed, and even Mr. Richardson's severe face softened a little as he met Stephen's piteous look.

'We will wait till to-morrow, Elliot,' he said, less sternly than he had spoken before. 'It seems to me an unlikely story, but we will see what Mr. Sidney Yorke says. Mr. Davis is confident that you will not attempt to escape, so you may go with him, and I hope that you will not be so foolish as to try to do so.'

'No, sir, I will not,' said Stephen.

He was following Davis to the door, when he suddenly stopped and went back.

'I ought to have thanked you, sir,' he said. 'I am not afraid of what Mr. Sidney will say, and Watson and Smith will tell you they asked me to get their pay, but if you think so badly of me as to believe I could deliberately steal here, where every one has been so kind to me, I am afraid you will always think me guilty, even if you cannot prove it. It is only just that every one should be more willing to believe lads who have always been—who have always been honest, and to be suspected when I am innocent is part of my punishment. It is more than I could expect that you should trust me to-night, and I should like to ask you at least to believe that I am not bad enough to abuse your kindness and to run away, though I know that you may send me to—to gaol to-morrow.'

Something in the sad, white face, in the low, unboyish voice, in the weary droop of the whole lad, as if this trouble were more than he could bear, touched the heart of the foreman as nothing had ever done before.

'I do not *wish* to prove you guilty, Elliot,' he said, more kindly than Sidney Yorke would have believed possible. 'Don't think me so cruel as that. I hope Mr. Sidney will confirm your story; I shall be very glad if he does; at all events I will wait till I have seen him. If your account of the coin and the money is true I shall not think you guilty any more than Foster; in fact, from what Davis has told me about you, I should be more inclined to believe you, as he has certainly been lying and deceitful, and you spoke the truth when it must have been terribly hard to do so. I should not think of having you taken up on such slight ground of suspicion as merely having been to the office, especially as Foster was here, too, so you need not be afraid of that. Now go with Mr. Davis for the present, and come back to-morrow when he tells you. Good evening, Davis; good evening, Elliot.'

But this time Stephen could not trust himself to speak, and he hurried out of the room, leaving Mr. Richardson not a little surprised at the sudden interest he felt in the lad whom he had looked upon a few minutes before as a worthless young thief. He little thought that twenty-four hours later he should be remembering with pleasure the look of relief and gratitude that had brightened poor Stephen's face at his kinder tone, and thinking with great satisfaction that at least his last words to him that afternoon had been considerate and kindly.

Stephen did not speak as he followed Davis out of the yard, but when they reached the street he said, timidly, 'What are you going to do with me?'

'Going to hand you over to my wife's care,' said Davis, cheerfully, seeing that the lad had, as he expressed it, about as much as he could bear, 'and tell her to see that you have a good tea.'

'You are very kind,' said Elliot, gratefully. 'I was so glad when I saw you there. I can't think what made me go off like that; my head seemed to get into a muddle, and I did not know where I was till I heard your voice. My head has been rather stupid lately; I don't know what is the matter with it.'

'Since you were ill?' asked Davis.

'Yes. How did you know I had been ill? I remember, you understood directly about my head.'

'I know all about it, lad; and how you got hurt.'

'It couldn't be helped,' said Stephen; 'and they were all very kind when they found I was really ill and not shamming. It was only just at first they didn't believe I could not understand what they meant, or remember anything; but I was very well taken care of afterwards, better than I should have been at my—my uncle's.'

'You will want taking care of again soon, if I'm not mistaken,' thought his companion, looking keenly at him, but aloud he only said, 'Well, don't think about that any more, or you will make your head bad.'

'Yes,' said Stephen, taking off his cap, and pushing his hair off his forehead. 'It aches terribly now, and I mustn't be ill to-morrow if I—— Will you give Watson and Smith their money?' he broke off to ask, 'or they will wonder why I don't take it.'

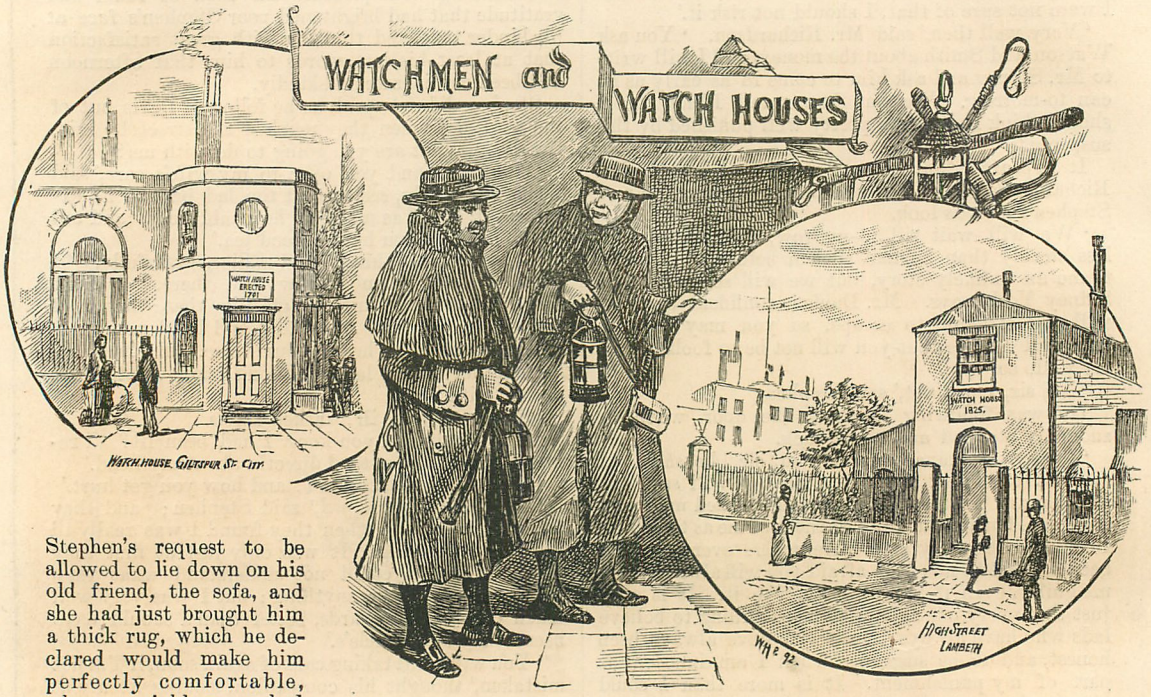
'I can't give it them to-night,' said Davis, 'but I shall have to see them both presently, you know.'

'Oh, yes! I had forgotten,' muttered Stephen, and he did not speak again.

'There, go in,' said Davis, when they reached his house. 'Here, wife, Stephen Elliot is in a bit of trouble, and I want you to look after him, and make him take some tea. He will have to sleep here to-night, but he will tell you all about it;' and seeing that Stephen was on the point of breaking down, John Davis shut the door and disappeared, muttering to himself that the women-folk were the best hands at that sort of thing, and his good woman would be sure to know what to say to the lad.

Mrs. Davis quite came up to her husband's expectations, and in a short time she not only contrived to make Stephen eat a good meal, but she comforted and cheered him by her hearty assurances that of course she knew he hadn't done it, and it would be all right. 'And Davis doesn't suspect you either, though he can't say so,' she continued, 'or he wouldn't have let you come here, so, if I were you, I would not make myself ill by worrying over it to-night, but just say my prayers and leave it,' which was, perhaps, as good advice as she could have given him.

After some discussion Mrs. Davis agreed to



Stephen's request to be allowed to lie down on his old friend, the sofa, and she had just brought him a thick rug, which he declared would make him perfectly comfortable, when a neighbour rushed in. 'Oh, Mrs. Davis!' she exclaimed, 'do come to Mrs. Saunders. She has been took that bad, and keeps asking for you.'

'Poor soul!' returned Mrs. Davis. 'Ay, to be sure, I'll come,' and telling Stephen he had better go to sleep without waiting for her, she caught up a shawl and bustled off.

It was getting late before she was able to leave her poor friend, and she expected to find Stephen asleep and her husband in bed, but to her surprise when she opened the door the kitchen was empty. The lamp was alight and the fire burning, but the rug she had given Stephen was folded up on the sofa, as she had left it. Thinking that her husband might have taken him upstairs, she went up to look, but he was not there.

Much perplexed, Mrs. Davis searched everywhere, even going to the bottom of the garden and calling him, but in vain, and at last she was reluctantly obliged to believe that he had gone. What would John say? and that reminded her that he ought to have been at home some time ago, and, very anxious to consult him, she opened the door and looked up and down the street. He was not to be seen, but a policeman she knew well was coming slowly along.

'Have you seen Davis anywhere?' she called to him, as he came up.

'He was down at the station when I started,' he replied, coming across to her. 'There was something up there. A boy brought a message that Davis was wanted somewhere, and he was to go at once or he would be too late. It was that half-witted lad of Green's, and he wouldn't tell any one but Davis, and they were trying to make out what he meant when I left. I don't suppose Davis will get away yet; I believe some of them were going off to see if there was anything in it.'

Relieved about her husband, Mrs. Davis returned to her kitchen, but though she sat up some time, neither Davis nor Stephen appeared, and she was compelled to come to the conclusion that for once John had been deceived, and that the boy to whom he had been so kind had broken his word and run away. Whether he was really guilty, which even now she could not believe, or whether he was terrified at being suspected, and dreaded that he should not be able to clear himself—whatever might be the reason, there was no doubt that Stephen Elliot had gone.

(*Continued at page* 330.)

LONDON WATCHMEN.

THE ancient order of watchmen was instituted about the middle of the thirteenth century. They became so useless that in 1829, the 'Charlies,' as they were termed in the slang of the day, were superseded by the 'Peelers,' *i.e.*, the police-force organized by Sir Robert Peel. Many were the tricks played upon the poor old Charlies by the aristocratic roughs of the Regency. A watchman who dozed in his box in the intervals of going his rounds to utter his monotonous cry, would often be



A Buffalo Cow defending her Calf from a Lion.

rudely awakened by finding himself in the unpleasant position of a turtle on its back, having been overturned, box and all, during his nap. Sometimes, with pretended kindness, he was offered a drugged drink, 'to keep him awake,' and during the sound sleep which followed was (with his box) transferred to a truck, and trundled off to another quarter of the town.

MATERNAL DEVOTION.

THE South African lion has often been credited with a magnanimity which does not really belong to him, for it has been abundantly proved that this animal is just as ready as any other of the carnivora to seize upon any advantage that may fall in his way.

But the lion is certainly in some respects capricious, and does not always act as one would expect him to do. Thus, after a full meal, he does not trouble himself to kill and mangle any other creature which may be quite within reach, as in similar circumstances a tiger would certainly do. He is also capricious in this, that he has been known to seize upon a man, then lie down beside him, and do him no further harm unless the victim tries to escape, when it would be all up with him. The reason for this is that the lion is not hungry, and does not care for the tiger's enjoyment of tearing and mangling.

The full-grown male lion has enormous strength, especially in his fore-quarters. He is able to pull down and carry off a heifer, or even a full-grown buffalo-cow. He does not, however, usually attack so large an animal, if smaller game (such as an antelope) can be had. If he comes across a buffalo-cow with her calf, he will seize the latter and leave the mother alone, only caring to put forth as much of his muscular power as is necessary to gain him a meal.

Sometimes, in attempting to seize the little one, the lion finds that he has to reckon with the cow in a way which he did not expect. A buffalo-cow, seeing her calf attacked, has been known to venture upon the almost hopeless task of attempting a rescue. It is stated that one such cow was able by goring him with her horns to kill the marauder on the spot. This story, however, should be received with caution. If the cow escaped death herself, it is much more likely that, after having upset the lion by her unexpected attack, the astonished king of beasts bounded away as the lion often has been known to do, after an unsuccessful attempt upon any animal, seemingly feeling mortified and ashamed of his failure to seize his fleet-footed prey. B.

THE BIRD AND CHILD.

BIRDIE, singing on the tree,
Have you come to visit me
All this bright September day?
In my garden we will stay,
You will sing, and I will play.

I would like to know your name,
From what copse or wood you came,
Are you a linnet, green or grey,
Or robin redbreast, tell me pray?
Do not, frightened, fly away.

Hidden in the leafy shade,
You are shy but not afraid;
Though I often peep and peer,
I cannot see you, but I hear
Your merry song so loud and clear.

All the spring-time in the sky
Larks are singing, oh, how high!
Far from towns in field and glen,
Thrushes sing to working men;
Wilder birds haunt mere and fen.

Thou, when home the golden corn
From our harvest-fields is borne,
Sitting on my garden tree
Little robin sings to me—
Oh, I love and welcome thee!

When our autumn woods are bare,
And thick snow-flakes fill the air,
Not a leaf on bush or tree,
Then, red robin, come to me,
I will feed and shelter thee. *Derby.*

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

BUTTONS.

NEARLY every substance has been used in the making of buttons—all kinds of metals, all kinds of minerals, all kinds of animal products, such as leather, bone, hoof, &c. They have been sold at as high a price as 140 guineas a gross, and as low as 9½*d.* a great gross, or 144 dozen, and neatly sewn on paper for that! There are so many kinds of buttons, that a bare enumeration of them all would more than fill a part of *Chatterbox*. For the Army and Militia alone there are more than three thousand varieties. Many of them, it is true, belong to one family, but no two are alike. It is not surprising, then, that no manufacturer makes all kinds of buttons. The trade is almost necessarily divided and subdivided. It is equally clear that here we can only glance at the making of the more common sorts.

Let us begin with the four-hole trouser button. A sheet of metal is placed underneath a powerful press, in the top part of which are a number of punches. These come down with such force on the metal as to cut out pieces about the size of a shilling, with four little holes in the centre of each. The next process is for the purpose of making these openings smooth, so that they will not cut the thread when it is drawn through them; and this is done by a little girl, who sits at another press and who puts each hole between two cone-shaped punches. She also sinks each button in the middle by giving it a squeeze by machinery. Finally, a steel stamp, bearing the tailor's name, is made to descend once, but with great force, on the button, and then it is finished, ready for use.

Most coat buttons which are not covered with silk or some other substance, are made from the nut of a kind of palm-tree which grows in Central and South America. It is much like a potato in appearance. Although known to the trade for only about twenty years, its consumption in Birmingham has for some time been enormous. Thousands of tons of 'corozo nuts,' as they are called, are consumed annually in the manufacture of buttons.

The first process is stripping the husks off the nuts, which is done by boys. Next they are cut into slices by a circular saw. Then it is seen that the interior of the nut is a beautiful white. Conversion of these pieces into buttons soon follows. A man

stands at a lathe, in which is fixed a tool not unlike a centre-bit such as carpenters and other wood-workers use—a tool that is shaped to correspond with the pattern to be produced. On this the button maker presses a slice of nut, and while it is being cut brings up by means of a lever another tool to the other side of the nut, so that face and back of the button are cut at the same time. Afterwards the dyer takes these buttons in hand, and gives them any colour which may be desired.

Pearl buttons—such, for example, as those used on shirts—are fashioned from the shell of the pearl-oyster, which is found in the seas around Macassar, in the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, the Bay of Panama, and elsewhere. The oysters are dived for by adventurous men, whose lives are imperilled owing to sharks. They eagerly search for the precious pearls, after which the shells are cast aside, and eventually brought to button manufacturers, who exercise great ingenuity in turning as much of them as possible to good account. This is done by rather complicated methods. We can only say that pearl buttons are made in the lathe, and that the best workman is he who can bring out the delicate light and shade of the shell.

Bone buttons, as well as those made of ebony and other woods, are also turned in the lathe. In the case of materials which can be reduced to pulp, such as hoof, the process is very different. A small quantity of the molten stuff is poured into a brass die or mould, and another die is brought on top of it with much force. In a short time the button becomes nearly cool. It is then taken out, and, after it has been dressed—that is to say, after the rough edges have been removed—it is ready for the market.

Some glass buttons are produced by yet another method—we mean those which are really solid balls of glass, with shanks attached. The workman takes the little piece of wire which is intended to answer fastening purposes, and fixes the loop of it in his lathe, which he then starts. As the wire is revolving he drops on it a little melted glass, from a thin rod he holds in his hand, by means of a gas jet and blow-pipe. The glass coils round the wire just as if it were so much thick treacle; but when heat is applied it soon becomes smooth and shapely without being touched by hand. A second kind of glass button is made with the blow-pipe, without the use of the lathe.

A totally different kind of button to any yet mentioned is that used on children's boots and shoes, and this again has its own process of manufacture. A press—as described above in the case of trouser buttons—cuts out discs from a sheet of *papier-mâché*, or you may say brown paper, and at the same time makes an opening in the centre of them. Into these holes children stick the shanks. The button is then put under a heavy press, which squeezes it into shape and makes it hard and smooth. Buttons made in this way are among the smallest of their kind. Surely the largest of all were those mentioned by Hutton, the historian of Birmingham, who speaks of horn buttons the size of a crown-piece and of a watch. In his day watches were no trifling things. Some were as big round as the top of a breakfast-cup.

W.

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

28. Transpose the letters of the following so as to make correct words, and rearrange the words formed so as to make a proverb:—

Si fase oto eh rescue hatt ont si.

29.—Geographical Acrostic.

A proverb expressing the pleasure which attends success.

1. A large seaport town in the north of England.
2. A country in the north of Africa of great importance n ancient times.
3. A city in the same country, famed for its magnificent ruins.
4. The present name of the country formerly known as Van Dieman's Land.
5. A town in Yorkshire, famed for its woollen manufacture.
6. A county in the east of England, giving a title to an Earl.
7. A river in North America, the second largest in the world.
8. The chief town of a southern country in Europe, once destroyed by a great natural calamity.
9. A bay in the south of Africa.
10. One of the provinces of Ireland.
11. A large river in the south of Asia, remarkable for having numerous mouths.
12. One of the highest mountains in the north of England, noted for its picturesque scenery.
13. Two countries of the same name, one in Europe and one in Asia.
14. A river on the east coast of England, formed by the union of two other rivers.
15. A group of islands in the Atlantic ocean, belonging to Portugal.
16. The largest river in Scotland.

17, 18, 19. The first three letters of a town in Berkshire, containing a royal residence.

30. Transpose the letters of the following so as to make correct words, and rearrange the words formed so as to make a proverb:—

Forbee eth liwl cie bare yrt ouy herthew ti noup runveet.

C. C.

Illustrated Answers, page 349.

A RAINY DAY IN AUTUMN.

'TIS a dreary, dreary day!
The rain it pours away,
As if it never meant again to cease;
All o'er the window glass
I see the raindrops pass,
And the wind blows them in showers from the trees.

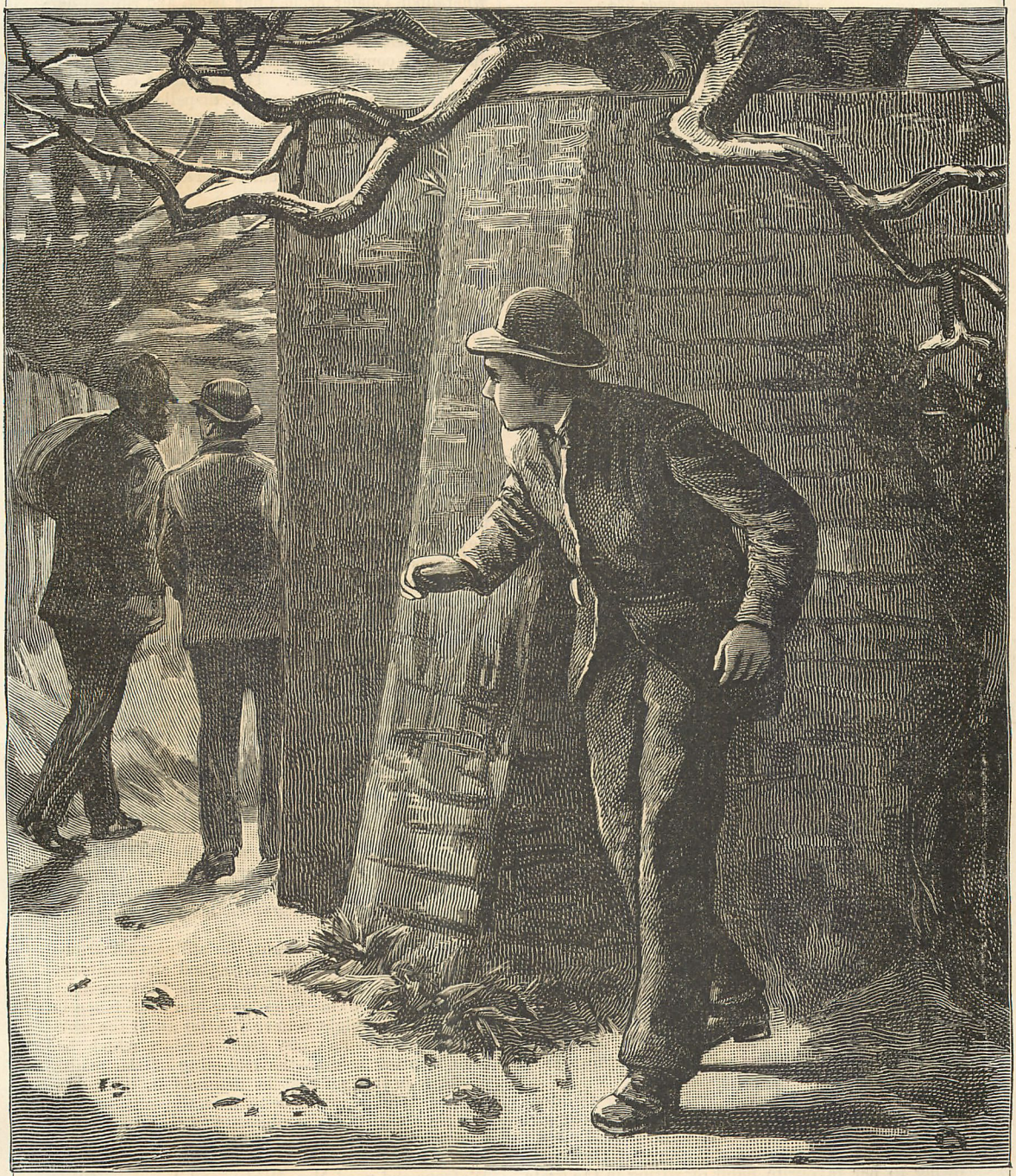


A Rainy Day in Autumn. By W. H. J. Boot.

The garden-path is wet,
The grass with diamonds set;
Not a sunbeam breaks across the cloudy sky.
The leaves are limp and brown,
And slowly falling down:
They seem to be so sorry they must die!

The flowers hang their heads;
The birds are in their beds;
The wind is wailing sadly round the house.
'Tis a dreary, dreary day,
And the wind it sobs alway,
And the rain is ever dripping through the boughs!

M. L. T.



"Eliot listened to their retreating footsteps."

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 324.)

CHAP. X.—UNDER THE WALL.

IT was unfortunate for Stephen, though, as it turned out, exceedingly fortunate for some one else, that Mrs. Davis should have been called away on that particular evening. Had she remained at home she would have kept him from brooding over his troubles, and would have insisted upon his having a good rest. But left to himself, he began thinking over all that had happened, and dwelling upon each point till he had made himself thoroughly miserable, and nearly convinced himself that there was no hope of his being cleared. The matter seemed to lie between him and Dick Foster, and when the money and the coin were put right, as he knew they would be, still there remained the fact that some one had broken open the desk, and if it were a question of his word against Dick's, who would believe him? He remembered with some little comfort that Mr. Richardson had been quite kind at last, and had said he did not mean to make any difference between them, but when once the story got about other people would, there was no doubt of that. It was odd, too, that the coin should be exactly like his. Suppose Mr. Sidney should not be able to convince Mr. Richardson that the coin *was* the one which he had given him, and at this thought Stephen sprang up and began pacing the kitchen in despair. If he could not swear that it was the identical coin he had put into the purse, then—— He stood still and gazed blankly at the fire. How his head ached! What had he heard the doctor say just before he pronounced him well? 'He ought not to be over-excited or worried for some time, or it will be very bad for him.' He felt bad enough now, and if he was ill to-morrow and did not know what he said, as had happened before, that would be ruin to him.

By this time poor Stephen had worked himself into such a state of nervous excitement, that he was quite incapable of thinking clearly, and would probably have brought on the illness which he dreaded had not a small incident served to distract his attention, and to divert his thoughts for a short time from himself. Mrs. Davis's pet cat, who had been out taking an evening stroll, bethought herself that it was past the time when she was usually summoned to supper and bed, and, on arriving at the door into the garden, was surprised to find it shut. Much displeased, she set up an emphatic mewing, demanding her meal in such plaintive and energetic tones as at length penetrated to Stephen's brains.

'Why, Cinder!' he exclaimed, opening the door, 'did your mistress forget you? Come in, old girl, and let's see if we can find some milk.'

Cinder, who rejoiced in the name of Cinderella, owing to her favourite habit of sitting in the grate, marched in with tail erect and stood in the middle of the kitchen, regarding Stephen with such an air of insulted dignity that he could not help laughing. 'Too bad, wasn't it, beauty?' he said, stroking her; whereupon Cinder arched her back, and rubbed herself backwards and forwards against his hand, and, being presented with her saucer of milk, sat down to enjoy it in comfort, keeping up a loud and continuous purring all the time. The feeling of companionship, though only of an animal, dispelled for a short time Stephen's gloomy forebodings, and he poked up the fire and watched Cinder making her toilet after her meal. Cinder purred on for a while, but finally yawned several times and curled herself up on the sofa for her night's rest.

'You'll have to turn off that presently, madam,' remarked Stephen; 'I wonder when Mrs. Davis will be back.' He went to the window, and pulled the curtain aside.

'What a jolly night! I believe Jack Watson will be right, and that pond will bear in another day. We might go to-morrow evening and have a try—ah!—I had forgotten.'

He dropped the curtain and walked up and down, pressing his hand to his forehead, till presently he began to long to get out into the open air, feeling as if it would take some of the weight off his head. Davis would not mind, he knew, if he only went into the garden, where no one would be likely to see him. He had not the slightest intention of making off, and perhaps he should be able to sleep if he got out for a few minutes. So, putting another coal on the fire, he opened the door and went out.

It was a clear night, and, though there was no moon, the sky was lighted by an innumerable company of stars, which seemed to Stephen to be looking down upon him with friendly sympathy, as if calling to him to look up through the sorrow and trouble of the world below to the bright light of the world above. Stephen's parents had been good, religious people, and, though he had been left while young to the care of an uncle and aunt who were careless and indifferent, he had never forgotten his early teaching, and his sorrow for his sad fall had been much deepened by the knowledge of the grief it would have caused his father and mother. He had been fortunate during the time he had been at Beecham in living with a man like Watson, who went regularly to church, with his two boys, on Sundays, and, as a matter of course, expected Stephen to go too; and as he paced slowly up and down the long, narrow garden his thoughts took a different turn.

Insensibly the quiet night, the stillness all around him, the broad sky overhead, soothed and comforted him, and the twinkling stars in the heavens above reminded him of One Who knew him to be innocent, whatever man might believe. After all, if the worst did happen, he had one great comfort which had been wanting before—the real sting of the punishment lay in the fact that he deserved it. But now, however hard it might be to bear, the sense of guilt was not added to his troubles. And there were some who would believe him, he felt sure. He was certain Mr. Sidney would, and he had no doubt of the Watsons and good Mrs. Davis; and he guessed that Davis had his own ideas on the subject. By the way, how foolish he had been to worry about being ill!

Davis knew all about what had happened before, and if his head got worse he would be able to explain how it was, and would see that he was taken care of till he was all right again; and this idea relieved him greatly. After walking up and down for some time, he went to the door at the bottom of the garden, which opened into a lane, on the other side of which was a small field. Scarcely thinking of what he was doing, Stephen opened the door, and stood for a moment looking out; and then he remembered that in this field was the shallow pond which Jack Watson had declared would bear by the next day. A sudden desire to see for himself, while he had the chance, whether Jack was right came over him, and, after hesitating a minute, he decided that there would be no harm in it. Hardly any one came that way, and, after looking up and down to see that no one was in sight, he ran up the lane and into the field. He soon found that Jack was quite correct, and, having crossed the ice two or three times to put the matter beyond doubt, he rather reluctantly retraced his steps.

He had not gone many yards down the lane when he heard footsteps approaching from the opposite direction, and to his great dismay he recognised Dick Foster! What he could be doing there he could not imagine, but it was the most unlucky thing that could have happened. He did not want to meet Dick after what had passed; and, besides, he knew, though he had not been told, that Davis would rather he did not speak to any one, and certainly would have forbidden him to talk to Dick. And it would give Dick a chance of saying all sorts of things—that he was intending to escape, that he had tried to make him hold his tongue. No one knew what falsehoods he might invent.

All this crossed his mind in an instant, and he looked to see if in any way he could avoid the meeting. Close to him was a large tree, the branches of which hung over the garden wall of one of the houses, and without a second's delay he seized the lowest branch and swung himself up on to the wall, where he was completely hidden by the trunk of the tree. He thought he could remain there till Foster had gone by, and then slip down and make the best of his way back; but, to his astonishment, Dick stopped, and, after looking up and down the lane, sat down on the projecting roots of the tree, evidently expecting some one to join him. He had not long to wait; in a few minutes a low whistle was heard, which Dick answered.

'Well, young shaver, here you are,' was the greeting of the new-comer, as he reached him. 'Now, where's that precious father of yours? Has he backed out of it, and left us in the lurch?'

'Not he!' returned Dick, in his surliest tone. 'No such good luck! I would have backed out of it, though, if I had had the chance!'

'You're a muff, then,' returned the other. 'You haven't a morsel of pluck, or you would enjoy a bit of a spree like this!'

'A bit of a spree!' grumbled Dick. 'Not much of a spree in it, I reckon! A spree, with the chance of blue-coats and handcuffs at the end of it, isn't much fun, as far as I can see!'

'Fudge! there's no fear of that for you. If you are seen driving the cart back, no one can say you had ——'

'I've a good mind to bolt!' interrupted Dick, passionately. 'If I get hauled up to-morrow about that other affair, a pretty mess I shall be in if I'm seen out to-night!'

'Oh, well, stick to it you know nothing about it,' said the other, carelessly. 'What's the odds?'

'If I never stick to anything worse than that it won't matter,' returned Dick; 'for, if that young fool of an Elliot didn't do it, I'll be hanged if I know who did! I've a good mind to cut and run—that I have!' and Dick got up and moved a few steps away.

'Eh? what?' inquired a fresh voice. 'What's up now? What, that plucky young Foster showing the white feather? Well, now, who would have thought it?'

At the sound of that voice Stephen started so violently that he nearly fell off the wall. Good cause had he to remember those taunting, sneering tones, and his heart beat so fast, and he turned so sick and faint, that for some seconds he heard nothing of the conversation beneath him.

'How far is it to this precious place, Jem?' was the first thing he heard when he recovered himself.

'About three miles,' was the answer; 'but it won't do to go straight there. We shall have to go by the other road and through the wood, and there we will leave Dick and the cart.'

Dick growled angrily that he wasn't going to be left there alone.

'My good lad, you'll do as you're told. Very likely we shall take you with us, and slip you in at the window to open the door.'

'Not if I know it!' said Dick, furiously. 'Why, both the young gents would know me in a minute if they saw me, and I'll not ——'

'All right,' interrupted Jem. 'Let him alone, Jake; what's the sense of bullying him? You'll be all right, Dick; you've only to stay with the cart till we have fetched the things; and, once we're off, you shall have a fine tip.'

'More likely to have something else,' grumbled Dick; 'the young master is sure to take Elliot's part and get me a drubbing as he did before.'

'Well, if I come across him to-night, I'll pay off your score for you,' said the man who was called Jake. 'I'll give him such a fright as he hasn't had in his life before.'

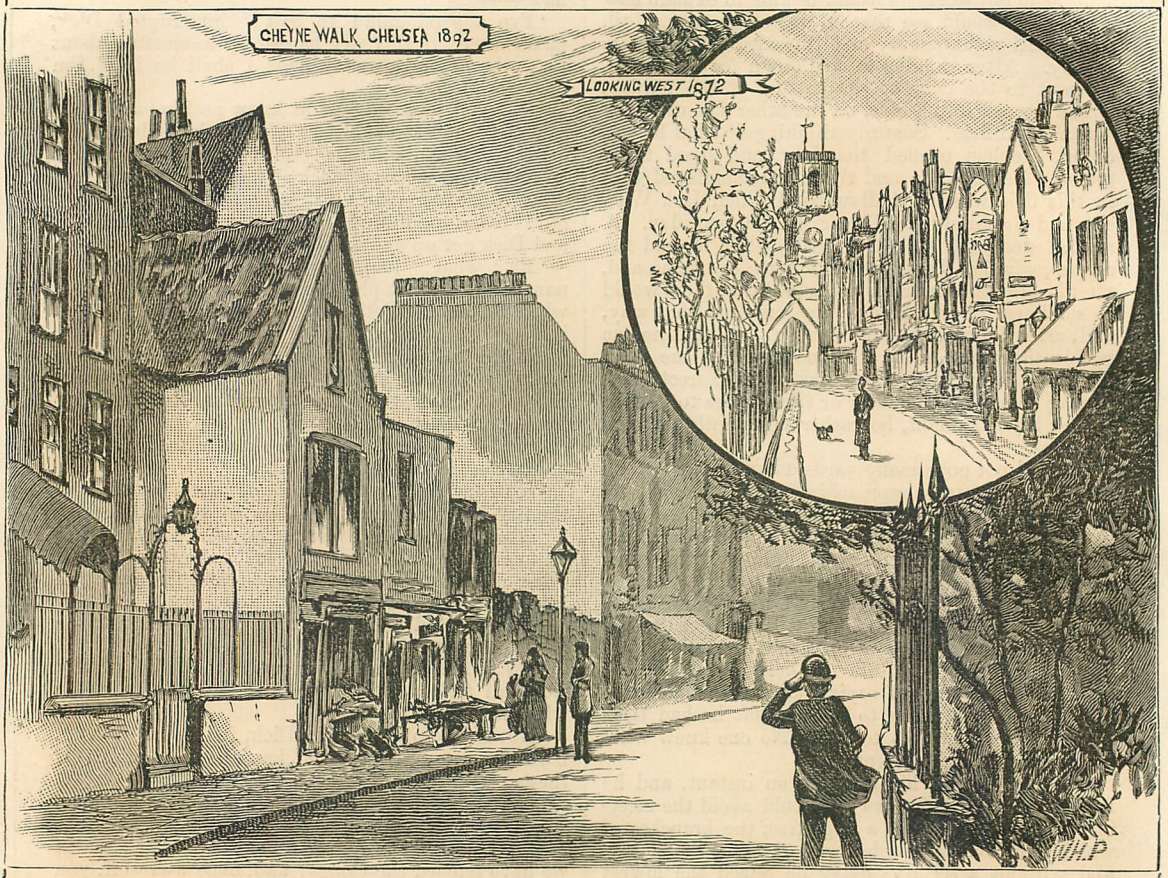
'Pshaw!' ejaculated Dick, 'you'll not do that. I hate him; but he's a game-bird, he is. It would take a good deal to frighten young Mr. Yorke.'

'Hush, you dolt,' said the other angrily, looking round. 'What do you want to mention names for?'

'He's not half a bad one, it's true,' remarked Jem. 'I wish he was anywhere else to-night, or that I——'

'Or that you were, eh?' sneered the other; 'you'll be crying off directly, I suppose. But that won't do, my fine fellow, or I'll know the reason why. You're a nice lot, on my word; as easy a job as can be, no risk and your fortune made and you want to get out of it.'

'Not I,' said the other, and the two men lowered their voices, and Stephen could only catch a few words, 'monstrous heavy,' 'window behind,' and so on.



'Here's Ned at last,' said Jake, as a low whistle was heard. 'Ned, this boy of yours is turning crusty and don't want to come.'

'Don't he?' was the rejoinder, accompanied by a good deal of strong language. 'I'll see to that;' and from the sounds below it was very evident that, if his father 'saw to it,' Dick *felt* it. 'Now go and get into the cart, if you don't want every bone in your body broken. Is it all square, Jem?'

'Ay, they think I'm in bed with the toothache.' The others laughed. 'I opened the window an inch or so before I started, and it won't take us many minutes to get the things out.'

'Come on, then,' and the three men proceeded down the lane.

Elliot listened to their retreating footsteps till he was sure they were safely off, and then dropping from his perch he picked his way cautiously up the lane, and the next minute he was flying across the field.

(*Continued at page* 342.)

THE cost of an average locomotive in fuel and wages is about 600*l.* per annum. It runs about 18,000 miles, and earns 2000*l.* in the year.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Cheyne Walk.

CHEYNE WALK, so named after Lord Cheyne, who owned the manor of Chelsea towards the close of the seventeenth century, has still an old-fashioned, picturesque appearance, although its houses and its associations are alike somewhat 'mixed.'

Two centuries ago, 'Don Saltero's Coffee-house,' an odd combination of restaurant and museum, stood in the middle of the 'Walk.' John Salter, its founder, was an old and trusty servant of Sir Hans Sloane, who from time to time bestowed upon him all sorts of curious things. With these Salter adorned his house, which he opened to the public about the year 1690.

Pennant says that the ex-Protector, Richard Cromwell, was a regular visitor at Don Saltero's place in its earliest days. To it came Benjamin Franklin during the time that he was working as a journeyman printer in London. It is recorded of him that one day, upon leaving the house, he plunged into the



Cecil's Courtesy.

river, and swam from Chelsea to Blackfriars, performing sundry aquatic feats as he went along.

In the next century, Cheyne Walk held the establishment of Dominicetti, an Italian quack who made a great noise in his day, by the introduction of medicated baths, which he set up here in 1765. Crowds thronged to him, one of his 16,000 patients being Edward, Duke of York. But the sensation died out, and in 1782, the unfortunate quack became bankrupt and disappeared.

Passing on to our own century, we recall for a moment the eccentric miser of Cheyne Walk, John Camden Nield, who died in 1852, leaving all his scrapings and savings, amounting to the respectable sum of half a million sterling, to the Queen.

But a worthier shade than that of Nield haunts

this classic ground. Thomas Carlyle, called 'the philosopher of Chelsea,' lived for many years at No. 5, Cheyne Row, and was a familiar figure in the neighbourhood. After him is named the present 'Carlyle Pier.'

Another literary celebrity, that wonderful woman, 'George Eliot,' died at her husband's house, No. 4, Cheyne Row, on May 6th 1880.

ONLY A GIRL!



'MOTHER, is it not a pity that Cousin Mary is coming just at this time; she will be such a bother to me. How can I play with a girl, why, she will bring a wax-doll with her, I suppose?'

So spoke Cecil Harman, who, being the only child of a widowed mother, had been consulted in everything more than was good for him, with the result that he was rather a selfish lad, who could not bear to have any plan of his own overturned for the sake of others. 'It is rather a pity,' replied his mother kindly, 'if you think that having Mary in the house will spoil your holidays, but I don't think you will find it so—Mary, although a city-bred girl, can play at many games which you like well enough. Battledore and shuttlecock, for instance, and she can take long walks with you, Cecil, and whether or not, my dear, you should remember that your cousin has been sent here, because there is a fever in the village near her home, which her father and mother are most anxious that she should escape. We ought to be kind you know, Cecil, and give up our plans sometimes for the sake of others, don't you think so, my dear?'

'Well, I don't know,' grumbled Cecil. 'I don't understand girls' ways, they cry for the least thing, and they can't cross a brook without tumbling in, and as for getting over a fence! oh dear, how thankful I am that I am not a girl!'

But his mother only laughed. 'Well, Cecil,' she said, 'I know that some girls are rather troublesome in their ways, just as some boys are, but the great secret of being happy together is for each one, boy and girl, to be unselfish and yielding. I believe Mary is a very amiable girl, and I feel certain that you will like her, Cecil.'

But Cecil's face still wore an ill-used expression. 'Mother,' he said, 'I wish you had not called her an amiable girl. I just hate the idea; it means that she is a namby-pamby creature, always smiling, and without any character of her own. However, I suppose it can't be helped now. And, I declare, there she comes! at least, there is a cab at the hall-door.'

'Already,' said his mother, 'and I intended to have met her at the station! she must have come by an earlier train. Come, Cecil! and help her out of the cab.'

'Of course,' grumbled Cecil. 'Help her out, indeed! Has she no legs of her own? If she had been a boy she would have been on the door-step in a twinkling. However, here goes,' and with a resigned face, he followed his mother to the hall-door.

Cecil and Mary had not met since their earliest childhood; therefore, for an hour or two after the girl's arrival, rather stiff politeness was the order of the day between them. After dinner, however, Mrs. Harman, who had retired to take her usual afternoon rest, was delighted to hear a good deal of mirthful talk, while Cecil's laughter convinced her that the girl cousin was turning out better than he had expected. At last the young people left the house together, Cecil having first explained to his mother that Mary wished to go to the rabbit-warren, as she had never seen a living wild rabbit in all her life. Then Mrs. Harman felt satisfied that her boy would not have his holidays spoiled after all, while the niece thus suddenly thrown upon her hospitality would have a 'good time' too, as our American friends would say.

And so it proved to be. The visit to the warren had been a complete success. Mary's pleasure and surprise at seeing whole families of Bunnies popping out and in of their holes, had at first amused and then delighted Cecil, who carried her off to see an owl's nest, and other country sights, all of which had been hitherto quite unknown to the city girl. On their way home, having reached a stile, Cecil remembered what he had said to his mother about girls who could neither cross brooks, nor climb fences, and he could not help staring a little when he saw Mary take to the stile with all the easy activity of a country girl! He was polite enough, however, to offer to help her over, an offer which she smilingly accepted, though more with the view of pleasing her cousin than because she needed any assistance.

For a fortnight after this pleasant day, everything went well with Cecil and Mary, who seemed to be (as people say) just made for each other; but now there came a sudden and distressing change in the position of things — a change which, however, only showed Mary in a still more amiable light. Cecil, who had climbed one day to the owl's nest, in order to inspect the growth of the little ones, missed his footing, fell to the ground, and was carried home with a badly fractured leg.

Poor Mrs. Harman, who was by no means a self-possessed person, was quite unhinged by this sad event. She wept and lamented so terribly that the surgeon who had been called in had to remonstrate with her, saying that unless she could command her feelings, her son would certainly be thrown into a fever. Then Mary came to the rescue. She soothed her Aunt's nervous fears, persuaded her to lie down, while with the assistance of Mrs. Omond, the lodge-keeper's wife, she undertook the care of the invalid. Mrs. Omond acted as nurse, while Mary, no less useful, amused and cheered the boy. He was quite unused to sickness, and so he soon found himself depending for happiness upon the girl cousin whom he had so greatly despised, and whose coming to visit the family had seemed to him such a misfortune!

When his health was quite restored, and when Mary was about to leave her aunt's pretty country home, and return to noisy crowded London, Cecil went with her to the railway station, with a sorer

feeling in his heart than he could have thought it possible for him to feel in parting with only a girl! 'Dear cousin,' he said, 'how much I shall miss you! How kind you have been! I heard mother ask you to come back to us for the Christmas holidays, do come, Mary!'

Then Mary smiled. 'If mother will allow me,' she said. 'Won't I be glad to come! I do love the country, and aunt, and you too, Cecil, though you are only a boy.' D. K.

TIGERS AND DOGS.

TIGERS appear to have a special fancy for the flesh of the dog, and are exceedingly bold when in search of this delicacy. The wife of a colonel of the Royal Engineers told me that once, when on district work, and camping near the celebrated temples of Ellora, sleep was effectually banished by a tiger prowling round the tent. The dogs crept under the beds, shivering with terror, as the tiger kept sniffing them from outside. My friend said that the soft thud of his cat-like paws seemed quite close to the bed-side, and now and then he would stumble over the ropes which secured the tent, and make the whole thing quiver. The servants huddled together in another tent, whilst the outdoor men lighted great fires in a circle round themselves and the horses. All night the tiger paced his round, steadily bent on finding an entrance to secure the coveted dainty. When he came quite close, the Colonel would shout, and the creature would withdraw for a short time; then back he would come again, until his hot breath could be felt through the canvas. It must have seemed a very frail protection against the savage beast, and my friend's relief was extreme when the morning light appeared and the enemy went back to his jungle. The colonel ordered camp to be struck at once, and moved away to a safe distance; but, before his orders could be carried out, a party of native 'shikaries' or hunters had arrived, having heard that a fine tiger was in the vicinity. Poor old tiger! he would never disturb any one's rest again, or devour any more little doggies; for his beautiful coat and massive claws were carried away in triumph the next morning.

I was told another tale of a young officer, who, as usual, brought his dog into the tent, and one night tied it to the foot of his camp bedstead. He slept heavily, but was conscious at some time of the night of a horrible nightmare, of which he could only remember a confused noise of shrieks and scuffling. In the morning, he awoke to find his dog gone, all the bed-clothes torn off the bed, and lying in tatters on the floor, whilst the end of the bedstead to which the poor creature had been secured was bent out of shape with the force used to break the detaining cord.

Another tale of the same kind is even more tragic. An officer tied his dog, at night, to the pole in the middle of his tent, and as the tent was small, his own bed was close by. In the night he was awakened by the shrieks of his favourite, and opening his eyes, though, fortunately for himself, without moving, he saw in the dim moonlight a huge tiger tearing the dog away from the pole. He was very fond of the dog, and his revolver lay close at hand, and yet he instantly realised that his only chance of life lay in escaping observation. So intent was the tiger on mangling the dog, that it never found out the man, and finally departed, carrying off the remains of the unfortunate victim. There seemed no doubt that, even if the officer could have reached his revolver, the creature would have sprung upon him before he fired; and if he had succeeded in wounding it, his own chance of life would have been slight in such a close encounter with an infuriated tiger. Helena Heath.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

18.—Transpositions.

Six celebrated lakes.

1. Llykriane, in Ireland.
2. Oroitna, in America (North).
3. Rwwdrteeawet, in England.
4. Tuswrllaee, in England.
5. Gmogriae, in Italy.
6. Nyasas, in Africa.

19.—Decapitation.

My whole represents cost, behead me and I come from the 'West Indies,' again, I am what boys and girls love.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 375.]

Answers.

16. 1. 14*s.* 2*d.*
    2. A, 42*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* B, 12*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* C, 44*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*
    3. 3 coins. 6. 18 days. 18 men.
    4. 11,651 sq. ft. 7. A, 27*l.* B, 18*l.*
    5. 9 nuts. 8. 57 sovereigns.

17.—Birmingham.

HAPPY IN EXILE.

The Aoudad.

AMONG the bewildering variety of sheep, both wild and domesticated, none present so strange or formidable an appearance as the Aoudad, or wild sheep of Barbary, which chiefly inhabit the loftier parts of the Atlas Mountains.

This is a large and handsome species, with a rather long tail, tufted at the end, and with horns which, although not so large as those of some other wild sheep, are yet very formidable. But the most marked feature of this animal is the long shaggy hair which covers the throat, the chest, and the front of the forelegs as far as the knees, almost reaching the ground. This strange appendage, however, belongs only to the male. The hair on other parts of the body is short, with an underclothing of fine wool. The colour is a uniform reddish yellow. The female has horns as well as her mate, though of much smaller size. These strange animals seem to be quite reconciled to their home in the Zoo, where they pass a peaceful life, being well fed and carefully attended to, so that they have become quite tame.

M.



HAPPY IN EXILE.

The Aoudad in the Zoölogical Gardens.



Over the Rollers.

OVER THE ROLLERS.

IT was a bright and beautiful morning when Ethel Mason packed up two well-filled luncheon baskets, and with her mantle over her arm, followed Jack her brother, and Philip Wood her cousin, down to the river-side, bent upon a day's pleasure in the woods. This picnic had been arranged by the young people many days before, and a careful watch kept over the weather, for, in a climate like ours, it is one thing to arrange all the details of an out-of-doors excursion, and quite another thing to find that these details can be faithfully carried out.

On this occasion, however, everything had proved favourable, the sun shone brilliantly, the trees, just expanding into fullest foliage, bent their branches to the water's edge, giving promise of refreshing shade for the mid-day hours, while from the sky there poured down such volumes of music, that one might almost have supposed that the merry-voiced larks were bidding the young people welcome. Jack had his dog with him too, for though Bounce was not always to be relied on if temptation, in the form of a young rabbit, came in his way, still, the young fellow, and, indeed, Ethel his sister too, loved the good old dog, and were willing to put up with his little excitements rather than disappoint him by leaving him behind.

Having reached the first lock in the river, the whole party went ashore, and being anxious to avoid the long delay of passing through the lock, the young men pulled the *Fairy Queen* over the rollers and again launched her on the other side. After rowing awhile the little boat was moored to the landing-place, and the picnic party struck off into the wood. The lads had earned their holiday, for both had done well at college, while Ethel, in her way, had done well at home, where she was her widowed mother's right hand in all domestic matters.

It was indeed a delightful picnic, the weather was perfect, and every heart was gay, so that when the *Fairy Queen* was once more turned homeward, the young folk agreed that they had never enjoyed so pleasant an outing, while if Bounce's opinion could only have been obtained he would certainly have said the same, for though the beautiful scenery was not much in his line, more than one delightful ham sandwich had fallen to his share. K.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

MATCHES.

WHAT is more common than the ordinary friction match? Hardly anything. Yet only sixty years ago as much was paid for one as we now pay for an evening newspaper—a halfpenny. A box containing fifty 'Congreves,' the first friction matches, cost in the year 1830 no less than 2*s.* 6*d.* It is marvellous, too, that the matches annually made in Great Britain are so many that they are worth a million and a half of money. This fact, however, ceases to be extraordinary when we remember that there are firms which turn out one hundred million matches every working day. Think what that means. It means, for one thing, that a large maker can supply every person in the United Kingdom and Ireland—men, women, and children—with two matches a-day and then have some to spare.

From these few facts it will be clear that the method of making matches is as near perfection as possible. In the first place, blocks of wood are cut by various machines into splints, or strips the thickness of an ordinary match, but double its length. Then other machines fix these splints into frames. A frame, simply described, consists of a number of laths, about two feet long, and held together at the ends by iron bars. Between every two of these laths are about fifty matches, so arranged that they do not touch one another. When a frame is full it holds about two or three thousand matches, and the splints stick out at one side just as much as at the other.

Afterwards a man takes hold of these frames and dips the ends of the splints into paraffin. First he puts one side of a frame in, and then the other. The object of this process is to make the wood of the match catch fire when the composition at the end is rubbed.

As soon as the splints are dry, they are again dipped. In the room where this is done are a number of tables with iron tops. On these is spread a composition consisting of phosphorus and other things, and this is kept in a liquid state by the heat from steam-pipes which run underneath the table. The substance on the top of these tables is, in fact, like treacle spread out, only not of the same colour.

The second dipping, then, is into this stuff. A man takes a frame, and at a single operation pops one end of all the splints into the sticky mass on his table. Then he places the frame in an iron bin, so that the ends which have been dipped point downwards to the floor. This is done so that the composition will gradually settle down and form well-rounded heads. In this way the man serves all his frames. When he has finished, the heads first dipped are firm. So he takes that frame and dips in the other end of the splints; and so he goes on with all the rest.

Next the matches are taken to a chamber, where they are dried, and then they are ready for packing. We said above that the splints are double the length of a match. At this stage each appears as two matches joined together, the heads, of course, being at either end. The first thing done by the girls who pack, therefore, is to cut the splints in halves. Each girl has a large knife fastened to her bench by a hinge. She throws this back, seizes seventy or eighty splints, puts them underneath the knife, and throws over them a cord with a weight at the end, in order to keep them in position. Then she pulls down the knife sharply, and at one blow the splints are divided, ready to be put into the boxes which lie on the bench before her.

These boxes are not made in the match works, but by men outside, who supply them very cheaply. The real makers, however, are very poor people, some of whom cannot earn more than 1*d.* an hour. For sticking together a gross of small boxes as little as 2¼*d.* is paid. Many poor little boys and girls of ten or eleven work before and after school hours at

match-box making, and thus earn a few coppers for their parents.

Wax vestas, such as are sold in the streets for pipe-lighting purposes, are made almost wholly by girls and machinery, and for that reason are so cheap. Girls stand before a trough containing wax mixture, and having on either hand a drum on which thread is wound. This thread is passed through the trough several times, and thus gets covered with wax. When it is finished, the girls wind it on smaller drums, which are used to feed a machine, which not only cuts the taper into match lengths, but also fills frames similar to those already described. The frames are then dipped by men. Girls afterwards take out the matches and put them into boxes.

Many curious facts are on record as to the rapidity with which the various processes of match-making are carried on. A girl, by cutting up one hundred splints at a time, packs thousands of matches in the course of a day; and in a known case a man dipped 4000 frames—that is, 8,000,000 to 12,000,000 matches—in the same length of time. There are in the East end of London alone about one thousand women and girl match-makers, to say nothing of men, and, of course, matches are largely made in parts of the provinces, and many imported from Sweden.

W.

THE BISON.

THIS animal, which is the largest quadruped now existing in Europe, is of the same genus with our own familiar ox, although differing from it in some important respects. Its back is strongly arched, and it carries the head very low. Behind the neck there is a large hump. The forehead, neck, and hump, are all covered by a growth of woolly hair; and the tail terminates in a large tuft. This huge animal was at one time abundant in most parts of Europe, but now is entirely confined to the great forests of Wallachia and Moldavia.

The Bison of North America is very like the European species. It is often called the 'buffalo' by the Anglo Americans, although it is a very different animal indeed from the true buffalo of the old world.

The American Bison roams in large herds on the vast prairies between the Mississipi and the Rocky Mountains, the grassy plains of these regions being often darkened with them as far as the eye can reach. Its flesh forms the chief support of many thousands of the red men who pursue them, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, sometimes with bows and arrows, and frequently with fire-arms. It is a very dangerous chase, as the Bison is apt to turn upon its adversary; it also runs with great speed, and its charge is tremendous.

Wolves (although quite unable to cope with the Bison) often hang around the herds, on the look out for young calves, or aged animals which may be too weak to keep up with the others. The only American animal capable of overcoming the Bison is the huge grisly bear, and terrific combats have from time to time taken place between these terrible opponents, the bear generally coming off victorious.

The Bison is quite as useful an animal as our own ox. The flesh is very good, and the hump is reckoned a special delicacy. The body of the Bison yields a large amount of tallow, while a robe or travelling wrap made from the skin when tanned and dressed is a very valuable article indeed.

The buffalo is a native of the East Indies where it has been long domesticated and from whence it was introduced into Italy about the seventh century. In India it is in general use as a beast of burden. When walking or running this animal carries the head with the muzzle projecting straight forward, and the horns laid back on the shoulders. The cow yields a large quantity of rich milk, and it is from the milk of this animal that the 'ghee' or semi-fluid butter of India is made.

The Cape buffalo is generally regarded as a distinct species. It has never been tamed, and is a very formidable animal, roaming in large herds in the interior of South Africa.

M.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Chelsea Church.

THE old Parish Church of Chelsea, dedicated to St. Luke, stands on the bank of the reach of the Thames just above the Chelsea Suspension Bridge. The Church is chiefly of brick, and, although not very beautiful outside, it has a picturesque interior. The chancel and a part of the north aisle are the only portions with any claim to antiquity. The eastern end of the north aisle is the chapel of the Lawrence family, founded, probably, in the fourteenth century. The southern aisle was erected at the cost of Sir Thomas More, who also gave the Communion plate. This good man resided at Chelsea, and used to sing in the church choir. There is a story told concerning Sir Thomas as choirman. One day, when he was Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, who had come to dine with him, found him in Church, surpliced and singing, and was surprised and shocked. 'What, my Lord Chancellor!' cried the Duke, as they returned together to More's house. 'What! a parish clerk! you dishonour the king and his office.' 'Nay,' replied the Chancellor, 'you may not think your master and mine will be offended with me for serving God, his master, and thereby count his office dishonoured.'

The monuments in this Church are numerous and interesting. On the south wall of the chancel a tablet of black marble, commemorates Sir Thomas More. The Latin inscription was written by himself. More's body was not buried here, but probably in the Tower of London. His *head* is in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, preserved in a niche in the wall, secured by an iron grating, near the coffin of his devoted daughter, Margaret Roper.

In the south aisle of Chelsea Church is a monument to Lord and Lady Dacre, dated A.D. 1594. These Dacres founded the almshouses at Westminster known as Dacre's Almshouses or Emanuel Hospital. In the north aisle is the monument of Lady Jane Cheyne, daughter of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and wife of Charles Cheyne, after whom Cheyne Row is named.



A conspicuous erection in the churchyard is a memorial of Sir Hans Sloane, the physician whose name is preserved in Sloane Square, Sloane Street, and Hans Place.

In addition to its monuments, Chelsea Church contains three objects of special interest—its banners, book, and bell. The banners, which hang from the roof, are not much to look at now, but they are reputed to be the work of Queen Charlotte, who presented them to the Royal Volunteers. They were deposited here on the disbandment of the regiment. The book is a chained Bible. The bell which stands in the porch, upon brackets on the wall, was given to the church by the Hon. William Ashburnham in A.D. 1679. This bell was a thank-offering. Mr. Ashburnham was walking along the bank of the Thames at Chelsea one dark winter's night, and, in a fit of absent-mindedness, he strayed into the river. He was suddenly brought to a sense of his situation by hearing the church clock strike nine. In his gratitude, this gentleman left a sum of money to pay for the ringing of the bell every evening at nine o'clock, but the custom was given up in A.D. 1825. The bell hung silent and neglected in the clock-room for many years before it was placed in its present position.

THREE FRIENDS.

IT would be difficult to find three better friends than Jim, Sprite, and Beauty, and Drake the carter is justly proud of them all.

Beauty never needs a whip; Drake always carries one, yet it is mainly by way of ornament. Now and then in summer it is useful, when a troublesome fly alights on Beauty's back; and sometimes an ill-mannered dog, whose education has been neglected, requires a touch to remind him that it is *not* part of his daily duty to rush, and jump, and bark in front of every horse he meets. At such times, Sprite's look of dignified disapproval is highly comical, and his barks are probably remonstrances of the most severe kind.

Sprite's favourite seat is where you see him in the picture, on Beauty's broad back. He can balance himself there perfectly well when the horse is in motion, although when his master appears he jumps back into the cart.

As for Jim, it is a question which of the two animals is most devoted to him. He can do anything he wishes with either of them, and will one day grow up into a clever driver like his father.



Three Friends.

I will tell you what Drake's master said of him not long ago. 'I can trust that man with any horse in my stables. If it is a good one, I know he won't spoil it, and if it is a bad one, it will be the better for every time he drives it!' That was a character worth having.

Horses and dogs are affectionate and faithful, and it is sad to think how often their tempers are ruined by the treatment which they receive from thoughtless boys and cruel men. H. L. T.

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 332.)

CHAPTER XI.—A RUN IN THE DARK.

FOR some minutes Stephen Elliott ran as hard as he could, with only one idea in his mind, that of getting to his kind friend to warn him of his danger. But he soon felt that he could not keep this up long, and he slackened his pace and tried to calculate in how short a time he could reach the Hall. He had often been there, and knew that the distance was so much less across the fields, that it was possible he might get there first, especially as the men would have to use considerable caution in driving through the wood. If his head had been clear, he would have known that by far the best thing to do would have been to go to the police and tell them what he had heard; but, upset by all that had happened, and terrified by the unexpected appearance of the man who had been his evil genius before, he had lost all power of reasoning, and only felt that he must get to Sidney as fast as possible.

But, as he sped along, the thought occurred to him, and he paused for an instant and debated, whether if he retraced his steps he should be in time; but he knew that to be impossible, and he decided to go on. Perhaps, when he reached the high road, along which he would have to go a short distance before taking to the fields again, he might meet some one by whom he might send a message. But no one was in sight, and it was not till he was just stepping over the stile into the field that he heard steps approaching. Very wavering, uncertain steps they were, and to his great vexation he saw that it was only a poor half-witted lad, named Abel Green. Still it was possible he might have sense enough to repeat what was told him, if he could only get him to attend. He waited till the lad came up and then accosted him cheerfully.

'Why, Abel, man! Where are you going at this time of night?'

'Home,' returned the lad. 'Abel's going home. Is it the Queen's birthday?' he demanded abruptly.

'Not just yet,' replied Stephen, who knew this to be Abel's usual question, prompted, sad to say, not entirely by feelings of loyalty, but by the recollection of a cake which had been given him on that occasion. 'Wait till it's warm weather, Abel, and then——'

'What shall we say?'

'The Queen! God bless her!' responded Stephen, promptly, taking off his cap as he knew Abel expected.

Abel repeated the words and action, and then shifted from one foot to the other and laughed in great glee.

'You would like a cake, wouldn't you?' said Stephen. 'I'll give you such a big one, Abel, if you'll do something for me.'

Abel nodded. 'Stephen's good to Abel,' he said, 'Abel will do it.'

'Go as fast as you can and find a policeman for me, Abel, and tell him—you know a policeman—a blue-coat, when you see one, don't you, Abel?'

Abel drew himself up, seized Stephen suddenly by the collar and said in a gruff voice, 'Now, then, what are you doing? Come along with me now. I've got you safe enough!'

'Ay, to be sure, that's it,' said Stephen, releasing himself and inwardly fuming at the loss of time, but knowing the lad must be humoured. 'Now, you go and find one—Davis if you can——'

'Oranges!' interrupted Abel, chuckling. 'Oranges!'

'Yes, and he'll give you another if you make haste. Go and find Davis and tell him to come as quick as he can to the Hall to save Mr. Sidney. Ask any of them where Davis is, they will tell you.'

'Abel likes blue-coats, they're good to him,' the lad said, vaguely.

'Yes, of course they are,' returned Stephen, rejoicing that the police were always so good-natured to the poor fellow who was well known in the town and neighbourhood that he would have no fear of speaking to any of them.

He did not dare to burden Abel with a longer message, and could only trust the rest would be guessed, and, though he searched hastily in his pockets for a scrap of paper, he had emptied them in the office, nor had he anything to serve as a bribe.

'Buttons!' suddenly exclaimed Abel, pointing to the brass buttons on Stephen's fustian jacket, which he wore at work and had had no opportunity of changing. 'Jolly buttons!'

'I'll give you one,' wrenching one off as he spoke, 'and you shall have some more to-morrow if you'll run as fast as you can to Davis.'

'One—two—three? Jolly buttons,' chuckled Abel.

'Six,' responded Stephen, pointing to them in quick succession. 'You shall have all six, and you'll do what I ask you, won't you?'

'Abel will,' said the lad simply. 'Stephen never teases Abel—he will go and find Davis for him.'

'That's right, that's a good fellow,' said Stephen, patting him on the shoulder, and feeling well rewarded at that moment for having always listened patiently to Abel's wandering talk. 'And what shall you say to him?'

'Go to the hall to save Sidney.'

'And be quick or you'll be too late,' added Stephen.

Abel repeated it twice and then nodded his head. 'Abel knows—Abel will run all the way,' and without more words he set off in his shambling, ungainly trot, which nevertheless carried him over the ground at a great pace.

Stephen stood for an instant watching him anxiously, and saw that, for the short distance he was visible, he kept straight on. He knew that, once an idea was fixed in the poor fellow's feeble mind, he would, if possible, carry it out, and now having got 'oranges,' as he called Davis—owing to his giving him some of his favourite fruit now and then—firmly into his head, he would stick to it till he found him. It was not likely any one would speak to him at that time of night to distract his attention; at all events, it was the only thing he could do, and he hoped most earnestly that poor Abel would prove a trustworthy messenger. As soon as the sound of his footsteps

had ceased, Stephen sprang over the stile, and, a little refreshed by this short pause, set out again at a brisk run.

On and on and on, till it seemed to him that he had been running for hours and would never get there. He knew perfectly well why this particular night had been chosen by these three rascals for their villainous deed. Mr. and Mrs. Yorke, with Maud and Sidney, had been staying for a fortnight at Hepburn Hall, as Mr. Yorke thought it right that Walter should see something of his future tenants and the labourers on the estate. There had been numerous parties and gaieties of various kinds, and the valuable family plate had been brought from the bank at Beecham to add to the dignity of the entertainments. The servants who lived in the house to take care of it were an old couple, and some had been engaged temporarily, among them, Stephen supposed, the man Jem as footman. The intended robbery had probably been planned by that villain, the very thought of whom made him shiver, and the footman had doubtless been introduced into the house for that express purpose.

He understood now how Dick Foster had become possessed of the knowledge which he had used so cruelly, and, angry though he was with him, he could not help feeling some pity for one who had fallen into the merciless clutches which had been his own ruin. Poor Dick! Well, he would tell Mr. Sidney how very unwilling he had been to go, and how his father had beaten and forced him into it. This was their last chance, for Mr. Yorke had been called away on business and the whole party would have returned to Beecham had not Walter Hepburn sprained his ankle, which had delayed them a day or two longer.

On and on! Stephen was getting very much done up, but he kept steadily on, sometimes hoping he should get there first, sometimes dreading lest he should be too late, till at length he reached the bottom of the long avenue that led up to the hall, and paused for a few minutes to recover his breath and think what he had better do next. He soon made his plans; he would go cautiously up to the house and see if he could discover whether Mr. Sidney was still up, and, if so, endeavour to warn him. If not—and he hoped that would be the case—he would try and find the window left open by that rascal Jem, and get into the house and see what happened. If Mr. Sidney did not appear at all, he would let them have their own way, but, if roused by the noise he came down, then he should be at hand to warn or help him.

Carefully keeping under the trees, he crept up to the house, dreading every moment to hear footsteps behind him; but all was quiet, nor could he see any light in the house, and he was turning away to look for the window at the back, when a faint glimmer through one of the lower windows made him pause. After listening a moment he tapped at the window, first gently, then louder, till the shutters were unfastened and drawn back and Sidney Yorke looked out.

'Who is there?' he asked, pushing open the window. 'What is it?'

'It is I—Stephen Elliot. Let me in, sir, quick!'

'You, Stephen!' exclaimed Sidney. 'What on earth brings you here at this time of night?'

'Help me in, Mr. Sidney, and I'll tell you. Make haste, every moment is precious.'

Much astonished, Sidney held out his hand and Stephen clambered in. The first thing he did was to close the window and fasten the shutters, and then, exhausted with his long run, he threw himself on the floor.

'What is it, Elliot?' asked Sidney; 'has anything happened at the factory? Come, try and tell me what it is.'

After one or two gasps Stephen contrived to tell his story, to which Sidney listened in amazement.

'And you have run all this way to warn me,' he said, at length. 'How very good of you, Stephen. But the thing is, what are we to do now? If Robinson were a little younger, we would rouse him and greet these worthy gentlemen with a warm reception, but he would be no use, and——'

'Oh, do keep out of their way,' exclaimed Stephen, starting up, 'there's no knowing what they will do if they see you.'

'They won't murder me, I dare say,' returned Sidney, lightly. 'No Beecham man would want to do that.'

'They are not Beecham men, one is that brute of a—that brute of a——' he shivered so much that he could not go on.

'Never mind his name,' said Sidney, soothingly; 'perhaps it is better I shouldn't know who he is. I thought there was something odd about that footman, though he has always been very civil and obliging to me. If, as you suspect, he is one of them, no doubt the things are all packed ready, and we might keep quiet and hope the police will be here in time to spoil their neat little game. You think they will be sure to come?'

'Quite. Abel will be sure to give the message, and they will come on the chance of something being wrong.'

'But I am not altogether disposed to let the rascals walk off with Mr. Hepburn's plate without any attempt to stop them,' continued Sidney, his eyes flashing; 'if it were not that he is ill and my mother would be dreadfully frightened, I would try conclusions with them, come what might. We must keep them from going upstairs at any rate. Now, Stephen, at the top of the stairs is a strong door; you run up and shut it, the key is on the other side. Fasten it securely, and then creep along the passage and come down the other way. Open one of the windows and keep a sharp look out for the police, and get them in as quickly as possible. If I can get to the window I will shut it and that will puzzle them and keep them back a few minutes. Hark! What's that?'

They both held their breath as a faint sound was heard.

'I believe they are coming in here. What on earth for? Ah, I know—that rascal Simms! Quick, Stephen! they are coming to the other door.'

Sidney opened the door as he spoke, but Stephen hung back.

'I shall stay with you, sir,' he said, in a whisper.

'But I want you to shut that door; you'll do that, won't you? I shall be all right if you hurry the police.'



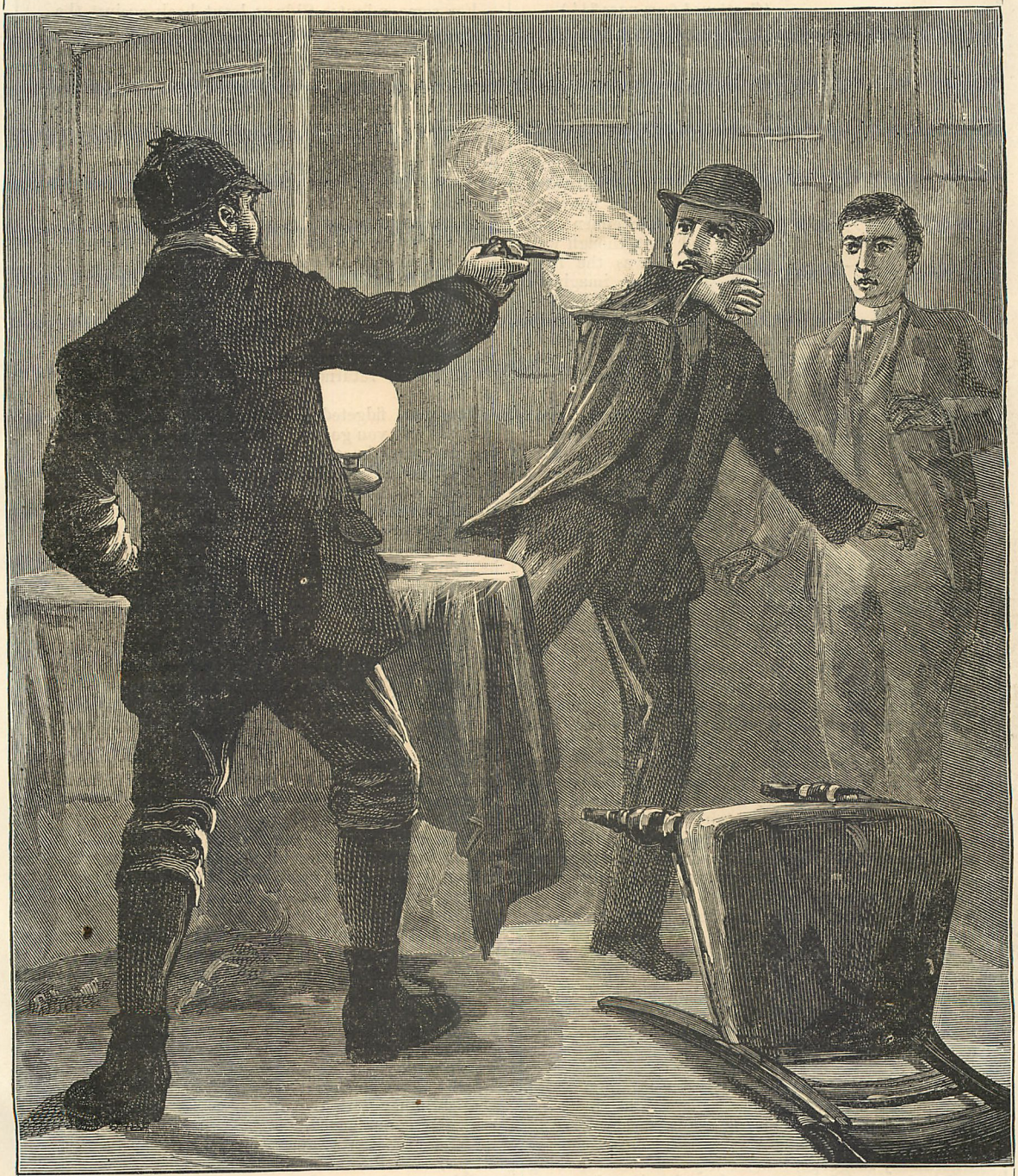
"'Who is there?' he asked, pushing open the window."

He pushed Stephen out of the room as he spoke, and much against his will he hurried across the hall.

'They are much more likely to murder him,' thought Sidney as he closed the door, 'they would guess he came to warn me. Anyhow he looks awfully bad and is safer out of the way.'

Listening for a moment he crept softly across the room, and, taking a small but heavy box off the table, he carried it to the sofa and concealed it under the cushions, throwing a rug carelessly over the top. Scarcely had he done so, when the curtain over the door at the end of the room was pulled aside and two men entered.

(*Continued at page* 346.)



"'Dead men tell no tales,' said Jake."

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 344.)

CHAPTER XII.—A DEED OF LOVE.

THE intruders had, no doubt, expected to find the room empty and in darkness, and were evidently taken aback at the sight of Sidney. The man who entered first uttered an exclamation and retreated so suddenly as to convince Sidney that Stephen was right, and that, though well disguised, it was the footman, for whose imaginary toothache good old Mrs. Robinson had suggested so many remedies, who was thus figuring in a new character. There was a momentary pause, neither of the men seeming to know whether it would not be more prudent to retreat than to advance.

'What do you want?' said Sidney, at length, 'what business have you here?'

'Never you mind, young gent,' growled the man, advancing; 'just you keep quiet and not kick up a row, or else you'll get the worst of it. It would have been better for you if you had not seen us——'

'Or rather, let us say,' interrupted Sidney, coolly, 'it would have been better for *you!*'

The man scowled, and Sidney involuntarily looked round for a weapon of defence, but nothing was at hand but the poker, and before he could reach the fireplace the man would probably be upon him.

'No go, eh!' said the other, guessing his thoughts. 'We're two to one, so you had better not try that on. Jem, you dolt, be quick, can't you?'

Thus encouraged, the other man came in, and made straight for the table where the box had been. Not finding it there, he searched hastily round the room, keeping his face as much as possible turned away from Sidney, but without success. Presently his companion joined him to assist in the search, and Sidney seized the opportunity to move quietly towards the door, as he hoped, unobserved. But, just as he touched the handle, the man saw his intention, and, not being able to reach him, he caught up a heavy inkstand and hurled it at his head.

Sidney stepped hastily back to avoid the blow, and before he could open the door he was seized and thrown violently to the ground. The attack was so sudden that he had no time to defend himself, and came down heavily with his left hand doubled, under him. A sharp pain made him aware that something had gone wrong with it, and he could not suppress a slight exclamation which brought Jem to the spot.

'Get off, Jake,' he said angrily, pushing him aside; and, pulling Sidney up, he dragged him on to the sofa. Then, turning to his companion, he embarked in a furious quarrel, which was carried on in such extraordinary language, that Sidney could make nothing of it. It ended in the man Jake leaving the room with a handsome silver inkstand, threatening, in the most unmeasured language, to shoot Jem if he let Sidney move or make the least noise to give the alarm.

For some minutes Sidney leant back against the curtains of the sofa, rather amused at the thought that he was thus effectually guarding the very thing the men were in search of, while the quondam footman stood a little way off, evidently exceedingly uncomfortable. At last, as his wrist got more painful and he began to feel queer, he ventured to say in a low tone, and carefully avoiding looking at him, 'Would you get me a glass of water? you will find some in the next room, and I won't move till you come back.'

The man went off instantly, returning with not only a tumbler of water, but a glass of wine, in so short a time as to show Sidney that he knew exactly where to find it.

'Thank you,' said Sidney as the other handed it to him in a very shamefaced manner, muttering something about 'he didn't want him to get hurt, and he was sorry it had happened.'

'So am I,' returned Sidney, quietly, 'very sorry for *you*.'

The man fidgeted about uneasily, and presently said, 'Won't you go, sir? He's rather an awkward customer sometimes, and he may be rather rough.'

'So it seems,' said Sidney, laughing slightly, as he dipped his handkerchief into the glass of water and bound it round his wrist; 'I suppose he wouldn't really shoot you, though, if he found I had gone?'

'Don't know about that, there's no knowing what he'll do when he is put up; but that is my look-out. If you'll go, I will chance it. I would almost as soon get finished outright as what I shall get now,' he added, gloomily.

'Suppose we both bolt,' said Sidney suddenly, pitying the man, in spite of his indignation at his treachery. 'I'll lock myself into the other rooms and you make off through the window. If you get clear away, start fresh somewhere. Lock that door over there, that will give us more time.'

He got up as he spoke, but the other shook his head. 'He would be sure to find me,' he said; 'besides, I couldn't cut off and leave them in the lurch.'

'A case of honour among thieves,' thought Sidney. 'Well, I shouldn't care to go either, then,' he said, sitting down again, 'and risk his murdering you, though I don't believe he meant it. Let us hope he isn't such a brute as that.'

Jem looked doubtful, but he said nothing. Some little time elapsed before Jake appeared, and when he did he was evidently more 'awkward' than before. After muttering a few hasty words to Jem, he turned to Sidney. 'Look here,' he said, roughly; 'you will just have to hold your tongue about this, and if you're asked any questions, you'll say you couldn't tell what we were like.'

'Oh! that's coming it too strong, isn't it?' remonstrated Sidney with the utmost coolness, getting up as the man approached.

'You can forget, I suppose?' said the man, fiercely. 'If you can't I'll find means to make you.'

Sidney made no reply.

'Look sharp! I've no time to waste,' continued Jake, getting more angry as he saw his threat had

not the slightest effect. 'Either you'll come to terms or—' suddenly pointing a pistol full at Sidney —' now then! will you swear you don't know either of us?'

In that short moment of time Sidney's brain seemed to whirl with the thoughts that came rushing into it; thoughts of his father and mother, of his hopes for the future, of the good he had meant to do. Was he to sacrifice his life for the sake of truth? Was he to die because he would not tell a falsehood to such a ruffianly villain as this?

To many it would have seemed excusable, but not to him. He had no time to argue with himself as to the expediency. No time for more than a swift prayer for help—to do more than half-instinctively hold to the right. It was a lie, no matter why or to whom it was uttered, and if the scoundrel fired after all should he like to die with a lie on his lips? He stood unflinchingly with his eyes fixed on the other's face, and, when he repeated the question, answered without the smallest sign of fear:

'No, I will not. It would be a lie!'

'Cut it short,' advancing a step nearer; 'yes or no?'

'No!'

'Dead men tell no tales,' said Jake, savagely, and before Jem could interfere he fired.

Meantime Stephen Elliot had locked and bolted the door, and then proceeded, as Sidney had told him, to make his way to the other staircase. He had to creep along very cautiously, as he was in utter darkness, so that it was some time before he reached the bottom of the stairs, and found himself in a long passage. His great desire was to get back to the hall, but he did not know whether this passage would lead to it. Unluckily he turned the wrong way, and found himself in the kitchen, and getting confused he wandered about for some minutes, groping his way without much idea where he was going. He opened a door near him, and then, remembering Sidney's instructions, he crept to the window and threw it open. He had just got back to the passage, when a faint light appeared at the other end, and to his horror he saw the man he most dreaded in the world come cautiously along and disappear through a door to his left.

The bewildered and semi-conscious state that had come over him in the office returned now, and he remained leaning against the wall in a half-fainting condition, till a slight noise roused him. A dread of what might have happened to Sidney seized upon him, and as the light appeared again he followed it, and concealing himself behind the curtain at the door, he overheard Jake's threats. No sooner did he understand what was going on than, regardless of his own safety, he slipped into the room. So intent were they on the matter in hand, that none of the three noticed his entrance. He did not hesitate an instant, or stop to think of his own risk; the friend whose kindness had won his heart was in danger, and must be rescued at all costs. There was but one way to save him, and as Jake touched the trigger he threw himself in front.

A loud report, a sharp cry, and then—then with an instantaneous feeling of relief and thankfulness, Sidney knew that it was over and that he was uninjured.

For an instant Stephen staggered, then he threw himself on Jake, and, grasping the pistol with both hands, he clung to it with desperate strength. Bewildered and confused by the noise and smoke, Sidney did not at first realise what had occurred, and it was not till he saw the blood dripping from Stephen's shoulder and the savage blows the infuriated ruffian was dealing at his head, that he knew at what cost his life had been saved. He would have rushed to his assistance, but the footman held him back.

'Simms!' he exclaimed, forgetting his resolution to avoid mentioning his name—'Simms! for Heaven's sake don't let him murder the lad before our eyes. I'll get you off if I can. I'll do my best for you whatever happens. Only stop that brute, or let me.'

Almost as he spoke he was released so suddenly that he stumbled against a small table and came down with a crash, while the luckless Simms made a dash for the door, only to fall headlong into the clutches of a stalwart policeman who was in the act of opening it.

Regardless of the pain he was suffering, Stephen still held on, unconscious that a heavy blow, which would probably have brought the matter to a conclusion, had been turned aside by the interposition of a strong arm, and that the pistol, hastily relinquished by his assailant, had been grasped by other hands. By this time his mind was entirely off its balance, and he continued to struggle violently, apparently quite incapable of seeing what had happened, and paying no heed to the remonstrances addressed to him in a well-known voice:

'Elliot! give in now, there's a good fellow. Let go the pistol, lad. Come, be quiet, will you? You'll get hurt directly. Mind his arm, Wilson; he has got shot somehow, and he doesn't know a bit what he is about. 'Elliot! do you hear? Give in directly, when I tell you. Ah! there he goes. He'll be quiet enough now, poor fellow.'

And as Stephen let go the pistol and reeled backwards, Davis caught him as he fell and laid him down senseless on the floor.

(*Continued at page* 354.)

OLD LONDON ODDITIES.

SPACE is valuable in London, and rents are very high. A cobbler was allowed to use a recess under a public-house window in one of the streets off the Strand. He stitched, and pegged, and hammered busily from morn to night, and he had quite a number of customers in the neighbourhood. On winter evenings the baked-potato man would carry his steaming apparatus from corner to corner of the streets, and he did a good trade, as his successors still do. The old body, with her basket covered with a white napkin, is selling sheep's trotters, a cheap and sustaining article for the weary wayfarer in the streets at night.



Old London Oddities.

UNCLE AMBROSE.

'SIDNEY, I am afraid Tom will have to have a new pair of knickerbockers.'

The Rev. Sidney Gray, curate-in-charge of the parish of Seaton-Coombe, a care-worn, middle-aged man, did not hear this remark of his wife's. He was deeply engrossed in the study of an old book, and it was not until the words were repeated that he looked up and answered,—

'My dear, I don't know how it can be managed. Could you not patch them, or something of that kind?'

'No, it is a hopeless case,' said Mrs. Gray, sighing. 'And this is not all; Susie needs new boots, and *you* need an overcoat, Sidney; but where the money is to come from I don't know.'

'Christmas-time is not the most pleasant part of the year to us,' remarked Mr. Gray; 'there are so many things required, and so little cash to meet the wants; still, my love, there are many folk worse off than we are. We have all good health, and we love each other,' he added, laying his hand upon the toil-worn fingers which were so busy plying needle and thread.

'Sidney, you make me feel ashamed of myself,' said Mrs. Gray. 'You are always hopeful, always patient; but now confess, would you not be glad if some good fortune were to happen to us? Suppose old Uncle Ambrose were to turn up, rich and prosperous, and ask us to share his wealth, what a happy Christmas we might have!'

'It is much more likely that Uncle Ambrose will return, if he ever does return to England, poorer than when he went away.'

'I wonder what became of him,' said Mrs. Gray musingly, letting her work fall upon her lap. 'I would like to see him again, he was so good to me when I was a desolate orphan. He took care of me until I was ten years old, and then he got me into the Laneton Orphanage, before he went to Australia to seek his fortune.'

'And you have never heard from him in all these years,' said her husband. 'My dear, the chances are that he is dead.'

'Oh, I hope not; but certainly it is a long time: twenty years this month, for it was in December he sailed.'

'Letters, please, sir,' said the servant, a raw-boned country lassie, bringing in several letters and laying them beside her master, who looked at them with the air of one to whom letters rarely bring good news.

'This is for you, my dear,' he said, pushing one of them across the table. 'It is curious, crabbed handwriting; pray, who is your correspondent?'

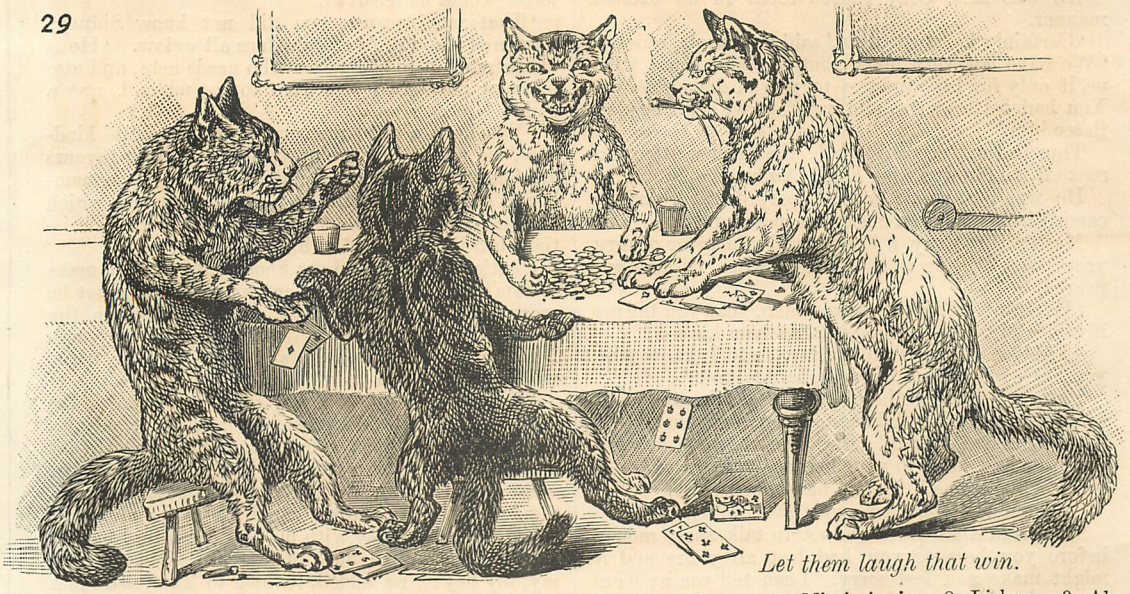
Mrs. Gray was looking at the letter with pale face and dilated eyes. 'Sidney!' she gasped, rather than said, 'I am sure this is from Uncle Ambrose.'

28

He that is too secure is not safe.



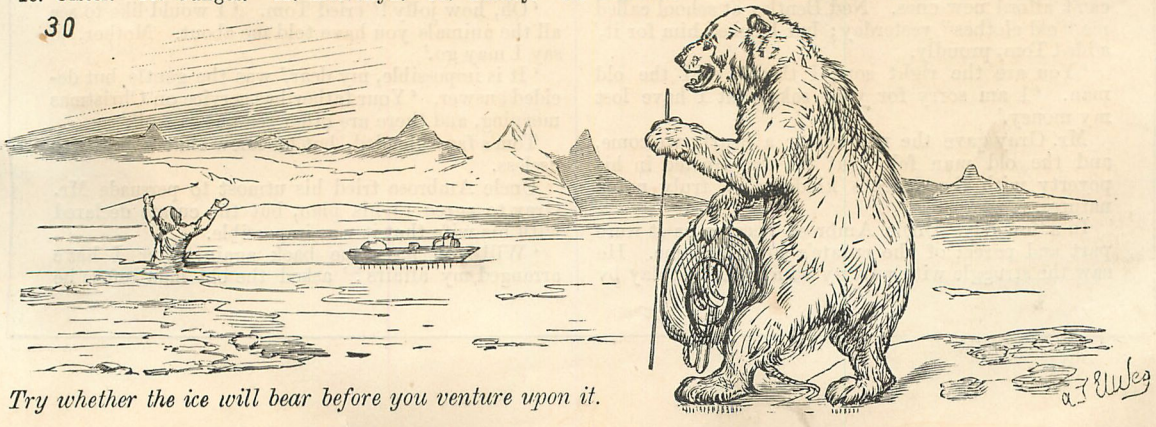
29



Let them laugh that win.

1. Liverpool. 2. Egypt. 3. Thebes. 4 Tasmania. 5. Halifax. 6. Essex. 7. Mississippi. 8. Lisbon. 9. Algoa. 10. Ulster. 11. Ganges. 12. Helvellyn. 13. Turkey. 14. Humber. 15. Azores. 16. Tay. 17, 18, 19. *Wi*ndsor.

30



Try whether the ice will bear before you venture upon it.

'Nonsense, my dear, it cannot be; open your letter and see what is the signature.'

But Mrs. Gray was right, and this is what she read,—

'*London, Dec. 4th.*

'My Dear Niece,—Doubtless long ere this you will have thought the old man dead; but, as it happens, I am alive and in London. Though I have never written you, I have kept myself informed of your movements. I made a tidy sum of money in Australia, and intended returning to pass my declining days at your fireside. Unfortunately the bank in which a thousand pounds of my hard-earned savings was deposited has failed. I hope to realise enough out of the wreck to live upon in a humble manner. Will you take me in for a few weeks, say until Christmas? Remember me to your husband, whom I have never seen.

'Your affectionate Uncle,

'Ambrose Hedley.'

'Sidney, what must we do? Isn't it strange that this letter should arrive just when we were talking about him? What a dreadful pity about the thousand pounds! You will let me invite him here, won't you, Sidney?'

All this Mrs. Gray poured forth in an excited manner.

'Certainly he must come,' said the curate, quietly. 'We have not very much, but he shall share with us, if only for his kindness to you in days gone by. You had better write and say that we shall be glad to see him.'

Thus the matter was settled; the letter written and sent off, and in due time Uncle Ambrose appeared.

He was a thin old man, poorly dressed, and he carried in his hand an ancient carpet-bag.

Master Tom Gray, a bright-eyed youngster of nine years, was playing in the garden when he first appeared.

'Here, my lad,' cried the old man, 'can you tell me if this is Mr. Gray's house, and are you his son?'

'Yes,' answered Tom, boldly, 'and I know who you are—you are mother's Uncle Ambrose.'

'So, so,' answered the old man, regarding the child keenly; 'well, what did she tell you about me?'

'Oh, lots of things! She said we must be very attentive and kind to you, because you took care of her when she was little and had nobody else.'

'Did she tell you I was poor?'

'She said that we were not to talk about money before you because you had lost all yours and it might make you feel sorry. I can tell you *we* were sorry when we knew that; you see we are very poor, I have to wear these old knickerbockers because we can't afford new ones. Ned Bentley at school called me "old clothes" yesterday; but I licked him for it,' added Tom, proudly.

'You are the right sort, I think,' said the old man. 'I am sorry for your sake that I have lost my money.'

Mr. Gray gave the new-comer a hearty welcome, and the old man felt that he was treated in his poverty with the delicate kindness of truly noble natures.

In a few days Uncle Ambrose became as it were part and parcel of the curate's humble home. He saw the struggle with poverty which went on day by day, and he also saw the brave cheerfulness with which that poverty was faced.

Of course, the subject of the lost money was discussed between Mr. and Mrs. Gray and Uncle Ambrose, for the old man showed a great desire to talk about what might have been done with the unfortunate thousand pounds.

'I intended to have spent it upon your children,' he remarked to his niece one day, as she sat beside him busily engaged in darning stockings.

'Your little Tom is a bright lad, he ought to be sent to a good school; and it appears to me that Susie has a decided talent for music, which ought to be cultivated. Heigho! it was a bad day when I was persuaded to put my money in that bank.'

Poor Mrs. Gray thought that it was almost cruel of the old man thus to set before her what might have been; but all she said was, 'Never mind, uncle, something may turn up before the children are older, and in the meantime it is useless to fret and worry.'

'You have a good husband,' said the old man presently. 'It is not every man who would welcome a penniless relation. I had some doubts as to how my letter would be received.'

'That was because you did not know Sidney,' answered the wife, her pale face all aglow. 'He is kindness itself to every one who needs help, and also he knew how good you were to me when I was a child.'

'You have a good memory for a very little kindness,' he said. 'I have generally found that favours are forgotten much quicker than benefits are remembered, but I have learnt, even in the few days which I have passed here, that there are a few real Christians left in this world of humbug and deceit.'

Gentle Mrs. Gray did not know what reply to make to this speech, indeed she hardly understood what he meant, for she was a simple soul, and lived in the round of household life with few thoughts beyond. But she smiled pleasantly and looked sympathetic, which perhaps did as well as words.

'I shall have to leave you to-morrow, that is the 23rd,' said Uncle Ambrose, after a short silence, during which he read a business letter received that morning. 'I must settle up my affairs, and see what is left from the wreck. Suppose you and Sidney and the children come up to London and spend Christmas Day with me! I can afford to give the youngsters that much of a treat. What do you say, my boy?' he added, turning to Tom, who just then entered the room; 'will you visit me in London, and I will take you to the Zoo?'

'Oh, how jolly!' cried Tom. 'I would like to see all the animals you have told me about. Mother, do say I may go.'

'It is impossible, my dear,' was the gentle but decided answer. 'Your father has service on Christmas morning, and there are other reasons as well.'

Tom's face clouded, but he knew that appeal was useless.

Uncle Ambrose tried his utmost to persuade Mr. Gray to agree to his plan, but the curate declared with his wife that it was impossible.

'Will you have me back again, after I have arranged my affairs?' asked the old man before he

left. 'I have been very happy here, and I should like to spend the rest of my days with you. Of course I will pay for my food, though I can never pay you for your kindness.'

'Come and welcome,' said Mr. Gray, heartily; and then they shook hands, and the train whirled Uncle Ambrose off to London.

The children openly regretted his absence. He had been very kind to them; and Susie, who was his especial pet, declared that Christmas Day would not be half so happy if he did not return.

But he came back upon Christmas morning, joining the curate's family in their seat at church; and little Susie, slipping her hand into his, whispered, 'There is goose for dinner!'

The old man's eyes twinkled at the funny speech, and he pressed the little hand closer in his own.

It was a very merry day at the Vicarage. Uncle Ambrose told the funniest stories, and played blind-man's buff, and other games with the children, until even they were tired and content to sit quietly in the twilight round the blazing fire.

'You will be glad to hear that my affairs are settled at last,' said the old man, addressing Mr. Gray, 'and that things have turned out much better than I expected.'

'I am exceedingly glad to hear it,' was the cordial reply.

'Yes, much better than I expected,' repeated Uncle Ambrose, passing his hand caressingly over Susie's golden curls. 'I find that I have ten thousand pounds in hard cash, which will make us all very comfortable.'

'Ten thousand pounds!' exclaimed Mrs. Gray, with a sudden fearful suspicion that the old man's brain was turned. 'Why, you told us—you said you had lost your thousand pounds.'

'And so I have, my dear,' he answered. 'I have lost *one* thousand pounds; I have still *ten* left. I did not tell you this at first, for I wished to test the sincerity of your affection. I must confess I had many doubts and misgivings. I knew if I came to you a rich and prosperous man, I was sure to be well received; but I craved for more than that: I wanted a little *love*, I wanted to feel that I was welcomed for myself alone. The failure of the bank in which I had invested a thousand pounds first suggested to me the plan of coming to you as I did. For the kindness with which I was received I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and I hope——' but here the old man's voice faltered and broke. He stretched out his hand to Mr. Gray, and a hearty grasp finished the sentence better than words could have done.

* * * * * *

Tom got his new knickerbockers, he visited the Zoo, and he was soon sent to a good school.

Susie got her new boots, and in due course she received a good musical education into the bargain.

In Mrs. Gray's bedroom, upon the wall, is a large and beautifully illuminated text, hung there by her husband's hands, and these are the words inscribed upon it:

'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'

ANNIE M. BARTON.

SAD FATE OF PRETTY POLLY.

IT was in the land-locked and picturesque harbour at Acapulco, Central America, that one bright morning several canoes glided over the tranquil water, each one freighted with eggs, fruit, shells, and various little curiosities for sale, such as might tempt the passengers of a certain ship which had newly arrived in the harbour. Birds, squirrels, and various other small animals so often met with in tropical ports, were also on board those canoes, and among them was a wonderful parrot, which had been taught by her owner to say 'Good morning' in very tolerable English. This parrot was looked on with admiration, not unmixed with envy, by the owners of the other canoes, who all felt certain that Polly would soon find a purchaser, while they might not be so fortunate. But, alas for Polly and her owner! another passenger on board that canoe, in the shape of a small black monkey, with a wrinkled and comical face, suddenly seized her by the tail, pulling out a handful of feathers. In the agitation of the moment, Polly fluttered off her perch and fell into the water, and before her owner could rescue his little favourite she was seized by a shark, between whose formidable jaws she disappeared, screaming out (it is said) her familiar salutation 'Good morning,' an inappropriate farewell to her friends. K.

THE DOG AND THE DOVE.

AT Tullibelton, in Perthshire, there is a well-bred pointer, named 'Fop,' who, when not engaged in his professional pursuits on the moor, lives chiefly in a kennel placed in a loose box adjoining the other stables. Nearly a year ago there were a pair of Jacobin pigeons, who lived in and about the stable-yard. One of the birds died, and its bereaved mate at once attached itself for society and protection to the dog, and has been its constant companion ever since. On the days when the sportsmen are not seeking grouse the dog is in his kennel, and the pigeon is always his close attendant. She roosts on a rack over the manger of the stable, and in the daytime is either strutting about preening her feathers, taking her meals from the dog's dish, or quite as often sitting in the kennel by his side, nestling close to him. 'Fop,' who is an amiable and rather sentimental being, takes no apparent notice of his companion, except that in jumping into or out of his kennel while the pigeon is there, he plainly takes care not to crush or disturb her in any way. The only other symptom which 'Fop' has shown of being jealous for the pigeon's comfort is, that when two chickens from the stable-yard wandered into the apartment where the dog and pigeon reside, he very promptly bit their heads off, as if in mute intimation that one bird is company, and two (or rather three) are none. On the days when 'Fop' is taken



The Dog and the Dove.

to his infinite delight on to the moor, the pigeon is much concerned. She follows him as far as she dare, taking a series of short flights over his head, until a little wood is reached, through which the keeper and dogs have to take their way. At this point her courage fails her, and she returns to the stable, to wait hopefully for her comrade's return.

ALFRED AINGER.



How to scare lions.

HOW TO SCARE LIONS.

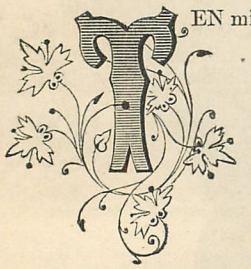
BISHOP HANNINGTON, one day when taking his walk abroad in the jungles, saw a pretty little animal which came fawning up to him like a puppy. He picked it up and began to fondle it, whereupon some natives who were with him howled and ran away. The good missionary had taken a lion's whelp to his bosom, and the infuriated parents soon made their appearance on the scene.

The Bishop showed equal pluck and presence of mind. Dropping the cub, he put up his umbrella, and gallantly charged the lion and lioness, dancing and yelling as if he had been one of the unconverted pagans celebrating some diabolical rite. Terror at the sight and sounds got the better of paternal and maternal affection, and the great cats turned tail and rushed back to their lair in the forest.

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Continued from page* 347.)

CHAPTER XIII.—ONLY TOO GLAD.



TEN minutes later, or so at least he would have said, Stephen Elliot opened his eyes to find himself in bed in a small room. For a minute or two he looked round with a puzzled air, and then he shut his eyes with a sigh, thinking, as far as his bewildered brain would let him think of anything, that he would not open them again at present. What would be the use? He knew he should see the same cold, clean, white-washed walls. He thought that was over, but it seemed to have come back, and he felt very odd, and would rather not rouse himself if they would only let him alone. Of course they would not, though. He could not get up, however much they worried him. What did they want him to do? Who was speaking to him? it did not sound like——. In spite of himself, he opened his eyes, and the first thing he saw was a bright fire, burning so cheerfully as to convince him that he had been mistaken in his first impressions, and that he was not where he had fancied himself to be. Another look showed him a pleasant-looking nurse bending over him and holding a spoon to his lips, and, understanding at last that she was telling him to drink something, he did so, and felt better.

'Where am I?' he said, and as she did not immediately answer he repeated the question anxiously, 'Where am I? Not in—not in gaol?'

'Oh! dear, no,' said the nurse, smiling cheerfully at him. 'You are in the hospital. You have got hurt, and we are going to look after you a bit. Don't move, I want you to keep quite still.'

Stephen gave a sigh of relief and shut his eyes, but opened them again so suddenly that the nurse had no time to prevent him from seeing, as she wished to do, another occupant of the room. But Stephen did not seem alarmed as she feared he might be. He looked fixedly at him for a minute and then said, 'Why is he here? Oh, I remember now; but Mr. Richardson said he would wait till to-morrow. Is it to-morrow?' looking round at the window. 'My head hurts so, I cannot make out.'

'Never mind,' said the nurse, soothingly, 'don't trouble about it.'

'But I must go!' exclaimed Stephen, suddenly trying to raise himself. 'If Mr. Davis does not find me at his house, he'll think that I have run away, and I promised I wouldn't.'

'Lie still,' said the nurse, hastily, 'you can't go anywhere now. You must be quiet, and do as I tell you for the present.'

Stephen sank back and lay still for some minutes; then he said, quietly, 'Ask him to come here, please.'

The nurse looked round, and the policeman came up to the bed.

'You will tell him I can't come,' Stephen said, looking up at him. 'Did he ask Mr. Sidney about the coin?'

'I don't know. He didn't tell me,' was the reply.

Stephen looked puzzled. 'I would have come quietly. Why did you—no, I don't think it was you. I wish I could remember. You are not Roberts, are you?' with a slight shiver.

'No; you know me, surely, Elliot,' leaning down over him. 'You remember Wilson, don't you?'

'Yes, I know you now,' looking much relieved; 'but why are you here? Did Davis send you to fetch me?'

'It's all right. Davis knows where you are. He will come and see you himself presently. Don't bother about anything till you are better.'

Stephen did not speak for some time, then he said, 'How did I get hurt? Did you knock me down?'

'No,' said Wilson, 'I didn't touch you,' and turning to the nurse he said in a whisper, 'Would it be safe to ask him now?'

The nurse shook her head. 'Wait till Dr. Murray comes,' she said.

'Oh, no, it wasn't you,' Stephen went on in a rambling manner. 'It was—what's the matter with my head, then? Did I fall off the wall? No, I went out and heard them talking. They were under the wall, and Hunt said—Oh! I remember,' starting suddenly, and fixing his eyes on Wilson. 'Where is Mr. Sidney—was he hurt?'

'No, not much; but don't talk any more now.'

'I must know. You are sure he didn't get hurt? You are not cheating me, are you?'

'No, it was nothing to signify, I assure you,' said Wilson, moving back as Dr. Murray came in.

Stephen repeated the question, and would not be satisfied till the doctor assured him over and over again that Sidney was all right and should come and see him the next day.

'I remember all about it now,' he said, faintly. 'He fired at Mr. Sidney, and would have shot him, only I——' His voice sank.

'Did Hunt shoot you?' asked the policeman, leaning over him.

'Yes; but he didn't mean to—he meant to shoot him. I got between on purpose. He would have

killed Mr. Sidney. Has he killed me?' looking up at the doctor.

The nurse held some more cordial to his lips, but no one spoke.

'I suppose he has,' Stephen went on, rather dreamily. 'My head was bad before. Davis knows about it, if you'll ask him. I have tried to do my best. Wilson, come quite close, please. Will you tell Mr. Davis that I thank him for being so kind to me, and I had to go; I heard what they said and I had to save Mr. Sidney, but I would have come back. And tell Mr. Sidney not to trouble. I am only too glad I was there—he has been so good to me. Give him my love, be sure you tell him it doesn't matter about me. I am only too glad. I wanted to please him; but this is much better, this was really worth doing, and——' a long pause. Stephen shut his eyes, but opened them again to repeat, earnestly, 'Say just that—only too glad,' and then he closed them and lay motionless.

Meantime good Mrs. Davis, sorely perplexed at the strange fact that neither had Stephen Elliot come back nor her husband returned, opened her door at a very early hour and went down to the gate to see if she could hear or see anything of them. She had scarcely been there a moment when a neighbour rushed up, breathlessly, with the news which before many hours had passed would be an exciting topic of conversation for all the inhabitants of Beecham.

'Have you heard the news, Mrs. Davis?' she asked, eagerly.

'News! no. I've only just come out, as you may see,' returned Mrs. Davis. 'What's the matter now—town on fire, or what?'

'Worse than that,' returned the other, vastly delighted at being the first in the field; 'Hepburn Hall was broken into last night, and Mr. Sidney Yorke was murdered.'

'Goodness me!' exclaimed Mrs. Davis, turning pale and very much startled at such sudden bad news of the Yorke family, to whom she was much attached. 'Where did you hear that?'

'I heard it from Mrs. Green; but your husband was there. Hasn't he come back yet?'

'No,' said Mrs. Davis, rather shortly. She had not lived in the world so many years without knowing that a story never loses in its telling, nor had she been a policeman's wife for so long without putting aside half at least of what she heard as being exaggeration. As a rule, she believed nothing but what John told her, and after the first moment she determined to wait till he returned before believing this news.

'Well, somehow Abel Green found out about it and told your husband, and when he got there he found Mr. Yorke murdered and the house ransacked from top to bottom. They say there were four or five burglars there, and a lad from the factory here—Stephen something or other.'

'Not Stephen Elliot, surely!' exclaimed Mrs. Davis, rather dismayed.

'Yes, that was the name, I believe. He got there first and let them in, so they say, and your husband found him there and knocked him down, and he has nearly killed him.'

'What nonsense!' interrupted Mrs. Davis, hotly; 'Davis knock down a mere lad like that! That's not true, I'll warrant. If there's no more truth in the rest of the story than there is in that, I'll not break my heart about Mr. Sidney just yet.'

'Well, that's what I heard,' returned the other. 'Any way, the lad's dying or dead, for my husband saw Davis and Wilson carry him into the hospital, and he says he looked quite done for.'

'I'm glad John is alive, anyway,' said Mrs. Davis, 'and maybe I had better be getting his breakfast. He will need it, I should say, after all this;' and as her neighbour hurried off to retail the story with more additions, Mrs. Davis went back to her house.

'What next, Cinder?' she said, addressing the cat, as she prepared a substantial meal. 'I dare say there's not much truth in any of the story. Anyhow, we will just wait till he comes home before we trouble much about it. John ill-treat a lad, indeed! I wonder what people will say next!' getting more indignant, 'as if, after all these years, John couldn't manage a lad like Elliot without knocking him about! That won't do for us, puss, we know better than to believe a word of it.'

'What don't you believe, wife?' asked a voice behind her.

'How you did startle me, John,' exclaimed Mrs. Davis, turning sharp round. 'What's all this about Mr. Sidney being murdered? Surely it isn't true!' seeing her husband's face.

'No, Mr. Sidney is all right, or, at least, not much the worse. He would have been, though, if it hadn't been for that brave lad, Elliot.'

'Stephen!' exclaimed Mrs. Davis, still more amazed. 'I've been in such a way about him, John; he went off last night and he has never come back. Do you know where he is?' Her husband nodded. 'Surely you didn't hurt him, John?'

'I? no, of course not, poor lad. I only wish I had been a few minutes sooner to have saved him and Mr. Sidney both. Let me have some breakfast, and I'll tell you all about it. It will be all over the town in an hour, I've no doubt.'

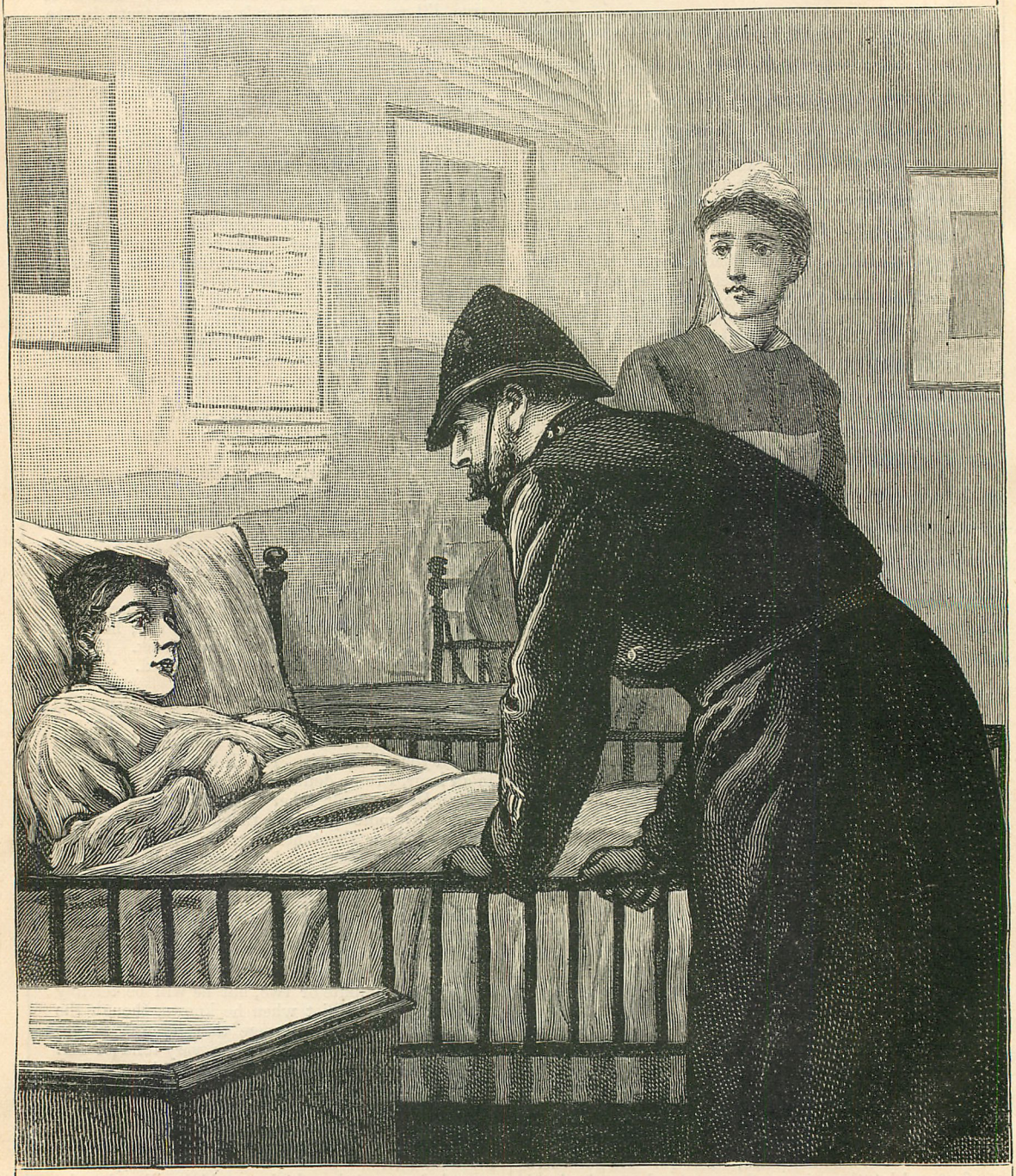
Mrs. Davis supplied her husband's needs without asking any more questions, though she was terribly anxious to hear about her dear Mr. Sidney; but her husband did not keep her long in suspense.

'I was half afraid Elliot was mixed up in it at first,' he concluded, 'and Dr. Murray won't let Mr. Sidney be asked any questions yet; but one of the rascals was so much upset, thinking the lad was killed outright, that he let it all out. There's not much the matter with Mr. Sidney, he was only stunned for a minute or two, but he will be terribly distressed about Elliot when he knows, though the poor boy sent him a message that he was not to trouble. He seems to have been very fond of Mr. Sidney, and glad to do anything for him.'

'Poor lad,' said Mrs. Davis, wiping her eyes; 'but perhaps he will get through it, John.'

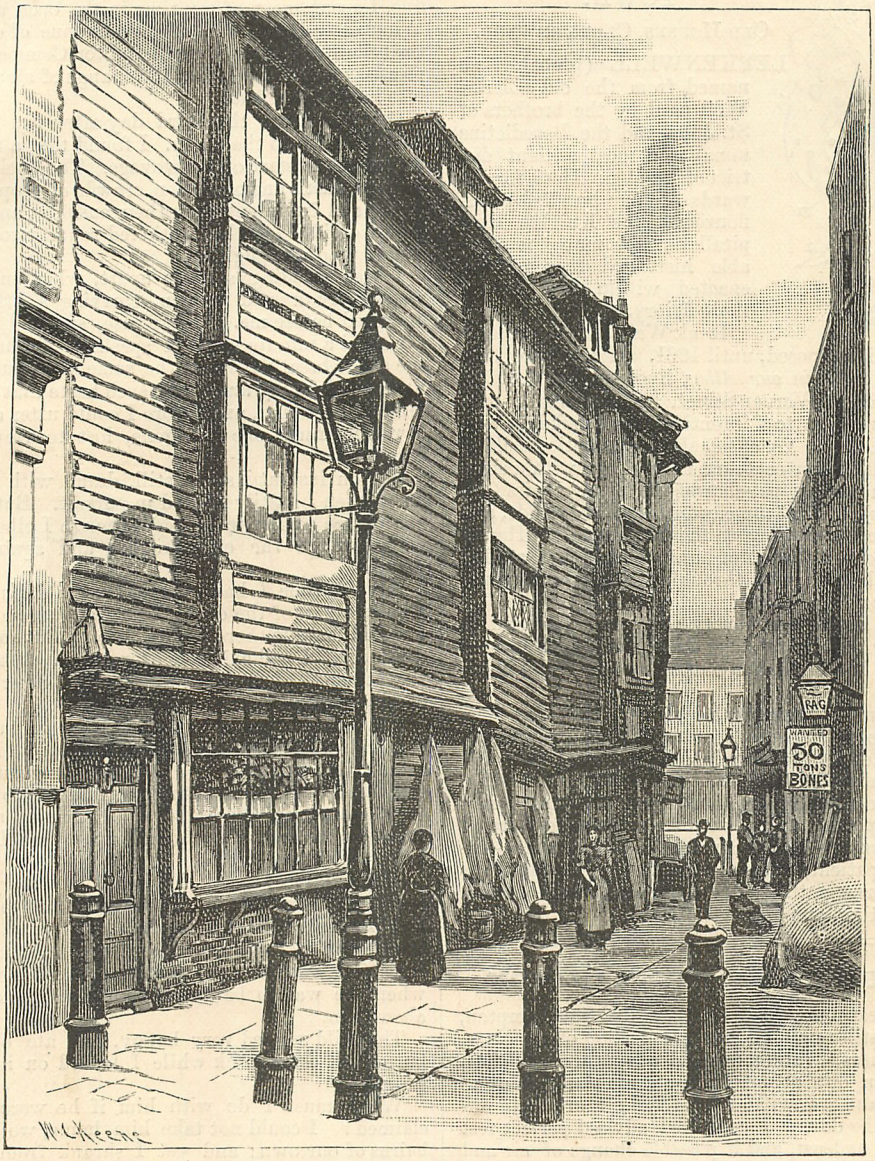
Davis shook his head.

'Dr. Murray says not. It's not only the shot but the blows on the head. I saw he was very much upset before, and thought he would be ill unless he was kept quiet, and all the excitement must have turned his brain, even before that brute of a fellow hit him. He was quite insensible when I was in the



"'Did Hunt shoot you?' asked the policeman, leaning over him."

hospital just now. Wilson had to be there to see whether he said who shot him, and he says he asked him to tell me that he had to go, and that he would have come back, and'—Davis stopped, apparently to stroke Cinder—'to thank me for being kind to him. Well,' after a pause, during which Mrs. Davis had recourse to her handkerchief, 'I'm off to bed. I asked them to send down for me if he mentioned me



Old houses in Peter's Lane, Clerkenwell.

again, though there's very little chance of that, I'm afraid; so call me if they do.'

'Yes, I will,' said his wife, adding, hopefully, 'after all, John, the doctors may be wrong, they are sometimes.'

So good Mrs. Davis went on with her work, cheering herself with this hope, and glad in spite of all that Mr. Sidney was safe, and that the poor boy had not only not broken his word, but had saved the life of her dear young gentleman.

'I didn't believe he would make off, that I didn't, and it wasn't likely Davis would be deceived, but I shouldn't have thought this of him. Upon my word,' putting down a dish to wipe away a tear, 'I call him a hero now. I don't know what other folk may say, but to my mind a lad who will risk his life to save a friend who has been kind to him is a downright hero, and whether he lives or dies that's what I shall always call him.'

(*Concluded at page* 362.)

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Old Houses, Clerkenwell.

CLERKENWELL (probably so named from the old Clerks' Well used by the brothers of St. John and the Benedictine nuns) is a most ancient district of London. Here, for upwards of four hundred years, flourished the Knights Hospitallers, and many remarkable historical scenes were enacted within and around their Priory.

Izaak Walton lived at Clerkenwell, it is supposed, until 1661. Henry Carey, the author of *Sally in our Alley*, lived and died at his house in Great Warner Street. This song is said to owe its origin to a 'prentice's day's holiday, witnessed by Carey. 'A shoemaker's apprentice making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs (ups and downs), and all the elegancies of Moorfields, and from thence proceeding to the Farthing Pye House, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all of which scenes the author dodged them.'

Carey's death was a very sad one. Reduced to despair by poverty or some other trouble, he hanged himself in 1743. Only a halfpenny was found in his pocket.

Clerkenwell Green was a gay spot in the olden time, and in the seventeenth century it was surrounded, we are told, by the mansions of the wealthy. But the Clerkenwell of to-day is not a cheerful locality. Until quite recently, a hideous, grim-looking prison frowned upon it. Some extremely useful folk dwell here, however—whole armies of clockmakers—intelligent, patient, diligent men who spend 'laborious days' in brass-cutting, dial-silvering, wheel-cutting, pinion-cutting, and glass-bending. E. D.

MY FRIGHT AT SOUTHAMPTON.

IT is a great many years since I visited Southampton, but I still retain a lively recollection of the place, as while there a rather comical adventure befell me. I had been out of health for some time, owing to overwork and worry, and was feeling thoroughly unstrung. The doctor I consulted advised perfect rest for a week at least, and if possible change of air and scene. This advice was backed by strenuous appeals from my wife, and after some demur I agreed to the plan which she proposed. I was expecting the return of my only brother from Natal, and my wife suggested that I should go to Southampton a few days before the steamer in which he sailed was due, and upon his arrival we could return to London together.

As this little trip would in some degree combine business and pleasure, it commended itself to my mind, and accordingly I found myself one pleasant morning in Southampton. I have no doubt that it has been greatly altered and improved since those days, but I was much pleased with it then. I took up my abode in a quiet hotel in High Street, and, as the weather was fine, I spent most of my time in the open air. The Winchester Road, with its fine avenue of elms, and the beautifully wooded Southampton Common greatly pleased me, and I felt that the change of air and scene was indeed beneficial.

One afternoon, the third day after my arrival, I strolled down to the docks. I found that a mail boat was about to start on her voyage. The docks were a scene of bustle and confusion, crowds of people hurrying to and fro intent upon their business, and a large group of idle folk had gathered round two drunken sailors who were fighting.

I was standing a little apart, when suddenly a respectably dressed woman, carrying a little child, appeared before me. 'Oh, please, sir, will you hold the child a minute while I speak to my husband?' she asked breathlessly, at the same time putting the little one into my arms with such haste that it nearly fell to the ground, and before I could utter a syllable of remonstrance she was gone, lost to view in the crowd.

For an instant I stood still, dumb with astonishment, then I hastily started in pursuit. But in vain, not a trace of her to be seen, though I elbowed my way through the crowd again and again in my search.

All this time I had carried the child, but now, in a quieter part of the docks, I put it down and thought I would leave it there to its fate. But somehow I could not. I had children of my own at home, and the thought of them prevented my deserting this desolate mite.

I saw that it was a boy about two or three years old, and as I looked down he stretched out his arms, saying, 'Me tired, carry.' I lifted him up, and looked round for a policeman, but not one was to be seen; so after wasting a great deal of time in searching again for the lost mother, without success, I took the little waif to my hotel.

The landlord, when he heard my story, looked grave, and said that he was afraid that the woman had purposely deserted the child, and, truth to tell, I also began to think so. I sent a description of the little fellow to the police-station, with instructions where he was to be found should any one inquire about him.

The child seemed very happy, and ate bread and butter and drank milk while I looked on in gloomy silence.

What must I do with him if he were left unclaimed? I could not take him home, we had five bairns of our own; and yet I shrank from sending him to the workhouse. While I was still revolving this problem, he began to cry, 'Me wants mammy, me wants mammy.'

I tried to soothe him, but without avail. I was obliged to summon a good-natured chambermaid to my assistance. She petted and rocked the child, but still his tears flowed and the piteous wail went on.

In the midst of our trouble a waiter entered and said, 'A person wishes to see you, sir; I think it is about this——' but here he was interrupted by the 'person' herself, who followed closely upon his heels, and cried in a voice shrill with agita-

tion, 'Yes, indeed, I've come for my child,' and to my relief I saw that it was the lost mother.

She nearly smothered the little one with kisses, as he nestled in her arms perfectly happy. Suddenly turning to me she said reproachfully, 'Oh, sir, but you've given me a dreadful fright this day. Why didn't you wait where I left you with the blessed child? I made sure that you had stolen him, I did indeed.'

'My good woman,' I began, then I stopped, utterly at a loss what to say.

That I should be blamed for what was clearly her own fault was so utterly absurd, that no words seemed strong enough to express my feelings.

'Not but what it was a silly thing for me to do,' she went on, 'but you see, sir, I was just mad with grief. My husband was sailing in that steamer; he has gone to seek work abroad, and it may be years before he can send for me. I just wanted to say good-bye to him again, and I couldn't get through the crowd with the child. You looked so kind and good-natured, that I popped him into your arms without thinking; but when I couldn't find him again I was nearly wild. Please excuse me, sir, and I thank you kindly for taking care of him.'

I assured the poor woman that it was all right, and having put half-a-crown into the child's hand, I said good-bye, and saw them depart with the feeling that I had made an escape.

It is needless to add that upon my return to London, my wife and children were much amused with my account of what happened at Southampton.

A. M. Barton.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM.

THE following verses were dashed off as a reply to a lady who had sent Dean Hook some Devonshire cream.

Dear Mrs. Adair,
You certainly are
Most kind to prepare,
And send to us here,
Such delicate fare
As the cream clouted there,
Where in Devonshire air
The cows can repair
To pastures so fair,
To chew and to stare.

Our milkmaids declare
That, whatever their care,
They none of them dare
Their cream to compare
With yours, rich and rare.
But, oh, Mrs. Adair,
I could not forbear
To take more than my share
Of that delicate fare;
And you must be aware
What the penalties were,
When, driven to despair,
And tearing my hair,
I did bellow and blare
In a horrid nightmare.

PROVERB PUZZLE CORNER.

31. From the letters which compose the following words form a proverb which warns against trusting to an unstable support:—

Leader. Etna. Noon.

32. Transpose the letters that compose the following words into a proverb, addressed to an unwelcome visitor.

Yesterday. Honour. Towels.
Come. Pair. Rimney. Lours.

33. It is not an unusual circumstance for the timid prey of the sportsman to fall a victim to the least advanced and energetic of his canine pursuers. C. C.

Illustrated Answers, page 380.

HAPPY IN EXILE.

The Eagle.



THERE are many varieties of this fine bird, and they are found in almost every quarter of the globe. Eagles are all fierce and powerful, with a great stretch of wing, so that their flight is beautiful and majestic. But they are birds which, as a rule, do not bear captivity well. The writer remembers to have seen a golden eagle in a cage standing full in the sun, with only one perch, and with a piece of putrid meat lying on the dusty floor, which had been rejected by the unhappy captive. It was a sad sight, and the haughty and reproachful look of its eyes haunted the writer for many a day.

But such a sight is never seen in the Zoo. There the eagles are beautifully kept, everything being done for their comfort that can be done, with the result that their plumage is in good order, and they seem happy in their exile. They seem to be fond of fish, which they procure for themselves by wading in the shallow water, after the manner of herons, and pouncing upon the first fish which comes within their reach. But perhaps the chief attraction which the fish have for the eagles is that they are alive, for these birds like to kill for themselves, and to tear their victim to pieces with their curved beak and powerful talons.

The natural food of these majestic birds, when at liberty, is hares, rabbits, young lambs, and sometimes even sheep, while it is on record that a large male bird has actually been seen, in the wilds of Scotland, boldly to attack a stag, swooping down upon its back from a great height, tearing the flesh from its neck with its claws, and attempting to



Eagles in the Zoological Gardens.

deprive it of sight by repeated strokes from its beak.

The nest of the eagle is a tangle of sticks and rushes, built generally on a flat shelf of rock at a great height, and in the loneliest situations. It is extremely dangerous to approach the nest after the eaglets are hatched, as at that time the parent-birds are fierce and daring. When a pair of eagles are rearing their young (never more than two in number) the Highland shepherd must keep a vigilant eye upon his flock, for the birds will destroy many more lambs than they can actually devour, as the moment the flesh becomes tainted it is rejected as food. The Romans of old time had the eagle as their standard, and in modern times the Americans use it as an emblem of their nation.

M.



"'Yes, sir,' said Stephen, taking off his cap."

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND.

(*Concluded from page* 357.)

CHAPTER THE LAST.—A PRESENT FOR A KING.

'WAS Elliot much hurt?' was almost the first thing Sidney Yorke said when he came to himself; and though his father evaded the question, and Dr. Murray ordered him to be quiet for an hour or two, he soon discovered that they were keeping something from him, and insisted upon hearing the truth. Before the day was over he was standing by Stephen's bed, and only when assured that there was not the least chance of his knowing him would he consent to leave the lad to whom he owed his life.

He knew the doctor thought a few hours would see the end, but quite unexpectedly Stephen rallied, though only to toss about in a wild state of delirium, muttering incoherently for hours together, without any remedies taking effect on his bewildered brain. Piteous entreaties to Mr. Richardson to wait till the next day, mingled with terrified attempts to escape from Hunt, who he declared—his mind having gone back to his former acquaintance with him—had tempted him to do wrong and then left him to bear all the punishment. At intervals he would ask anxiously if the coin had been found, or make frantic efforts to rescue Sidney from some danger which he did not seem able to understand, while through it all ran the idea that some one was preventing him from returning to Davis to keep his promise.

In vain Sidney assured him that he was quite safe; in vain Mr. Richardson, sorry now for his harshness, came day after day to see him and repeat, again and again, that he knew all about it, and was quite satisfied that he was innocent. For a few minutes Stephen would be pacified, then he would begin again, and struggle so violently to return to Davis or to get to Sidney, that the nurses were obliged to hold him down in bed. Only one thing quieted him—when Davis came into the room and, holding his hands tightly, desired him to lie still, telling him, in his most authoritative manner, that he must do as he told him, and that when he wanted him he would come and fetch him.

But day after day, week after week passed by, and, though he seemed to grow stronger, his mind showed no sign of improvement, and the doctor looked graver and less hopeful as time went on. Every care that skilled nursing could give, every possible remedy that science could devise or money command, was lavished on the friendless factory lad by the wealthy manufacturer whose only son he had saved. A great doctor from London came down, to find himself, to his no little surprise, not in attendance on the owner of Hepburn Hall, or on the rich man's son, but at the bedside of an unknown lad in a hospital ward. But even he, though he bestowed as much care and thought on the case as if additional renown would follow on his success, could do no more than make one or two suggestions, and say that time alone would show whether the excitement and the blows had permanently or only temporarily affected Stephen's intellect.

The unlucky Jem had for some time been bewailing his hard lot and bitterly repenting his folly, and his more hardened associate abusing the world in general and his ill luck in particular, before any recollection of what had happened came back to his victim.

Sidney was sitting by him one afternoon when Stephen, who had been looking at him for some time in a dreamy sort of way, said suddenly, 'Mr. Sidney, did Abel take the message? I promised him a cake and an orange if he did.'

'Yes,' replied Sidney, trying to speak quietly and in a matter-of-course way; 'he said you had promised him a cake, so I gave him a large one.'

'That's all right, then,' said Stephen; 'and he must have my buttons too. Have I been ill long, sir?'

'Some little time,' said Sidney, hardly knowing what to say, and glad that the nurse, who had gone to the door, came quickly back.

'Never mind how long you have been ill,' she said, cheerfully; 'we are going to think about getting well now.'

'You have been here often,' said Stephen, slowly, looking at Sidney. 'I wanted to ask you something, but I never could say it—what was it?' frowning and looking perplexed.

'You shall ask him another time,' interposed the doctor, who had hastened in at the nurse's message. 'I am going to send Mr. Sidney away now. You shall talk as much as you like in a few days if you will do what I tell you now.'

'You are all very kind,' said Stephen, faintly. 'Come again, Mr. Sidney, won't you?'

Sidney promised that he would, and hurried home in delight, telling every one he met that Stephen Elliot had turned the corner at last, and he believed he was going to get well.

And so, by very slow degrees, he did. Though he was not allowed to discuss the subject, he was quite himself, and evidently knew what had happened, and the first question he asked was if Mr. Richardson was satisfied about the coin.

'Yes, quite,' was Sidney's answer.

'I was afraid you wouldn't know if it was the same—did you?'

'Yes, of course I did. Don't you remember I told you, when I put it in, that I had another like it myself, and should know it anywhere?'

'I forgot everything; but Mr. Richardson said his was like it, sir.'

'So it was—it was mine. Mr. Hepburn took it out of my purse to show it him, and left it on the table. There wasn't much mystery in the matter, after all.'

'But, then, Mr. Richardson won't be certain now that it was not that one,' said poor Stephen, only half relieved.

'I think he will, because—look there!' and Sidney tossed both the coins on to the bed.

'Oh!' exclaimed Stephen, with a gasp. 'Who had the other, then? Where was it? Who found it?'

'Your good friend Davis found it, and it's my belief he was nearly as much pleased at finding that coin as he was at finding all Mr. Hepburn's plate.'

'They didn't get off, then, sir?'

'No; Simms gave in at once—I'm rather sorry for that fellow—and Hunt was settled after a bit of a scuffle. Foster was with the cart, and——'

'Not Dick,' interrupted Stephen. Sidney nodded. 'I meant to have told you about Dick, Mr. Sidney, but I was afraid to say anything for fear of getting him into a scrape. He didn't want to go, but he couldn't help it.'

'It is very good of you to take his part after what he said about you,' said Sidney, when he had heard Stephen's story. 'I'll take care he has a chance of doing better when he comes back, and he is better away just now.'

'He didn't take the money, did he, sir?' asked Stephen, hesitatingly.

'No, it was that scamp his father. When Davis got hold of him he found the coin in his pocket, and, as that proved that he knew something about the business, the father thought he might as well own it to save Dick from being accused of it. Dick declares that he did not know who did it, and it was seeing that the desk had been broken open that put it into his head to revenge himself on you by getting you into trouble about it.'

'I am sorry for Dick,' said Stephen, 'but I am glad Mr. Richardson knows that I didn't do it. I must work hard when I get well, and show him that I really want to do my best. It was very kind of him to let me go that night.'

'It was very lucky for me that he did,' said Sidney, taking Stephen's hand and pressing it warmly. 'I have been positively forbidden to thank you before, Stephen, but you must know what I think about it. I owe my life to you, and I can never thank you enough; but I hope some day you will see that we appreciate your brave deed. My father says I am not to tell you now. As soon as you are well enough we are going to the sea. Dr. Murray says a long rest and change will quite set you up again.'

In vain Stephen protested that he did not want any thanks. Mr. and Mrs. Yorke hardly knew how to do enough for him, and overwhelmed him with their kindness. He said they were much kinder than he deserved, and when Walter Hepburn—who maintained that he owed all his plate to him—after suggesting, so Sidney declared, everything short of an elephant, was finally persuaded to reduce his ambitious gift to a gold watch and chain, Stephen could only be prevailed on to accept it by Walter's threats of giving it to Abel Green, who he was certain would value it quite as much as a 'jolly button.'

It was not till the last day of his happy stay at the seaside, when he had quite recovered, and was stronger than he had been since his first illness, that Stephen heard how Sidney's father meant to show his gratitude. Mr. Yorke had watched him closely, and soon discovered that he was worth helping, and what was really the work he would like to do. He was standing on the beach, watching the gambols of Walter's big dog, when Mr. Yorke and Sidney joined him.

'Well, Elliot,' Mr. Yorke said, 'are you ready to go back to work to-morrow?'

'Yes, sir,' said Stephen, taking off his cap. 'It's time I got to work again. I've been idle long enough, and I want to——'

'To do your best to get on,' said Mr. Yorke, smiling. 'What should you say, then, to doing your best in an office again?'

Stephen looked up hastily. 'I can't, sir,' he said; 'no one will trust me now.'

'Oh, yes, they will!' exclaimed Sidney, quickly. 'You are to go into my uncle's office. It is all settled, and he will see that you get on. I know you will, too, like a house on fire!'

'Of course you will have to begin at the bottom of the ladder,' said Mr. Yorke; 'but I shall make it my business to see that you are taught everything thoroughly, and you would be able to get on better there than with me. I think that is what you would like, isn't it?'

Like! Stephen could hardly believe his ears. All this time he had been secretly dreading the return to the work which he had found very hard, though he was determined not to give in.

'Do you mean it, sir?' he said, looking from Mr. Yorke to Sidney. 'I don't know how to thank you enough. You have been a good friend to me ever since the first day I saw you.'

'I think you have been a better friend to me,' returned Sidney.

'Yes,' interposed Walter Hepburn, coming up at that minute. 'I must say, Sid, it isn't every one who has a friend willing to make a target of himself for stray shots at a minute's notice!'

'Any one would have done that, sir,' said Stephen, colouring. 'Mr. Sidney gave me a chance of getting on when no one else would have trusted me, and I was very glad to be able to do a little in return.'

Mr. Yorke smiled. 'I should call it a good deal,' he said. 'I hope Sidney may always have a friend to stand by him as well as you did. I am very glad to be able to put you in a position for which I think you are well suited, and this time I am sure you will not fail.'

Stephen could only repeat his thanks and make many inward resolutions that Mr. Sidney should not be disappointed in him by any fault on his part.

Mrs. Davis is more convinced than ever that John is always right, and a wonderful man for putting people straight; and Stephen Elliot gratefully owns that, if it had not been for his kindness and good advice, none of his good luck would have befallen him.

Poor Abel Green got his buttons, and so many cakes were showered on him that he was convinced her Majesty had more birthdays than ordinary mortals, and is more devoted to her than ever in consequence.

Sidney is able to point triumphantly to Stephen's successful career as a proof that some of his 'pets' do turn out well, and this consoles him for many failures; but when Stephen Elliot expresses his grateful thanks for all his help and kindness, he refuses to listen, declaring that the little he did was not worth mentioning, and that kind words cost nothing. It may be so; but his father and mother,

as they look back thankfully to that eventful night, feel that if Sidney had not always been ready to do *little* deeds of kindness he would not have thought of holding out a helping hand to a chance lad whom he happened to find in trouble, and that he owes his life to the kindness and sympathy which won for him the greatest of all gifts, the love of a grateful heart, and 'Love is a present for a mighty king.'

E. A. Bennett.



Whitechapel.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Whitechapel.

HOW did Whitechapel—by no means a pretty place—get its pretty name?

From its church, which was at first only a chapel-of-ease to Stepney. But wherefore this was called the *White* Chapel we do not know. Neither can we tell why it has another curious name, St. Mary *Matfelon*. St. Mary's Whitechapel, must be of great antiquity, since there is record of Hugh de Fulbourne being rector there in A.D. 1329.

Whitechapel in olden days was quite a pleasant, rural place, where gentlemen of the court had country houses. Petticoat Lane (or Middlesex Street), then called Hog Lane, is described as having 'on both sides fair hedgerows of elm-trees, with bridges and easy stiles to pass over into the pleasant fields, very commodious for citizens therein to walk about, and otherwise to recreate and refresh their dull spirits in the sweet and wholesome air.'

As early, however, as the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, Whitechapel seems to have been famous for its butchers. 'Ancient,' says Ralph, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 'let your colours fly, but have a great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel.'

The Whitechapel of the present day, in which Butchers' Row is situated, is one of the poorest districts of London. It has been said that 'taking the broad road from Aldgate Church to Old Whitechapel Church, you may pass on either side about twenty narrow avenues leading to thousands of closely-packed nests, full to overflowing with dirt, misery, and rags.' The inhabitants of these courts are chiefly dock labourers, costermongers, stall-keepers, professional beggars, rag dealers, and lodging-house thieves. There are also colonies of German, Russian, and Polish Jews.



HOW IT RAINS!

OH, mother, how it rains!
Just listen! Why, it falls like hail upon our window-panes.
Oh, how I pity all the poor, who are compelled to roam
Without the shelter of a roof, without a happy home!

Mother, I'll light the lamp
And poke the fire; I know you feel the chilliness and damp.
And shall I make the tea, mother? It is hardly time I know,
But still it cheers us up a bit in cold and rain and snow.

The rain is falling still,
And listen how the little brook is tumbling down the hill.
And what was that? I'm sure I heard a low knock at the door;
Ah, yes! a man and child are there, our pity to implore.

Come in, come in, poor child!
We could not leave a dog to die out in a storm so wild.
Come in, and sit down by the fire and bring your father in,
We're not so poor but we can give you food and shelter, too!

You have some goods to sell?
See, mother, combs and brushes too, and other things as well.
I'll buy some little thing to give to grannie, for I know
She likes to get a gift from me, because she loves me so.

To-morrow, when the rain
Has passed away, and the sweet sun is shining out again,
We'll let you go, dear little girl, you, and your father, too—
For God has been so good to us, we would be good to you. B.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

ALMANACS.

MANY people have, no doubt, never heard of an almanac show, but such a thing is quite common in parts of the north of England. A publican offers certain prizes for the best almanacs. Working men pay a small entrance fee, and send in the pictorial advertisements which their wives have had given them by the 'butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker,' as the nursery rhyme runs, though in these days, in that part of the country, the 'candlestick-maker' is the grocer. On the day of showing there are sometimes more than a hundred almanacs hung up in a room.

These almanacs are given away in December as a sort of 'Christmas-box,' and this is so not only in many parts of England, but in America, Canada, and Australia as well. They do not seem much of a present when they are compared with the pound of tea, or the cake, or the box of biscuits, or something of the kind which used always to be given by the grocer. But it must not be forgotten that the cheapest almanac costs at least sixpence, and that some are one shilling each, or more; so that when two or three hundred are given away, the expense is heavy. Some grocers spend 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year on almanacs.

The makers of these pictures of the people are always a long way ahead. When the year 1894 comes, they will be making almanacs for 1896. The first thing done is the choosing of subjects. Sometimes makers buy oil-paintings; sometimes their own artists draw pictures. They each get in this way about twenty subjects—scenes of home life, portraits of great men, sketches of cathedrals and country mansions, and so on.

Then the pictures are copied and printed by the process called chromo-lithography. Lithography is formed from two Greek words—*lithos*, which means a stone, and *grapho*, which means I write. This phrase, therefore, can be freely rendered by 'colour-writing on stone.' A thin slab of lithographic stone—that is, a hard-grained variety of limestone—is obtained, and on this the artist draws the picture, using, not a pencil or brush, but a crayon composed largely of oily substances, which stick to the stone. An acid is then put on the stone, and this eats away just a little from every part except where the drawing is, so that the picture becomes slightly raised above the remainder of the surface. After the stone has been soaked in water, it is ready to print from. If the almanac to be produced is to be black, one stone will print the whole picture; but if it is to contain five, ten, or fifteen colours blended together, then five, ten, or fifteen stones must be prepared, one for every colour. And, of course, there will be a different drawing on each stone; one stone will put in all the red parts, another all the blue, and so on.

When the stones are ready, printing begins. Machines are used for this purpose which have at one end a trough full of ink, and nearly at the other a board on which a pile of paper can be placed. A stone is fixed on what is called the 'bed' of this machine. Rollers covered with ink, which is of an oily, sticky nature, are passed over the stone. Those parts which have been drawn upon, being greasy, cling a little to the roller, and take away some of the ink; the rest of the stone, as it is wet, will not take ink, and it would be just as easy to mix oil with water as to make it while it is in that condition. Then a cylinder, covered with a sort of blanket, and with a sheet of paper on top of that, passes over the stone with great pressure. That sheet of paper carries away a faithful copy of the drawing on the stone.

Briefly, such is the process of chromo-lithography. The actual printing takes some little time to describe, but in practice, when once the machine has been got in working order, it is done very quickly. About 800 or 1000 impressions are taken every hour. By this, do not let it be supposed that so many almanacs are made. No; one colour is put on sheets of paper at that rate. Each of these sheets has to go through the machine, as before said, just as many times as there are colours in the almanac. Every time, too, a different stone is used, and a different sort of ink.

After the picture parts of almanacs are finished, they are hung up on lines to dry, and finally a stick is stuck at the bottom and top of each, though in some cases they are previously varnished, to give them a glossy appearance.

It is surprising how many common wall almanacs, which kind alone we are considering, are printed

every year. When a subject 'takes,' or suits the tastes of tradesmen, hundreds of thousands of the pictures are printed, particularly if the man who produces it has customers in the colonies and in America as well as in England. Sometimes, however, the almanac-maker goes to great expense in getting up a picture, and hardly anybody will as much as look at it. Then, of course, he loses money.

W.

WHERE THE SWALLOWS GO.

IT is in April that the swallows return to England to build in the chimneys, and the house martins to plaster their mud walls under the eaves, while the swifts make their rough nests in church towers or ruined castles, and the sand martins dig long tunnels in sandy cliffs. I saw some of these birds start on their long journey when they flew away in the autumn, and a curious sight it was. About five o'clock one morning in the autumn, when the first suspicion of winter chill was stealing across the sunny days, I was awakened by a sound which puzzled me greatly. It was as if a thousand fairies were dancing on the roof over my head and rustling their gossamer wings, or as though all the dead leaves from the shrubberies near had gathered there, and were fluttering hither and thither above me. But as I listened I heard the familiar squeaks of the swallows which abounded in the neighbourhood. I got up quickly, and went to a little window which looked over the roofs to see what was happening. There I saw an extraordinary sight. From all the country round the swallows had gathered, and were crowded so closely together on the slated roof that the whole expanse seemed shining with the glossy black backs of innumerable birds. While I watched them others were continually arriving and settling down with the rest, and the whole flock seemed quivering with excitement. Here and there a few would flutter restlessly, rise a few feet into the air, uttering their sharp cry in a subdued voice, as though awed by the greatness of the event, and quickly settle again. Gradually the whole trembling, excited flock of birds grew still, and then one leader shot suddenly high up into the air, and the flock rose with a great rush and rustle of countless wings, and followed him. In a few moments they had all flown far away to the southward, and I had seen that wonderful sight — the start of a swallow journey, or migration. Probably before the end of that same day those swift travellers had landed on the coast of Africa, just opposite the rock of Gibraltar, where the migratory or travelling birds cross the sea; for it is in Africa that the English swallows spend the winter—some on the outskirts of the great Sahara Desert, some in the interior, which has given Africa its new name of the Dark Continent, some at towns all down the coast, and some going even so far as the Cape of Good Hope.

All over Africa the swallows spread, and they flit and flash in the hot sun, dashing hither and thither after the insects in that strange country just as they do in England. 'One swallow does not make a summer,' as the proverb says, but when the swallows appear we know that sunny days and flowery meadows are not far off.

F. A. Fulcher.

A STRUGGLE WITH A WOLF.

SIGISMUND DONIOWSKI, a young Pole of about four-and-twenty years, had his earlier life darkened by an overwhelming misfortune which befell him and his parents. His only sister and playmate, a little girl of ten years old, was carried away by a huge wolf and torn to pieces before her brother's eyes. He was at the time too young to render any assistance to the unfortunate child. The young Pole had never forgotten this terrible event. He had grown to manhood with such a hatred of wolves, that all his spare hours were devoted to the chase and the destruction of these ferocious animals, whose depredations during winter time rendered them the terror of the neighbourhood where he had his home.

On one occasion Sigismund nearly lost his life in an encounter with a large solitary grey wolf, which had the boldness to attack him in daylight. In general a single wolf has not the courage to interfere with a full-grown man, unless terribly pressed by hunger, which, however, in winter time they often are. On this occasion Sigismund, who was travelling on business to a neighbouring village, chose a short cut along a lonely forest path. He had seated himself in order to rest and eat his mid-day meal, without the slightest fear of wolves, as it was early winter as yet, when these animals seldom show themselves.

After he had dined, the young man still kept his seat, and taking out his flageolet he began to play a little for his own amusement. After a while he did what was the most foolish thing he could do in the circumstances, he fell asleep. He was awakened by a sudden shock. He felt the heavy weight of some creature which had fallen on the top of him, at the same time fixing its fangs in the front of his thick winter jacket. Sigismund awoke in a moment, and at once aware of his danger, he attempted to shake off the wolf, and to reach his axe, which had been forced out of his belt by the suddenness of the attack. But he could not reach his axe, as both hands were necessary to keep the fangs of the monster from fastening upon his throat, which a wolf always attacks.

The struggle was a severe one, for Sigismund was lying on his back, and unless he could contrive to get on his feet, his life was not worth ten minutes' purchase. But how to reach his feet, with the weight of the monster pressing him into the snow, while its bloodshot eyes were glaring into his, and its lips drawn back from the cruel fangs which would fain fasten themselves in his throat!

Sigismund, however, had one thing in his favour, he was a very muscular man, while his courage was upheld by the recollection of the dear little playmate who had been carried off by just such a monster so many years before. Suddenly clenching his right hand, he drove his fist with all his force against the nose of the wolf, which compelled it for the moment to start back. But that moment was enough. Before the monster could recover from the surprise, Sigismund was on his feet, and had seized his formidable



A Desperate Struggle.

adversary by the thick hair which clothed the ridge of the spine. Having got a good grip, he exerted all his strength, and lifting the monster high into the air, he dashed it with all his force to the ground. The wolf's spine was injured, to judge by the manner in which it rolled upon the snow, snapping its jaws, but making no attempt to get upon its feet. The man lost no time in securing his trusty axe, with which he dealt the death-blow. None but a man of great muscular strength could have achieved such a feat as this, a full-grown wolf being a very heavy creature to lift unaided from the ground, and we may well believe that Sigismund received with pride and pleasure the congratulations of his friends, when he arrived at home, carrying with him as a trophy of the fight the head of the great grey wolf. D. B.



Sixty Years Ago.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

IN the good old times, as they are popularly called, say sixty or eighty years ago, our grandfathers and grandmothers took life much more quietly than we, their descendants, are able to do. When postage was high letters came very seldom, telegrams to overturn a household were unknown, while travelling, say, from Edinburgh to London, was a matter for grave thought and careful arrangement, men making their wills, and their wives arranging all their household matters as though they never expected to see their homes again.

We pity the folk of long ago when we remember all this, and say to ourselves, with a shudder, how slow their lives must have been; but perhaps they were quite as happy as we are. Certain it is that they had less to worry them, and had time to grow old at their leisure. Of course we could not bear to go back to such times; but yet we must admit that in some respects travelling by stage-coach must have been very pleasant, especially during the delightful season of early summer.

The first coach ever seen in England is said to have been one made for the Earl of Rutland in 1555, the same builder making another of a very showy description for Queen Elizabeth. In those far-off times coaches had very wide and broad wheels, the only kind which suited the wretched roads. It is certain, too, that coaches of this date were open overhead. Gradually, however, they were supplied with canopies, supported by ornamental pillars, and curtains of cloth, silk, or leather, which could easily be drawn aside. It was many years after this before coaches were first suspended by leather straps to ensure ease of motion. After a time coaches were roofed over. Wealthy persons began to keep pleasure carriages for their private use, while stage-coaches for the conveyance of the travelling public were established, as well as waggons for heavy luggage and humbler folk who could not afford the luxury of stage-coach travelling. These stage-coaches had at first to struggle against the opposition of the boatmen on the rivers and the wretched roads of the country, but the demand for them was so great that they gradually came into general use, while the improvement of the high roads quickly followed. D.

EVER SO MUCH TO DO.

WE'VE only a little while to stay,
And ever so much to do;
There's plenty of work for every day,
And plenty for me and you!
And every moment as it flies
The bridge of Time has cross'd;
Oh, may it never be to us
A golden moment lost!

We've only a little while to stay,
And ever so much to do;
There's plenty of work for every day,
And plenty for me and you!

It's surely an easy thing to do
Whatever love may require;
The simplest of tasks that we pursue
To mightier deeds inspire.
The soul that longs with grateful love
To do its Father's will,
Can find some task for every day
The fleeting hours to fill.

We've only a little, &c.

'Tis sinful to idle time away;
These moments to us are given,
To gather the wheat that grows to-day,
And bind it in sheaves for Heaven.
The fields are white: oh! ask your soul,
Why are the labourers few?
Since God appointed man to toil,
There's work for all to do.

We've only a little, &c.

A BAKER NATURALIST.

ROBERT DICK was only a baker by trade, yet he had a greater mind than many a nobleman who has grand estates and thousands of pounds in the bank; and most bravely did he struggle against the difficulties which beset him in his youth.

Born amongst the beautiful scenery of the Ochil hills, at Tullibody, in Scotland, in 1801, he got on famously at school, and hoped some day to go to college. But his mother died, and his father married again. The new mother was very unkind to the boy, and sometimes he would be 'pummelled so that he could scarcely stand.' When this happened, what did he do? He did not cry nor grumble, but he went off to the fields, where he sought for wild flowers, and watched the birds or insects. His cross stepmother did not like him to do this, and she hid his shoes to stop his going, still he went, though his feet were often sore and bleeding. Then she had him apprenticed to a baker. He sent the boy long journeys to carry bread about the villages. Dick rejoiced in this, because he had to go to many places where he could pick curious plants. He wished to know their names, and all about them. He managed to obtain a few old books upon plants. He used to get up at three in the morning and read these books till seven, when his work in the shop began.

Afterwards he had to move from one place to another for some years, till he managed to have a small shop of his own, which he opened at Thurso, by the seaside. Here he began to study what is called conchology, that is, the history of shells. He used to wander along the shore, filling his pockets with shells, and other objects which he could gather up from the ocean. He collected curious stones and fossils, which he dug from the rocks, or found on the ridges of the coast.

Next, he went inland after insects, bringing home butterflies, moths, beetles, and bees. He soon collected hundreds of different kinds, and he reared many from the caterpillar or grub state to their full size. To get all that he could, he called in the help of the boys who lived near him, promising them a sixpence for any curious sort of insect which they were able to

bring him. Some of them were rude to him, and called him the 'mad baker,' for they wondered why he wanted beetles or moths, and the story went about that he crushed them to put them into his bread. His dress, too, was peculiar, and they stared at that. He wore a swallow-tailed coat, and trousers of jean, unlike the dress of the Thurso folk. His great delight was to have a whole day's outing in the country, but before he had one of these, he was very careful to finish up all his work at home, and leave everything in order. Putting on a pair of hobnailed shoes suitable for his rambles, he would walk sometimes sixty miles between a summer's morning and evening, bringing back a store of specimens.

Once, when he was seeking for wild flowers near a noted salmon river, where men were kept on the watch night and day because people came to steal the fish, one of the keepers followed Dick for about two hours, crawling behind him upon hands and knees, to see what he was after. At last, he thought he saw Dick hiding something in the furze, so he rushed upon him, and said, 'You're a poacher, and now I've caught you!' but he looked quite confused when Dick quietly told him what he was doing, and showed the plants in his handkerchief

When he began to study geology, he tells us how hard he worked at splitting rocks to obtain specimens. Again people said that Dick was crazy, and asked why should a man want to break these stones if he was not obliged to do it for his livelihood. He gives us a funny account of the load which he had to carry on his excursions. His tall hat was stuffed with paper and twine. He had three pounds of iron chisels in his trousers' pockets, and in his hands two hammers, one of them a fourteen pound smiddy hammer. It is not surprising that he got together a choice collection of fossils, though he had to sell them, through having lost money by the shipwreck of a quantity of flour which he had bought. Many people came to see Robert Dick in his cottage at Thurso. Some of them were rich, and they might have helped him, but he would not tell his troubles. Even when he got to be an old man, he continued his rambles after plants, and his large collection of these, carefully dried and arranged, can be seen in the Thurso Museum. He died in 1866, and his last wish was to be carried once more into the old bake-house, where so much of his indoor life had been passed.

J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

AYESHA, THE LOST CHILD.

AYESHA, the young wife of Mustapha, a well-to-do tradesman in Boulac, the river port of Cairo, had experienced since her baby days strange vicissitudes of fortune. She knew little of her father, but she had reason to believe that he had been a Syrian merchant, who, during some disturbance in his native village, had been cruelly slain, while as her mother had long been dead, the house had been at once pillaged by unfaithful servants of everything portable, and the child was utterly neglected. Little Ayesha, who at that time was six years of age, feeling terrified at the commotion, had fled from the deserted house, and wandered off into the adjacent fields, where she hid herself with a beating heart among the shady palm-trees. But night had filled the orphan child with new terrors, while sorrow and want of food together so weakened her, that she lay sobbing on the ground till she was rescued by some kindly peasant women, who gave her food and carried her with them to their native village, hoping that some one might inquire for her and take her to her friends. No one, however, appeared to claim her, and as these women were extremely poor, they could not themselves maintain the little waif. They could not think of deserting her altogether, so they told the story to Fatima, the widow of an old Sheik, who was well off, and who had no children of her own.

When Fatima saw the pale face of the little foundling, she was moved to pity, and took the child into her own house. Under the care of this new protector Ayesha soon became quite happy; she wore a dark blue cotton dress, with a veil of white muslin. She was, indeed, a slave, and had to hand coffee and sweetmeats to her mistress and her friends, but she herself was well cared for, called by many tender names, and petted greatly.

Thus the years passed on till Ayesha had grown into a pretty Moslem maiden of fifteen years, when one day her mistress, who seemed to be in high good humour, called the damsel to her and told her that she was going to Boulac on business, and could not return till the following day. 'And thou must remain at home, my child,' she said, 'and not be impatient in thy solitude, for when I return I shall have much to tell and many presents to give thee. Oh, yes! thine eyes, which are already so bright, will be brighter still when they see the silken dress and the necklace of gold which I shall bring from Boulac for my little dove.' And Fatima smiled kindly upon her favourite.

'But a silken dress and a necklace of gold are not suitable for me, lady,' replied the girl. 'That is the dress of a bride.'

'Well, and art thou never to be a bride, my child'? asked Fatima. 'Oh, never fear; only wait till I return from Boulac, and thou shalt know all. Yes, yes, my little dove, only wait and we shall see!'

Then the kind old lady departed on her errand, which was none other than to arrange for the wedding of Ayesha to Mustapha, to whom we have already alluded, and who had been for some time in treaty with Fatima to give him her slave girl as his bride. It was from his shop in the bazaar at Boulac that the silken dress and the necklace of gold were to be procured, these things, indeed, being part of the purchase money which he was to pay for his bride. This manner of arranging a marriage seems very strange to us; but it is the way of the country, and any other arrangement would seem strange to them.

To Ayesha, though she never saw Mustapha till her wedding day, the present of the silken dress and the necklace of gold at once reconciled her to the change of home and protection, and she very cheerfully accepted her fate, especially after the kind old



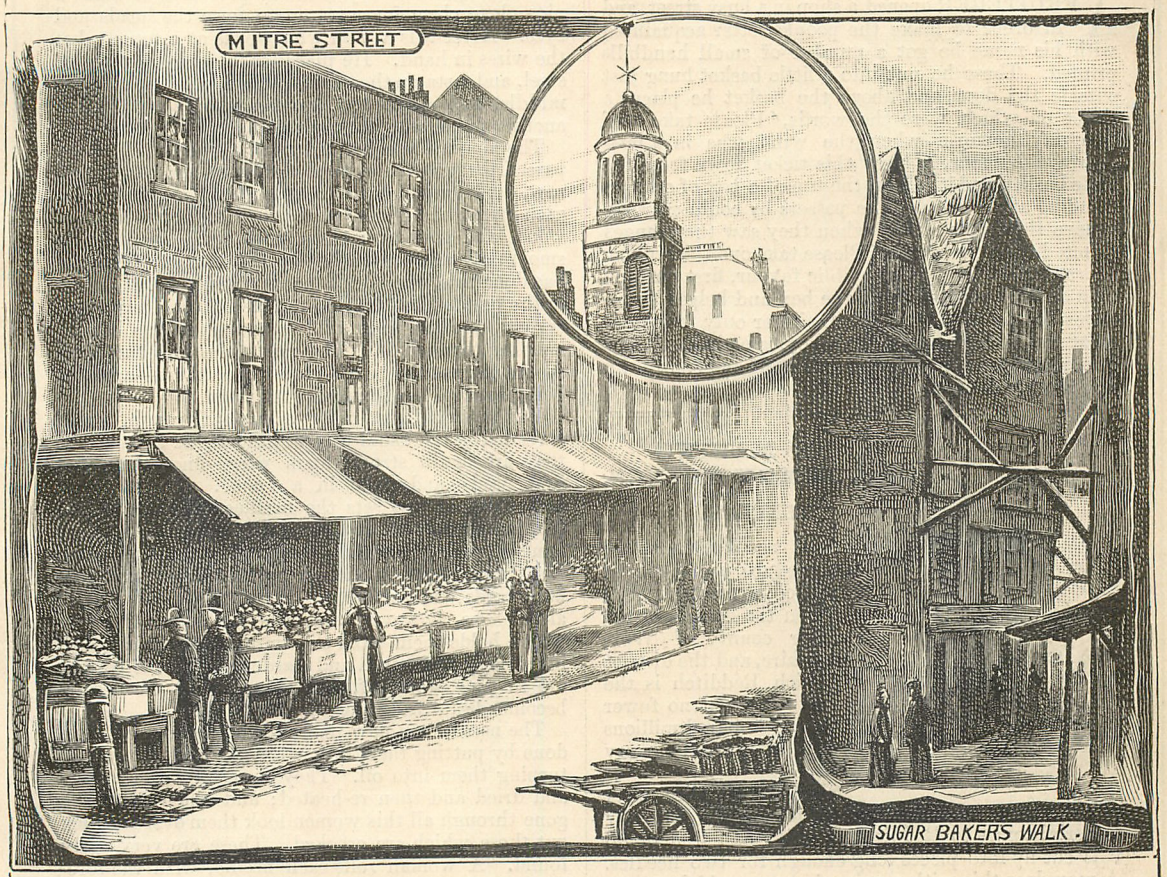
"Hide me, Mustapha! hide me till they have gone away!"

Fatima had promised to pay her an early visit in her new home.

Not long after the wedding had taken place, Mustapha returned one day from the bazaar in a state of excitement. He had heard that some persons had visited the neighbourhood to inquire about a child who had disappeared from her home about ten years before. 'Could it have been you?' he asked of Ayesha; 'these people are foreigners, and apparently rich, they have servants and horses; if they lay claim to you they may take you across the sea to some strange country where you will never see me or Fatima any more. Would you like that, Ayesha?'

'Oh, no, no!' replied the young wife, clasping her hands. 'I could not go from Egypt. I could not leave you for strangers whom I do not know, and who might make me eat the flesh of pigs! Hide me, Mustapha! hide me till they have gone away!'

Then the silk merchant conveyed his wife to an



The Orange Market.

underground cellar attached to his shop, where he made every arrangement not only for her security but for her comfort. And though perfectly convinced that Ayesha was none other than the lost child, he kept this belief strictly to himself, not even telling the kind Fatima the state of affairs.

And this silence on his part was the easier to maintain, when we remember that in eastern countries it is considered quite rude to ask a man the simplest question about his wife, or his household arrangements.

And was Ayesha really the lost child? Who can say? After a time the strangers departed from Boulac. Ayesha came out of her place of refuge, and was once more welcomed in her husband's home, where her life was passed in greater comfort than often falls to the lot of Egyptian women, for Mustapha was gentle in disposition and loved his wife as sincerely as any man could do. B.

EXTOL not riches, then—the toil of fools;
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare;
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge more apt,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
MILTON.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

MITRE STREET, LONDON.

THE pictures of Mitre Street and Sugar-bakers' Walk are of interest from the fact that this quarter is known as the Orange Market. It is here that most of the oranges imported to this country have for many years been sold. In the right season the pleasant odour from the opened cases fills the air, while there is strewn about the flimsy tissue paper in which the fruit is wrapped when it is packed at St. Michael's and elsewhere.

The very aspect of Sugar-bakers' Walk tells of its antiquity, and it would be difficult to find any buildings more typical of what London must have been in the times of the Great Fire and the Great Plague. In spite of a somewhat modern and ordinary appearance, Mitre Street, which is soon to be pulled down, is not without historical record, being, in reality, much older than would be supposed. St. Catherine Cree Church, standing partly in Leadenhall Street, overlooks Mitre Street and Sugar-bakers' Walk. This church is said to be the building where Archbishop Laud performed some of those 'dangerous ceremonials' which helped to bring him to the scaffold. W. H. P.

TAKE ONE.

A FRUITERER opened a shop in a busy street, and in order to make the people better acquainted with his name he got a number of small handbills printed. These he put into a little basket hung just outside the door, and above the basket he placed a ticket on which were the words, 'Please take one.' One day, however, when the wind was in a mischievous humour, it blew this ticket down from the little basket, and it fell on the top of a box of oranges standing at the door. The passers by could scarcely believe their eyes at first when they saw the oranges ticketed with the words, 'Please take one.' Thinking it was a plan for gaining public favour, first one and then another stepped up to the box and helped themselves to the oranges. The fruiterer only found out what was wrong when a little boy came in and asked if he might take two—one for himself and one for his sick brother at home.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

NEEDLES.

THE best needles the world can produce are made at Redditch, a pleasant little town on the borders of the smiling county of Worcestershire, and the district of which Redditch is the centre turns out no fewer than one hundred millions of such little articles every week.

Sheffield supplies most of the wire from which needles are made. This raw material comes to Redditch in coils, and first of all it is cut up into pieces long enough for two needles. A man does this with a pair of shears, which at one stroke will cut through 250 wires. These pieces have then to be straightened, which is done when they are heated a dull red.

The next process is the pointing of the wires, for which very beautiful machinery has been invented. A man feeds the wires into the machine, and they fall down a sort of shoot on to an iron wheel covered with vulcanised indiarubber. This wheel carries the wires along, causes them to go round and round, and brings them against a grindstone, which gradually sharpens the points. When they have been carried through the machine, the wires drop into a trough. Afterwards they are put through the machine again, for each piece has to make two needles and so has to be sharpened at both ends. This, the third process in needle making, is very interesting to watch. The wheels of the machines send out showers of sparks (these are really fine particles of steel), which a strong draught, produced by means of a fan worked by steam, draws down a tin tube. Each of the machines, we are told, can point forty thousand needles an hour.

Another machine, very similar to that which does the pointing, brightens the middle of the wires. These are, up to this stage, black, owing to having been heated. The object of the process is to make a nice clean place for a stamp to form the heads and eyes. After this a man who works at a press takes the wires in hand. He places each one on a piece of steel, and a stamp then comes down on it, right in the middle, and shapes the two heads. Then a girl, at another press, cuts out the two holes at one blow.

The double needles are next threaded on wires, passed through the eyes, so that they can be got in a row, and pushed up close together. A man takes each string of needles, places them flat on a block of wood, and goes over them with a file in order to smooth off rough parts left by the stamp. When he has done this, the double needles easily break in two in the middle, but they do not then all fall 'sixes and sevens,' because each of the two eyes has a wire running through it. The man then files the parts where the needles break—the top of them—and this being over he has finished with them.

But the insides of the eyes are still rough, and if threaded in the usual way would cut the cotton. So they are again strung upon wire—finer than that first used—and fixed in a frame. The slightest movement of this sets the needles dangling to and fro, jumping about, and, generally, behaving in a very amusing way. Imagine, then, what happens when the frame is set in motion by machinery and goes backwards and forwards. Why, the needles seem alive! As, however, the eyes rub along the wire which holds them—and this wire, it should be noted, is specially roughened and hardened—all the corners are in time worn off, and this part of the needles becomes beautifully smooth and bright.

The needles are now ready for hardening, which is done by putting them into a furnace and afterwards turning them into oil. They are afterwards washed and dried and then re-heated; and when they have gone through all this women look them over and pick out those which are crooked. These are very easily found. A woman rolls each needle, with the fore-finger of the right hand, upon a piece of smooth stone which lies on her bench before her. If the needle rolls easily and evenly, it is straight; if not, it is crooked, and is quickly thrown aside. But the faulty needles are not wasted; they are straightened by being put on a little anvil and receiving a few taps from a tiny hammer.

The needles now seem to be all right (though in reality they are not), except as regards appearance, for, of course, the heating of them has taken away their brightness. Next, however, they are taken to the scouring mill, where they are polished. About fifty thousand needles are put in a long roll of cloth or canvas, with powdered quartz and soft soap. The whole is then bound up and fastened at the ends. Two of these rolls are mangled, as one may say, by a heavy machine. After a time the wrappers are changed and more scouring material is added. The needles are treated thus for eight days, when they are found to be bright and of improved shape.

Washing and drying follow this process, and then women put the needles in order, though when they have finished with them some heads are one way and some the other. Next other women pick out those which are slightly larger than the rest. The greatest

care is taken in cutting the wire; but in course of pointing and scouring some of the needles lose minute portions. It therefore happens that in two or three hundred needles there may be twelve or fourteen sizes, though the difference is so slight that an untrained eye cannot detect any even between the largest and the shortest of the batch. The women, however, can pick out the various sizes, and this is how they do it. First of all the worker taps the ends of a heap of needles lightly with a knife to get them level. Then she just touches them on both sides with the palms of her hands. The largest stick in the skin, and the woman accordingly works them to the top of the heap and lifts them away. She then picks out the next largest in the same way, and so goes on.

The needles thus sorted are passed on to girls, whose duty it is to get the points all one way. An iron paper knife is put at one end of a heap of needles, and the worker touches the other end with the forefinger of her right hand, which is covered with cloth or washleather. Of course, all points which are touched by the finger stick into the covering and can easily be lifted out. The heads, which will not stick in the material, are left behind. In this way, then, all the points are made to lie in one direction.

The next operation is the picking out of the needles which are crooked, or damaged at head or point, or which contain black specks. Those which pass the quick eye of the girls are then 'blued,' or softened at the head so that the eye will not break. The needles are put into machines, and these pass them over the flame of a gas jet, and drop them evenly in a trough.

After this they are handed over to men to be finished. These operators make the points additionally sharp, touch up the heads, and put a gloss on from end to end. Lastly, the needles are rubbed with buff leather, to remove any moisture, and taken to the packing-room.

When the visitor reaches this part of a needle factory he thinks he has seen quite enough care and ingenuity to satisfy him for the day, and so he goes no further. Such a place, properly considered, is surely one of the marvels of industrial England.

W.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

20.—Transposition.

1. N n g r i w b o, A poet of the nineteenth century.
2. N i, o d s e, A scientist.
3. A e n t d s l o g, A statesman.
4. E l s a t y n, A traveller.
5. I i g v r n, An actor.

21.—Arithmetical Questions.

1. How would you divide a guinea among 5 boys and 6 girls, so that each girl may have half as much as each boy?
2. Find the largest number that will exactly divide both 2461 and 27178.
3. A house and its furniture are worth together 2980*l*. The house is worth 7 times the furniture. What is the value of each?
4. How many half-crowns will amount to the same sum as 125 florins?

22.—Riddle.

What is that which, if a man has, he wishes to gain, but if he gains it he has it no longer?

[*Answers at page* 411.]

Answers.

18.—1. Killarney.
2. Ontario.
3. Derwentwater.
4. Ulleswater.
5. Maggiore.
6. Nyassa.

19.—Price.

HAPPY IN EXILE.

Polar Bears.

TO watch the playful gambols of the Polar bears in the Zoological Gardens is a source of much amusement to visitors. The larger animal is heavy and uncouth, while his smaller companion likes to get some fun out of him, especially while in their bath. There they roll and tumble about together, often splashing so vigorously that the unwary onlooker sometimes has an unexpected shower-bath, to the great amusement of those who have contrived to escape in time.

The history of these two bears is very interesting. The larger animal has been in the Gardens for many years, living all the time in what he must have felt to be a dreary solitude indeed. At length a pretty little bear was procured as a companion for him, but, as a matter of precaution, she was at first placed in a huge box outside the bars, so that they might become well acquainted with each other before being placed in the same cage.

It was soon seen that they were both disposed to be friendly, and they have long shared each other's exile, doubtless to the great contentment of both. But while watching the playful antics of these bears, one must not think that they are harmless creatures, and cannot injure human beings. The Polar bear, in his native haunts among the icebergs of the Arctic regions, is a very fierce creature indeed. It feeds on seals, or fish, and, when raging with hunger, it will even attack the mighty walrus, though it seldom does so unless it can count upon the assistance of a comrade. The walrus is a powerful animal, and not to be interfered with, even by a Polar bear, without due precaution. The Esquimaux, who inhabit those dreary regions, rejoice greatly when they capture a Polar bear, as its flesh, its fur, its bones and sinews, and, indeed, every part of its body, is turned to good account by those hardy and ingenious people.

It sometimes happens that these bears are drifted from Greenland to Iceland on detached fields of ice, and when there, they find the flocks and herds of the poor Icelanders so delicious, and so easy to capture, that the inhabitants are forced to rise in a body and destroy the unwelcome visitor. The female bear brings forth her young in winter, at which time she is extremely fat. She prepares for them by digging a hole in the snow, and allowing the dug-out snow to fall on her back.

She is soon entirely covered up, and immediately

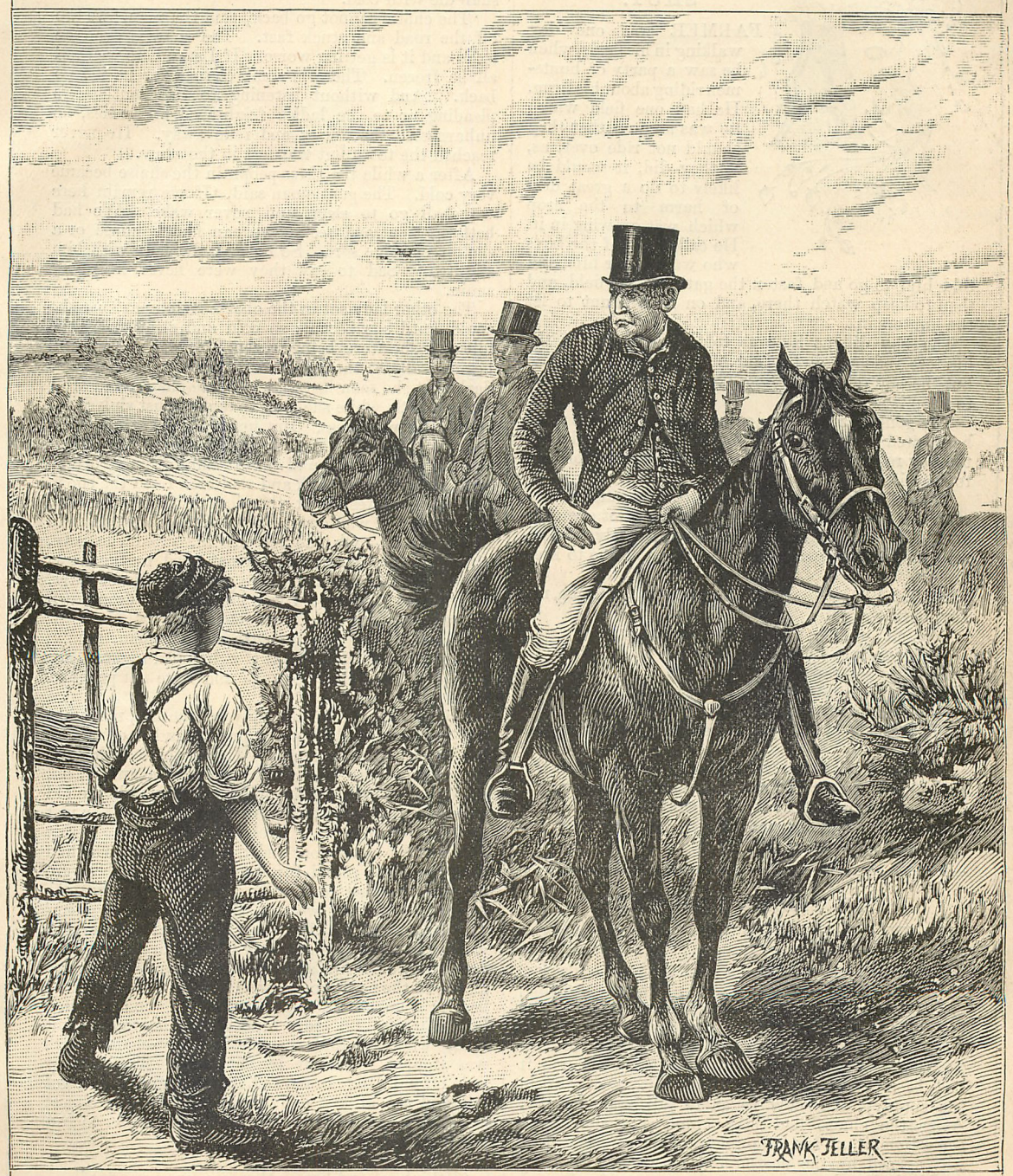


Bears at play in the Zoological Gardens.

settles down, having carefully left an air-hole for the sake of ventilation. Here the little ones (scarcely larger than kittens) are born, and here they are kept warm and nourished by their mother till the return of spring, when she breaks her way out of her den, extremely lean, and so fierce with hunger that even the Esquimaux are afraid to attack her.

Of course our readers will understand that, during her voluntary imprisonment, she derives nourishment herself from the stores of fat which she has grown before digging her hole. As these bears are always walking on slippery ice, the soles of their feet are thickly covered with long hair, which gives them a firm footing.

M.



"No, sir! Master told me to keep it shut."

'KEEP THE GATE SHUT.'

A FARMER was one day walking in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field which he was anxious that they should not ride over, as, if they did, it would be likely to do a great deal of harm to the crop which was growing in it. He called one of the boys who worked for him, and told him to go and fasten the gate of that field, and then to keep watch there, and on no account to let the hunters in.

The boy did as he was told. Soon one of the hunters rode up and asked him to open the gate, but the boy refused, saying, 'No, sir; master told me to keep it shut.'

The gentleman tried to persuade him to open it, as he wanted very much to go through the field; but the boy returned the same answer, 'Master told me to keep it shut.'

Then some more of the hunters came and joined with the first, telling the boy that he *must* open the gate. Still, however, he firmly but politely refused, returning the same answer, 'Master told me to keep it shut.'

At last a noble-looking rider came up. 'Come, my boy, open the gate.'

'No, sir; master told me to keep it shut.'

'Oh, nonsense! you must open it.'

Still the boy refused.

One of the huntsmen said, 'Do you know who you are speaking to? it is the Duke of Wellington.'

'I cannot help it, sir; master told me to keep the gate shut.'

It is said that the Duke was so pleased with the boy's firmness that he gave him a half-sovereign, and the boy ran off shouting, 'Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Bonaparte could not do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington.'

THE THREE RED CAPS.

MANY years ago, when there were no railways, a lady wished to go from a neighbouring village to Salisbury. It was winter, and the road lay across Salisbury Plain. There was only one way of travelling, and that was by what was called a post-chaise. The lady met another lady and a gentleman who had to make the same journey, and they agreed to ride together. It was growing dark as they left, and it had been snowing. When they were well out in the country, the snow began to fall again heavily. After the chaise had been going very slowly for some time, it at last stopped altogether. The door was opened by the postboy, who said gruffly, 'We are blocked up by the snow and can go no further. I am going to take the horses out and ride back for help. You wait here till we come back.'

'But,' said the gentleman, 'you must try and take the chaise back with you. If we are left here we shall die with cold.'

'The chaise cannot go back,' said the man, 'we are off the road and stuck fast. The snow is over the axles and it is getting worse. If I stay here we shall all be frozen. There is some chance for us if I go back.' And without listening to the gentleman's pleading or to the ladies' frightened entreaties, he unharnessed the horses and rode away. He never reached the town but was lost in the snow.

After a while the three people in the chaise became very cold. The gentleman said, 'If we remain here we shall go to sleep and never wake. We had better get out and see if we can find a house or a shelter of some sort. So he and the lady with him alighted. Sad to say they were never heard of again.

The other lady sat in the chaise as long as ever she could, until she became so cold and sleepy that she felt as if she were being frozen. So she got out and began walking through the deep snow. It was so dark that she soon lost sight of the chaise, and after going a little while she felt that she must sink down from utter weariness. But just then she saw a small light not far off. She struggled along, and when she reached it she found that it came from a cottage built under a high bank and sheltered from the snow. She knocked feebly at the door with her numbed fingers and it was opened by a little old woman in a red cloak. 'Oh! do let me in,' cried the lady, piteously, 'our chaise has been stopped by the snow. They have all gone, and I have got out to find shelter. I am so cold and tired, I was just going to drop down when I saw your light. Do let me in!'

'Come in, my dear,' said the old woman, kindly, 'come in to the warmth. It is a dreadful night. I am so glad you found my cottage and have not perished in the snow.'

Saying this, she led the lady to the fire, made her take off her wet clothes and put her in her own little bed in the little bedroom. Lying there under the thick clothes the lady, now comfortable and warm, could see through the open door and watch the old woman sitting over the fire, in front of which her wet clothes were drying. Presently there came a soft knock at the outer door and the old woman, who had held her head round for some time as if she were listening, hurried to open it. It was evidently some friend, for the old woman said, 'Come in, my dear.' The lady could see that the visitor was another old woman in a red cloak exactly like the first. They sat down before the fire, and the new-comer happening to glance in the next room saw that some one was in the bed. 'Who have you got in there?' she asked in a loud whisper. 'A lady,' replied the other in the same tone, 'who says that she was in a post-chaise which was stopped near here by the snow. The postboy rode off with the horses, and the other passengers got out, and she at last did the same. She was almost dead when she reached here. I have put her to bed and she has gone to sleep.'

'Has she any money?'

'I think so, and her clothes, see, are very fine.'

'Let's kill her, no one will know.'

The lady in the bed, who had felt very frightened

all the time in the strange, lonely place, now rushed into the room and seized the poker. 'You two old wretches,' she cried, 'you won't find it so easy to kill me.' Placing the poker near her she rapidly dressed herself in her now dry clothes and sat down by the fire. The two old women looked nearly as scared as she was and said nothing. A very uncomfortable party they were.

On a little clothes-horse where her garments had been the lady now noticed three funny-looking red flannel caps. After a while the first old woman said to the other, 'I think we'll go all the same.' She then took one of the caps, fitted it on her head, and leaning over the fire said, 'Here's up.' To the lady's great astonishment she at once vanished up the chimney. The second old woman took another cap, put it on, placed her head just as the first had done, and said, 'Here's after.' She disappeared too, and the bewildered lady, half frightened out of her senses, was left in the little room alone. After some time, having nothing to do and almost wishing she had never come there, she said to herself, 'I wonder what will happen if I do the same as they did.' So she put the remaining cap on her head, went to the chimney and said, 'Here's after.' She felt herself going up the chimney, and the next instant was out in the open air flying along at a tremendous speed. It had left off snowing, the stars were all shining, and far down below her she could see Salisbury Plain all covered with snow. By-and-by she saw a large town under her, and she felt that she was coming down. A large chimney came in sight, and unable to stop herself, down it she went until she found herself in a room.

When her eyes became used to the light she saw that she was in a kitchen evidently belonging to a grand house. There, sitting at a table eating and drinking, were the two old women in the red cloaks and the red caps. They looked very dismayed when they saw the lady, but they said nothing. As the latter was very hungry she sat down and ate some of the good things. On the floor were a number of small parcels, and after a while one of the old women, taking up as many as she could carry, went to the chimney, said, 'Here's up,' and disappeared just as she had done at the cottage. The second, taking up the remainder, snatched the cap off the lady's head, ran to the chimney, and having said, 'Here's after,' disappeared too. The lady then tried to do what the old women had done, but it was no use. Her cap was gone, and she did not move at all. Again she was left alone, and again she felt miserable and frightened. By-and-by she heard footsteps on the stairs, the door was unfastened and in came the servants. When they saw the candles burning, the things on the table, and the lady standing there they gave a general shout of surprise and terror. The men rushed forward and seized her. Every one began to speak at the top of their voices: 'Ah, here's the thief! Here's the thief who has been stealing all over the neighbourhood! Here's the thief that no one could catch! Here she is; you stayed too long this time! Go and wake the master! He is a magistrate himself and will soon see to you!'

So saying, or rather shouting, they hurried the lady upstairs, and very soon in came the master in a dressing-gown and slippers. The lady tried to tell all about the cottage, the old woman, and the red caps, but she was only laughed at by the servants and sternly rebuked by the magistrate. 'You had better tell that to the judge,' he said to the lady. 'The assizes are being held, and you will be tried in two or three days. In the meantime I commit you to prison.'

The laws were much more severe in those days than they are now, and as the lady could only tell the same tale, they took no notice of her entreaties to send for her friends, but they sentenced her to be hanged in a week. The day arrived, the scaffold was put up in the market place, and every one came to see the execution. Just as the hangman placed the rope round her neck, a little old woman in a red cloak and a red cap was seen forcing her way through the crowd, and calling out, 'Oh, do wait a few moments! Let me say good-bye to my dear daughter, and let her die in one of her poor old mother's caps.'

'Let her come up,' said the sheriff, 'it is only a small favour and will not take much time.' So up she came, and as she kissed the lady and placed the cap on her head she whispered, 'When I say "Here's up," you say, "Here's after."' Then the old woman, said 'Here's up,' and away she flew over the astonished crowd. The lady said, 'Here's after,' and up she went too. The rope tightened, and with a great crash over went the scaffold. Away went the lady after the old woman, with the rope round her neck and lots of pieces of wood hanging to it. Away they went over Salisbury Plain until they both came down outside the cottage door.

'Have a cup of tea, my dear,' she heard the old woman say; 'dear, dear, how you have been turning and tossing and talking in your sleep.'

The lady turned and opened her eyes. She was in bed and it had all been a dream. There had been no second old woman at all, and the three red caps were on the clothes-horse where she had seen them when she first came in. After a while she told the old woman her dream, and they both laughed heartily. She stayed at the cottage until the snow was gone, and after paying the old woman well she went back to her friends. B. B.

TOO CONFIDING.

AN infirm old gentleman was found by a rogue moaning sadly for something lost. 'What is the matter, sir?' said the fellow.

'Oh, sir, a villain has just stolen my new white hat from my head, and run away with it!'

'Why don't you run after him?' asked the rogue.

'I can't run at all; I can hardly walk.'

'You can't,' said the rogue; 'and he stole your hat?'

'Yes, he did, sir.'

'And you can't run?'

'Not I.'

'Nor catch him?'

'No.'

'Then here goes for your wig!' and accordingly, pulling off the thatch from his head, the fellow went off like a shot from a rifle, and the old gentleman was left as bald as a coot.

31 *Lean not on a reed.*

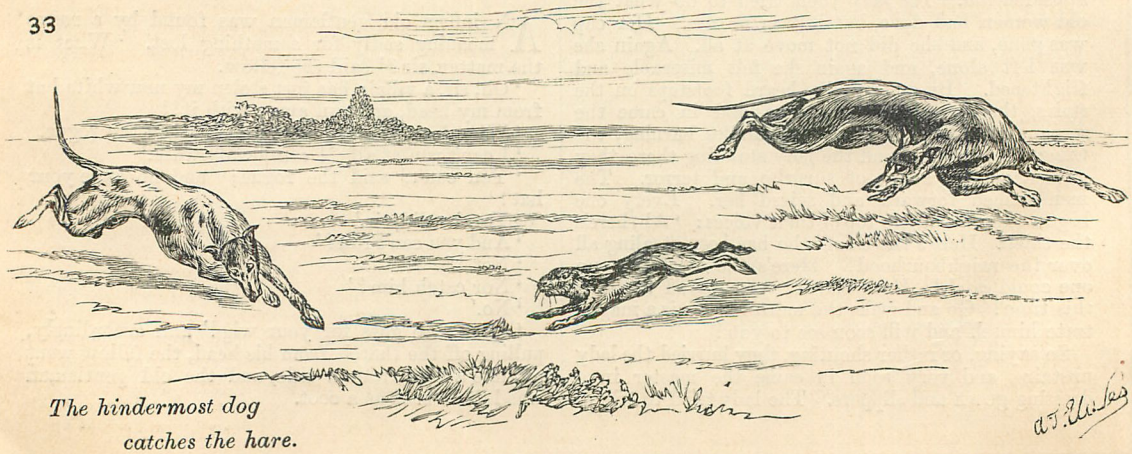


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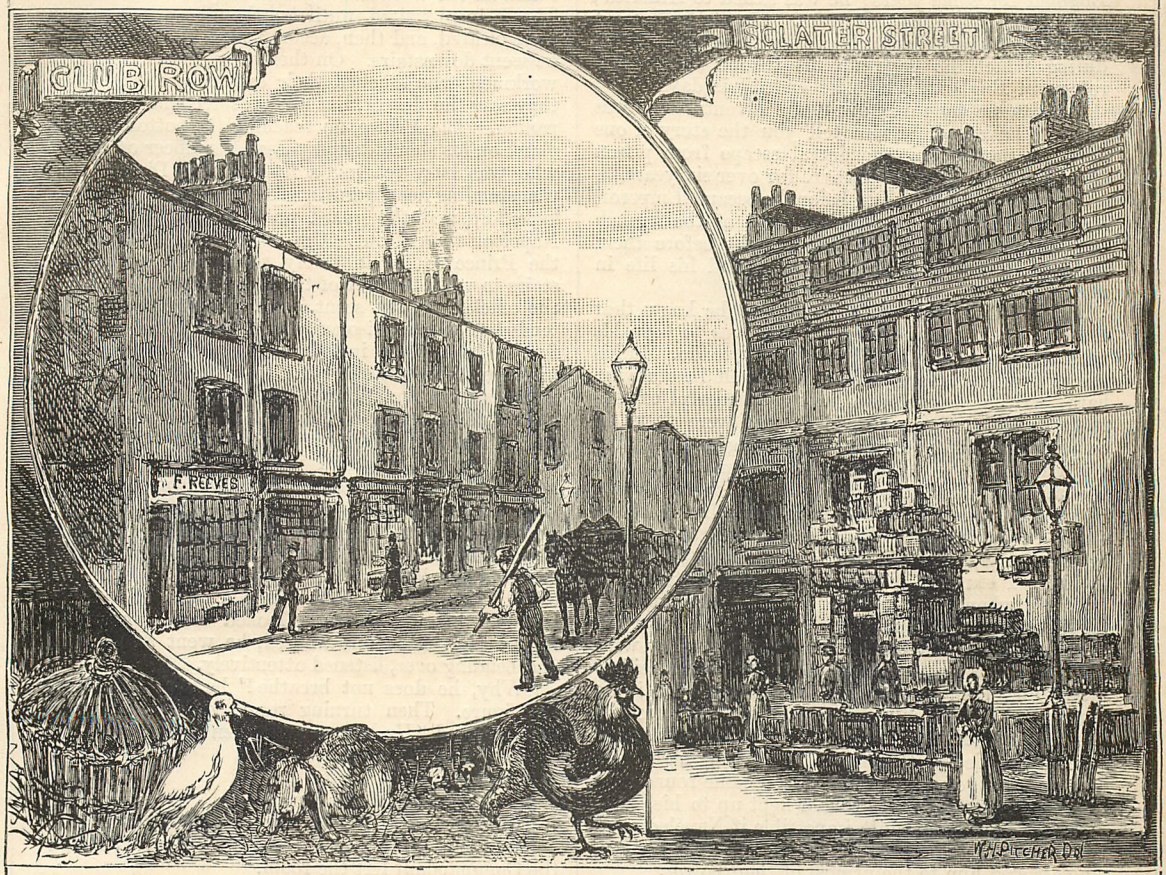


Your dirty shoes are not welcome in my parlour.

33



The hindermost dog
catches the hare.



Club Row, Bethnal Green.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Club Row, Bethnal Green.

CLUB ROW for the past century has been a place well known for the sale of all kinds of domestic pets—birds, pigeons, rabbits, dogs, and cats. The thoroughfare was a long one, and pictures exist of the bewigged nobility with their dames in the gorgeous apparel of the time of George I., strolling through what was then one of the quaintest of the London Rows. Some twenty years ago the Great Eastern Railway Company extended and partly rebuilt their goods dépôt, and in doing so they demolished part of Club Row; the opening of New Bethnal Green Road almost demolished the remainder.

Our illustration shows all that remains of the original row, and most of the traffic in live stock is now carried on in the adjacent Sclater Street, a part of which we also illustrate. The name of Club Row has not died out, and residents speak of Sclater Street and other market streets thereabouts as 'The Row,' much as Middlesex Street, once 'Petticoat Lane,' is spoken of as 'The Lane.'

English boys and men, even when cooped up in the streets of London, show their love of animals and like to possess them. Hence there are various streets which are famous for the dealers in these pets. Club Row in the east, the Seven Dials in the west, and East Street, Walworth, in the south of London.

W. H. P.

A CLEVER ESCAPE.

—o—

EVERYBODY has heard the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first Emperor of the French, whose power was so great at one time that all Europe trembled before him. I am going to tell you about another Napoleon, also an Emperor of the French. Though not so great by any means as his uncle, he was a wonderful man in his way, and his history is full of romance and adventure. His father was made King of Holland; but, while still a

mere child, the little Napoleon was sent with his family into exile. He lived in Switzerland and England for some years; he was exiled to America; and he was imprisoned at Ham. Finally he became Emperor of the French till the Franco-German war, during which he gave up his throne and sought refuge in England, where he ended his days.

We can see by this how many adventures he was likely to have had. I will tell you the story of one of them, namely, his wonderful escape from prison after he had been shut up there for over six years.

When a young man, and before he became Emperor, Prince Louis Napoleon offended some of the French very deeply; so when he was brought before them to be tried, they condemned him to end his life in prison.

Prince Louis was very sensible, and he knew that the only way to make life endurable was to keep his mind from fretting by having plenty to do. In his dreary prison at Ham he busied himself in studying hard, writing books, and trying wonderful experiments. In winter, his leisure hours were spent in carpentering, and in summer in digging and planting a little garden which was given to him. Although the latter was inside the fortress, he was never allowed to go out alone to look after it, but always had a sentinel standing near whilst he worked to see that he did not escape. Six long years passed thus, and at times I expect the Prince got very restless and unhappy when he thought of spending the whole of his life in this dismal manner. At last his father fell dangerously ill, and pleaded for a last interview with his son. This request the French king was afraid to grant, and then Louis Napoleon could bear it no longer, and he determined to make an effort to escape from his hateful imprisonment. But the fortress was strictly guarded with sentinels watching night and day, and the governor of the prison came round continually to see that every soldier kept up to his duty. It would have been quite impossible if Napoleon had not been happy in the possession of two good friends, who assisted him to the utmost of their power.

In the spring of 1846 the prison underwent extensive repairs, and there were workmen in and about the fortress, passing to and fro all day, carrying their working implements and materials for building. The Prince thought that the opportunity had come to make his trial, and he matured his plan of action with his two friends, Dr. Conneau, who resided occasionally in the prison, and Thélin, his valet or servant.

It was determined by them that his attempt should not be made at night. In the evening the prisoner generally played whist till ten o'clock, when the governor came round to see that all was right and to lock up. As there were no means of getting possession of the prison keys, escape at night was impossible; it was therefore in the broad daylight, when the gates, though open, were guarded by sentinels, that the trial would have to be made, and the 25th of May was the momentous date fixed.

On that day Louis Napoleon rose about six o'clock in the morning. With Dr. Conneau's assistance he put on a carpenter's blouse and sabots (which had been secretly procured for him by Thélin); he then coloured his face, and as a further means of defying discovery he shaved off his whiskers and moustache. When all was ready the faithful Thélin went out and called all the workmen together to give them a drink. The Prince waited until he thought the passages were cleared, and then, accompanied by Dr. Conneau, he went downstairs. On their way they met several workmen, who touched their caps respectfully when they saw the doctor, but did not recognise his companion. The Prince, on reaching the bottom, took a plank on his shoulder and passed the officer on guard, who was busy reading a letter. The Director also was standing near, perusing a newspaper, but scarcely looked up, and the guard pushing the wicket open, Napoleon walked out. Conneau, when he had seen the Prince so far in safety, returned once more upstairs to work his part of the stratagem and to throw the officials off the scent. For this purpose he pretended that the prisoner was unwell. He caused a fire to be lighted in his bedroom, and he sent a message to the priest, saying that the Prince was too indisposed that morning to breakfast with him. The Commandant came to inquire, but Conneau would not let him in. When the bed was made, the Doctor dressed up a figure and put it on the bed with a handkerchief over the face, which was turned to the wall. At a quarter to nine the Commandant came up again, and said he must see the Prince, in order to send his report. Conneau was therefore obliged to open the door, which he did, but only ajar, and called to the Prince, who did not answer. The Commandant peering through, looked curiously at the figure. His suspicions aroused, he went to the bed, and bending over, listened attentively.

'Why, he does not breathe!' he said, and shook the figure. Then turning round on Dr. Conneau, he exclaimed, 'He has escaped, then?'

'Yes,' was the reply.

'Since when?'

'At seven o'clock this morning.'

'Who was on duty?' demanded the official.

'I do not know,' returned the Doctor; and then the Commandant left the room.

But meanwhile, how was the Prince faring? After the good Doctor left him he pursued his way. As he neared the first sentinel he accidentally dropped his pipe; but fearing to create suspicion, he stooped leisurely and picked up the fragments. Presently figures approached from the distance, and two workmen crossed his path. They seemed surprised that he did not speak, and looked at him keenly. Oh! with what inward dismay he met their gaze! Liberty was almost within his grasp! Surely he would *not* fail when he had thus far succeeded! The suspense for a brief moment must have been agonising; then imagine his relief when one said, 'Oh! it's Berton!' and with that they passed on.

Once out of their sight and beyond the walls he flung away the sabots and plank which impeded his flight and quickened his steps as he walked along the road to St. Quentin, looking out anxiously for the carriage which the faithful Thélin had promised should meet him. When he reached the cemetery of St. Sulpice, while waiting for Thélin, he fell on his knees and thanked God for his deliverance. In a few minutes he was rolling along in the cabriolet which conveyed him beyond the French border, and a few

hours later found him safe and free on English ground.

But you will inquire, What became of good Dr. Conneau? I am sorry to say that he was the principal one to feel the effect of the Prince's flight. On the discovery of the stratagem which he had practised he was conveyed to Paris, tried there, and imprisoned for having aided Napoleon's escape. In after years the Prince, when he rose to power and became Emperor, did not forget his old friend, but amply repaid him for his former devotion. H. G.

A BRAVE WORKMAN.

TWO workmen were employed in fixing a lightning conductor on the top of a church spire. To do this, it was necessary that one of the men should stand on the shoulders of the other. While in this position, a violent gust of wind made him spill some melted lead, which, unfortunately, fell on the hand and arm of his fellow-workman. Notwithstanding the very great pain caused by the boiling lead, the sufferer had the courage to stand perfectly still while the metal burnt its way into his flesh. He knew that the slightest movement would cause his companion to fall from a height of seventy feet into the street below. He therefore endured the pain rather than endanger the life of the workman, who, as quickly as possible, got down and assisted his suffering companion.

THE GREAT MEN OF OLD.

VIII.—Phocion, the Athenian Statesman.

PHOCION was born about the year 402 before the Christian era. Though his parents were in humble life, he studied philosophy under Plato and Xenocrates. He first distinguished himself in a sea-fight off Naxos, where he commanded the left wing of the Athenian fleet under his friend Chabrias, and helped much to gain the victory. Yet it was not until some years afterwards that he was elected general.

He lived in very troubled times. Athens was distracted by the strifes of political parties, and the people, who were easily swayed by the most noisy demagogues, usually disregarded the advice of their best citizens. Philip, King of Macedonia, was enlarging his dominions by arms and diplomacy. He had a party in his favour at Athens, chiefly gained through bribery; Phocion, though he foresaw the ultimate success of the Macedonians, yet refused to take any of his gifts. Demosthenes, the orator, a great and good man, was opposed to Phocion's policy, and when Philip was murdered, he proposed that there should be public rejoicings at their deliverance from an enemy; but Phocion, who always counselled moderation, opposed the motion, as such an exhibition would betoken a mean spirit, and he succeeded in restraining the unseemly joy of the people.

Alexander the Great looked on him as a friend. He sent him rich presents, and treated him with great honour out of respect for his high character. He offered him the choice of four Asiatic cities; but Phocion would accept neither presents nor city, entreating the king to leave him as honest as he found him. He only asked for the release of some Greek prisoners at Sardis, a request which was at once granted. Moderation and dignity guided all the acts of Phocion's life. He never sought office, and though he was chosen general forty-four times, he was elected on each occasion without either solicitation or bribery.

When the news of Alexander's death reached Athens the people went into transports of joy, and wanted to go to war at once and shake off the Macedonian yoke, a proposal which Phocion opposed, as he thought that they would not succeed. An orator tauntingly asked him when he would advise them to go to war. He replied, 'When I see the young willing to keep their ranks, the rich willing to contribute their wealth, and the orators to abstain from pilfering the public money.' He rebuked the overweening confidence of the newly-elected general by saying, 'Young man, your words are like cypress-trees; stately and tall they are, but they bear no fruit.' However, the Athenians did go to war, and gained the first victory over the Macedonians; but the result showed the foresight of Phocion, for though they succeeded at first, they were soon overcome by superior numbers and obliged to sue for peace. Phocion was sent with others to Antipater, the Macedonian ruler, to obtain the best terms he could from the conquerors. By his influence he managed to soften the treatment of the vanquished, but he refused all the gifts of Antipater, as he had before refused those of Alexander the Great; and when an unworthy act was suggested to him, he told the Macedonian that he could not have him for both a friend and a flatterer.

Yet his friendship with some of the chief Macedonians, though he used it in the interest of the Athenian people, was the cause of his destruction. Agnonides, the orator, accused him of treason to the democracy, and he was obliged to fly with his friends to the Macedonians for protection. But Polysperchon, who had succeeded Antipater, thinking to conciliate the Athenians, sent them all back again in waggons as prisoners to Athens.

There, in the midst of a howling mob, Phocion vainly strove to obtain a hearing. He and his companions were condemned to die by drinking the juice of hemlock. He preserved his serenity and dignity to the last. As he was being led through the throng to prison, some base wretch spat on him, but he only said, 'Will no one check this fellow's indecency?' And when he was asked if he had any message for his son, he replied, 'Only this, that he bears no grudge against the Athenians on my account.'

When they came to the prison, and several of the condemned men had drunk the hemlock, it was found that there was not enough for all, and the executioner refused to supply any more unless he were paid for it. 'Give the man his money,' said Phocion to one of his friends, 'since at Athens we cannot even die for nothing.' The poison was brought; he drunk the fatal draught, and perished at the age of eighty-five.

In accordance with the law against traitors, his body was refused burial, and was cast out on the borders of Attica. His friends hired a man to burn it, and the bones were collected and buried by a poor woman.



Phocion, the Athenian Statesman.

But soon a revulsion of feeling set in at Athens. The people repented of their cruelty and folly, and putting his accusers to death, they had his remains brought to Athens and interred at the public expense. They erected a bronze statue to the memory of him whom they had but a short time before reviled.

In the Vatican there is a very fine antique statue of Phocion, which represents him in a helmet of the kind used by the Greeks in early times. They were formed so as to protect the face as well as the head, the wearers pulling them down in battle and looking through the eye-holes. Numerous helmets of this shape have been discovered both in Greece and Italy in the graves of the old warriors, many of them being inscribed with the names of the armourers who made them.

A. R.



"Speed soon became a great favourite in the household."

RECOLLECTIONS OF 'SPEED.'

OUR dog 'Speed' came into our possession quite by accident. Driving one day in the neighbourhood of Roslin, near Edinburgh, we saw him sitting at a toll-keeper's door. A lady of our party, who was very fond of dogs, admired him greatly, saying that she was sure that he had the making of a good dog in him.

The toll-keeper, hearing these remarks, offered to sell him for a small sum. He told us that on opening his door one cold spring morning, about a month before this, he had found Speed outside, very cold and wet. He took him in and supplied him with food. No one had ever inquired about him, and he did not wish to keep him any longer. The bargain was soon made, Speed was lifted into the carriage, and in an hour's time was comfortably established in his new home. I cannot pretend to say exactly what kind of dog he was, but competent judges agreed in saying that he was between a retriever and a collie. As he grew up he became very handsome, nearly black, with brown points and beautiful paws; his tail developed into a fine full brush, and his brown eyes were soft and intelligent. Altogether he was a beautiful creature, and his temper was so docile that he soon became a great favourite in the household, with one exception. Snap, the ancient pug, who had long been a pet in the family, could not endure him, and kept up this animosity to the close of his life, exhibiting his spite upon every occasion that offered, and always without the least provocation, for Speed never was known to retaliate, though well able to do so.

How often have I seen the younger members of the family seated round the dining-room fire, chatting together in the twilight, with Snap in the middle resting his little pug nose comfortably on some one's knee! The door would be gently pushed open, and Speed's beautiful head would be seen—never was he so rude as to enter the sitting-rooms without an invitation. The moment he was perceived, Snap would dart upon him with a series of short, quick barks, worrying him in a most irritating manner; the noble fellow never once retaliating, but watching his friends, in the hope of obtaining the coveted invitation which was soon forthcoming. It was delightful then to see his happiness, and the grateful look that shone in his beautiful, speaking eyes, as he stepped forward and made one of the happy circle round the fire.

Shortly after Speed came into our possession, we removed from our home in the suburbs to a house in one of the quiet, secluded streets of Edinburgh. All our pets, however, went with us, and, as it was a matter of some difficulty to keep a dog of his size in town, he was at once allowed a good deal of liberty, which, however, soon developed in Speed a taste for roving, a fault which was never cured all his life.

The family home was in the north end of the city; from thence he would follow his master in the morning as far as George Street, then, with a friendly wag of the tail, he would leave him and seat himself on the lower step of the pedestal which supports the colossal statue of His Majesty George IV. Here he would remain for hours, taking the deepest interest in all that was passing around him, and at the same time keeping a careful look-out for friends of his own. If any member of the family happened to pass, he would rise, wag his tail, and follow. If desired to leave, he would at once return to his chosen post of observation.

Many of our more intimate friends were also thus followed by Speed, to their great amusement; but always with this difference, that he would only follow them for a few steps, and then leave them without being desired to do so, apparently feeling that he had done all that civility required.

About a year after the family had removed to town, a pretty cottage was taken in Fifeshire, about a mile and a half above North Queensferry. Some members of the family went there to reside for the whole summer, while the others, who could not conveniently leave town, always contrived to spend Saturday and Sunday at the cottage. Speed soon learned to know this arrangement as well as the children did, and while they were running out to meet their father, he was sitting, panting with impatience, at the extreme end of his chain, looking out with the utmost anxiety for his master. And had it really come to this—that poor Speed was kept on the chain? Well, I grieve to say it had. He was too much of a rover to be allowed his freedom in the country, where sheep and lambs were to be seen on every hill-side. Not that he would have injured any one of them, but most certainly he would have very much enjoyed to give chase to the poor timid creatures, and this no farmer would have put up with.

Before I proceed any further with the history of Speed, I should like to tell my readers of three several and very grave offences committed by him in his earlier days, before he had assumed all the gravity and decorum of a full-grown and well-trained dog. The first of these offences was the very natural one of helping himself to a dainty without asking permission of any one. He discovered one day on a side-table a very tempting roll of butter, about half-a-pound in weight, also an ox-tongue which had just been boiled, and laid there to cool. The delicious odour was too much for a young dog to withstand. Putting up his paws on the table he sniffed and longed, and at length fell under the terrible temptation. When discovered, these viands were almost entirely consumed, and the unfortunate Speed was already beginning to suffer from the indigestion which followed. So great was his torture and thirst, that we almost feared he would die, and, therefore, no chastisement was inflicted upon him for this grave misdemeanour. After his recovery, he actually seemed to connect his sufferings with his transgression, and never again was known to steal any food that might be within his reach.

The next offence committed by Speed was of a very peculiar nature, and never, to this day, have we been able to account for his extraordinary behaviour on the occasion. Some ladies, who were spending the evening with the family, had laid their bonnets, shawls, and muffs on a bed in one of the rooms upstairs (quite away from any part of the

house where Speed might be supposed to roam); great was our consternation when, upon his mistress entering the room, Speed was discovered rolling about on the top of the bed, kicking violently, and hopelessly entangled in the folds of a large woollen shawl which entirely enveloped him. Every bonnet was torn to pieces, muffs were in the same dilapidated condition, and feathers were chewed and broken. As all this damaged wearing apparel belonged to our guests, it may easily be imagined how awkward it was to apologise and explain. For this behaviour Speed was severely whipped, and held as disgraced for some time; but at length he was forgiven, and the offence was never repeated.

Poor Speed's third misdemeanour may almost be considered a natural one as well as the first which I have related. One day, at the cottage, while he was upon the chain, and doubtless suffering from dulness, a pet rabbit, which belonged to the children, escaped from its hutch and ventured within Speed's range, and he, then and there, seized the poor little thing in his paws and killed it in a moment. Speed, apparently somewhat penitent, was found looking quietly at his dead victim, and slowly wagging his tail. This deed, we all firmly believed, would never have been done if Speed had been at liberty, as it is well known that many dogs who are amiable and friendly while at large become surly and fierce while on the chain.

I have now honestly held up to view all the weak points in the character of our favourite dog, and I must now bring his history to a close.

One Monday morning, as his master was about to return to Edinburgh by the morning coach, he suddenly resolved to take Speed with him and keep him for a week in town. It was the work of a few moments to set him at liberty, when, with loud barks of delight, he followed at full speed the four-horsed coach which made the journey three times a day between Dunfermline and Edinburgh. A short mile and a half brought them to the pier at North Queensferry, where coach and passengers were transferred to the ferry steamer which conveyed them to the south side; here other horses awaited them, and another hour brought them to Edinburgh, where the coach was due at ten in the forenoon. His master alighted in George Street, and Speed, who had made out the journey of ten and a half miles without much fatigue, was desired to go home. His master went to his place of business, and thought no more of the dog till five o'clock when, on going home to dinner and inquiring about him, he learned that Speed had never been seen. From his character as a rover, this intelligence was received with no great surprise, the whole household being fully persuaded that the truant would appear before nightfall. In this, however, they were mistaken; bed-time came, but no Speed appeared, and the family retired to rest with the mystery of his absence still unexplained.

Meanwhile we must return to the cottage. At ten o'clock p.m., as the household was preparing to retire to rest, a faint whining was heard at the door; this, at length, broke out into short, impatient barks.

A consultation took place inside; one declared that it was Speed back again.

'Impossible!' cried another; 'how could he manage the ferry?'

'Let us open the door and see,' said a third.

'But keep the chain on the door!' added a fourth, with excusable caution, when we remember that the inmates of the cottage were only ladies, children, and women servants. When the door at last was opened, the wanderer was there, frightfully tired and footsore, soaking wet, and so thirsty that his first act was to lap up a large quantity of water. He then lay down before the fire and gazed up at us with eyes that seemed to say, 'You won't catch me staying all night in town if I can help it.'

As an explanation of his unexpected appearance could not be obtained from Speed himself, his friends resolved to go the following day and clear up the mystery by questioning the men on board the ferry steamer. From them we heard the whole story:—

About four o'clock the previous afternoon, the runaway dog had made his appearance at the south side of the ferry; he took up his position on the pier. There were only few people about at the time, as the steamer at that hour was at the north side of the ferry; Speed made up his mind to wait a little and see what might turn up. He quietly lay down to rest, which must have been very welcome after his long gallop of twice nine miles through the day. At last the little steamer was seen rolling about from side to side, as she made her way across the stormy Forth. But, alas! for poor Speed! the tide had receded to the very lowest point, and as it was a spring-tide, and therefore much lower than usual, the little steamer never approached the pier at all, as there was not sufficient depth of water, but proceeded about half a mile further on, where there was a jetty always used on such occasions. Speed stood up and watched its movements, apparently in much perplexity, until he saw it moored alongside and the passengers beginning to embark. He now comprehended the situation, and ran along the beach road leading to the jetty (this road he had never traversed in his life, and only once had he ever been at the ferry at all), but he only arrived in time to see the little steamer slowly proceeding once more upon her trip to the north side, and, alas! he was left behind! But I must not prolong my story; it is sufficient to say that when the steamer once more was moored on the south side, Speed was the very first passenger who raced along the gangway. But his trials were not yet over. He was scarcely on board, when he was expelled as an intruder; but he was not to be got rid of so easily. Again he contrived to get on board, only to be thrown at once into the water. The poor weary dog, though a good swimmer, must have had much difficulty in making his way to dry land; still, he accomplished it in time to present himself once more on board. Overcome by his pertinacity, the men in charge of the vessel allowed him to remain, and he was at length safely landed on the north side.

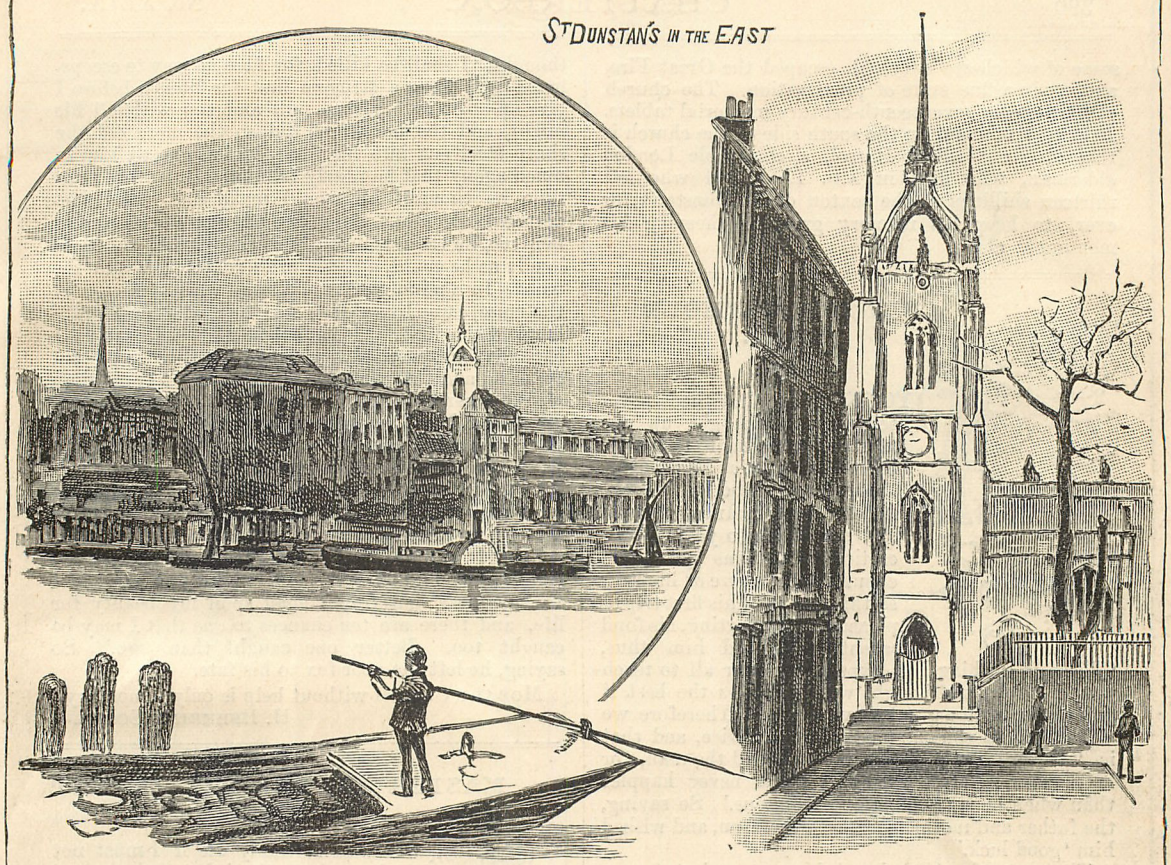
After this it was all plain sailing, as only a mile and a half intervened between him and the cottage. How it came about that two hours passed before he presented himself there I am unable to say, unless he had lain down somewhere to rest, as by this time his fatigue must have been very great.

This spirited conduct of our favourite endeared him to us all, but we little guessed at that time how short



"Speed, penitent, looking quietly at his dead victim."

his life was destined to be; whether the fatigue had been too much for him, or whatever the reason might have been, he shortly after this showed symptoms of acute disease. A cough began to harass him, and he lost flesh and strength in a very sad manner. Every care was taken of him: he was never allowed to re-



main in the kennel during the night, but was comfortably lodged within doors. Nothing, however, seemed to arrest the progress of the disease which had fastened upon him. It was the saddest thing possible to see the complete failure of strength and spirit, or to note the beseeching look in his beautiful eyes, when he was no longer able to accompany us in our walks, which used to be to him a source of such unbounded delight. The end came at last, and we had to bid farewell to our four-footed friend and favourite. We buried him in a grave at the shady end of our garden, and, as we all left the spot, some of us could not refrain from tears when we remembered that we never would see again our intelligent, docile, and gentle and beautiful Speed.

THE IRISHMAN AND THE SUNDIAL.

AN Irishman was one night chosen as sentry. Near his post was an old sundial. During the night the guard was told that some lights had been seen in the direction where Pat had been posted. When they went to see what it was, they found Pat standing over the sundial with a lighted match in his hand. Upon being asked by the officer why he had broken the law, Pat replied, 'Your honour, I was only trying to find out what time of day it was.'

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

St. Dunstan's in the East.

STOW describes this as 'a fair large church, of an ancient building, and within a large churchyard,' and speaks of the parish as being full of rich merchants, salters, and ironmongers. The old churchwardens' books, which begin in the fifteenth century, specify sums paid for playing 'at organs' and 'blowing of the organs,' and money spent in garlands and in festivities on St. Dunstan's Eve. From all which we may infer that the St. Dunstanites of that period were wealthy, and had artistic tastes.

The church having been seriously damaged in the Great Fire, Wren was employed to repair it. In olden times it had had a lofty leaden spire, but Wren erected the present one, the idea of which was taken from that of which the people of Newcastle are so proud—the 'crown' which surmounts their cathedral.

In A.D. 1810 the church became ruinous, and it was necessary to rebuild the body of it. The new church was begun in 1817, and opened in 1821. It is a modern Gothic building, and cost about 36,000*l*. The interior is divided into three aisles by clustered columns and pointed arches. There are good stained-glass windows, and in the vestry is a wood-carving by Gibbons of the arms of Archbishop Tenison.

Fortunately, the register-books of St. Dunstan's,

some of which are very old, escaped the Great Fire, and are in a fine state of preservation. The church contains many seventeenth-century memorial tablets. A large monument on the south side of the church is that of Sir William Russel, a charitable London alderman, who died in A.D. 1705, and who left thirteen shillings to the sexton of St. Dunstan's for ever, to keep his memory green by keeping his monument clean.

COUNSEL WITHOUT HELP.

A Fable.

A YOUNG fox that had never seen the world, got up one morning intending to take a delightful ramble, as he thought, through the wood by himself. His mother remarked that he had now come to years of discretion, and was quite old enough to take care of himself; so this was to be his first trip of pleasure. On parting, his fond parents addressed him thus, 'There is nothing like experience after all to teach young people, and bought wit is always the best if you don't pay too great a price for it. Therefore we will only give you one piece of good advice, and that is, "Never go near that creature called the man, for he is your greatest enemy." He is never happier than when he is catching and killing us.' So saying, the father and mother embraced their son, and wished him 'good luck.'

The young fox then hurried away, and was soon in the midst of the wood enjoying sights and sounds which he had never dreamt of before. 'How pleasant it is to be free!' said he to himself; 'great happiness is in store for me.' When he had made this observation he noticed in the distance a man. 'I will not venture near him,' said the fox, 'for my parents expressly told me not to, but I will watch him to see what he intends doing; surely there can be no harm in that.' So he crouched low behind a tree, and saw the man kneel down, and put something dark on the ground, then on the top of that something else. 'I wonder what he is doing,' thought the fox; 'he seems as if he were hiding something away from everybody. When he is gone I will go and see into this mysterious affair.' Not long after this the man got up, threw one quick glance around, and then hurried away. When he was out of sight, the fox crept slowly towards the spot, and lo! what did he behold but a nice savoury piece of meat. 'Why, the man must be very stupid,' exclaimed young Reynard, 'for he has forgotten to eat his dinner. However, I will do that for him, and then I will try to discover what treasure he has buried beneath this place.' So saying, he pounced upon the sweet-smelling morsel, when oh! horror, he was squeezed in a moment by two strong steel jaws, and was unable to move! When he saw that he was caught, he now understood what the word trap meant, which he had often heard his father and mother talk about. He thought, 'I shall be killed, for I see no way to escape, but I will have a struggle first for liberty before I give up.' So he began to pull and tug with all his might, and the harder he did so the more did the sharp steel cut into his flesh, which caused him so much agony that he nearly fainted. But after some time he thought he would make one more last desperate attempt. Some one might come along and help me, he thought. So he shrieked and yelled as loudly as he could, and his cries echoed through the wood. In a minute or two, a large wolf, attracted by the noise, came by. 'Ha! ha! ha! what do I see?' laughed the wolf. 'It cannot be Reynard, surely; I thought foxes were always noted for their craft and cunning, and that they knew more about traps than all the other beasts of the forest put together. You are young, I see, but you ought to have known that a piece of cooked meat is not left in the middle of a wood without some ill end in view.'

'Oh, sir!' piteously cried the fox, 'your advice is good and true, but help me out of this trap immediately, for I am dying, and then scold me afterwards.'

'Not I,' said the wolf; 'I am truly sorry to see you caught, but I must leave you where you are. If I venture near that trap I shall spoil my beauty for life, and there are ten chances to one that I may be caught too. Better one caught than two.' So saying, he left the poor fox to his fate.

MORAL: Counsel without help is only a mockery.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

MASTER BETTY: THE INFANT ROSCIUS.

"I SHALL certainly die if I must not be a player!' cried a little boy of ten years old, in a very pathetic tone. His parents sighed as they felt that the child's longings to be an actor only increased as he grew older, and that he became more and more eager in his entreaties that he should be allowed to follow his bent.

William Henry West Betty was born near Shrewsbury in 1791. Soon after his birth his father returned to his native county in the north of Ireland. The English there spoken was of an inferior kind. Mrs. Betty was uneasy lest her boy should grow up with a bad pronunciation, so she taught him to declaim passages from the best authors. The child's love of recitation and acting was thus fostered from early childhood, and it was only when too late that the fear lest he should wish to go on the stage entered into his parents' minds. In addition to his lessons in recitation, his father had taught him fencing and his mother dancing; so that the two great essentials for the stage—deportment and declamation—were acquired by him almost before he was out of the nursery. At last so fond did he become of reciting that his parents took fright, stopped the fencing lessons, put away play-books, forbade declamation, and sent him to school.

But the mischief was done. Amongst his school-

fellows little Betty soon became famous as a reciter. He would stand in the midst of an admiring throng of boys, acting passages from plays which he had learnt, reciting poetry and carrying away his young listeners with him in his enthusiasm. At night the dormitory would be turned into a mimic theatre. The beds were converted into a stage, the sheets and blankets into curtains and costumes. The lack of proper materials did not daunt him, but night after night he acted his little plays and repeated his poems. In spite of his parents' intimacy with actors, their son never saw the inside of a theatre until he was ten years old, when he witnessed the play of *Pizarro*, in which the great Mrs. Siddons was acting. This made him even more determined than before to become a player. The day after this visit to the theatre he bought a copy of the play, and committed the speeches to memory, telling his parents that 'he should die' if they would not consent to his becoming an actor.

Seeing that the child was fully bent on this desire, Mr. and Mrs. Betty at last yielded, for the boy cared for nothing that was not in some way connected with the stage. His mind was filled with visions of the great actress whom he had seen, and he talked of nothing else. His father, therefore, took him to Belfast to consult Mr. Atkins, the manager of the theatre. To him the little boy recited passages of *Pizarro* with so much fervour and passion that another gentleman was called in to the consultation, named Mr. Gough. He spoke so kindly to the boy, and gave him such valuable hints, that the child called him his 'guardian angel.' He had some plays given him to study, and Mr. Gough even invited him to his house in order to observe him more narrowly. Betty was so docile and obedient, so ready to carry out every suggestion, was so well able to throw himself into the feelings of every character, that he was at length engaged by Mr. Atkins to take the part of Osman in the tragedy of *Zara* in 1803.

The announcement of the appearance of so young a child on the stage drew together a great audience, who were enthusiastic about the boy's wonderful gifts.

This was the beginning of a career which people believed would be long and brilliant. 'Master Betty' soon became known as 'The Infant Garrick' and 'The Infant Roscius.' After playing in four different pieces at Belfast, he was engaged for nine nights at Dublin, where his fame had preceded him.

It would seem almost impossible that such a child could take the characters of Romeo, Hamlet, Richard III., Rolla, and others; but, nevertheless, into whatever part he acted he threw his whole soul, and completely lost himself in the feelings of the man whom he was personating, so much so that the audiences were amazed and enraptured beyond measure.

After visiting Cork, Betty was taken to Glasgow, where, as the manager declared, he was received with the greatest bursts of applause that he had ever heard. From there he went to Edinburgh, where the enthusiasm reached such a height that one unfortunate critic who ventured to depreciate him was obliged to leave the city on account of the storm of indignation which he roused in the minds of Master Betty's admirers. The author of the play *Douglas* declared that the child was the first person who had 'played the part as he had conceived it, and that he was, or soon would be, one of the first actors on the British stage.'

From Scotland he went to Birmingham, where the inns were filled to overflowing with people desirous of seeing and hearing the young Roscius. During the thirteen nights that he played in this town he realised the enormous sum of 2286*l.* net profits. From town to town he went, everywhere exciting the same enthusiasm, until at last he came to London, where the public went literally mad over him. He made his first appearance in the metropolis as Achmet in *Barbarossa* at Covent Garden Theatre. In those days there were very few, if any, reserved seats in the theatre, but in less than ten minutes from the opening of the doors at Covent Garden the house was full from floor to ceiling. The passages had been filled with people standing for hours on the chance of being admitted; nor did the excitement abate during the whole of his first visit to London. People stood outside the house in which he was announced to play nearly all day; women screamed, fainted, and were trampled under foot in the rush for seats. On one night 500 people were refused entrance. When it was known that he was to appear the following night, people even tried to hide themselves in the theatre in order to be ready for the next performance. The receipts at the doors averaged at Drury Lane 615*l.* a night for one month, or about 14,760*l.*

On his second visit to London, however, the enthusiasm gradually flagged, but in the provinces his fame continued to attract crowded audiences.

At this time Master Betty is described as being a well-made lad, handsome, with an oval face, fair hair and complexion, and blue eyes. His face was in no way striking when his features were at rest, but when he was acting it became wonderfully expressive. He was rather shy and retiring.

He was very generous. When he was told that his share in the profits of his Liverpool engagement amounted to 1520*l.*, he insisted upon having the whole of it settled upon his little sister, in order to insure her against poverty.

He continued his public career until he was fifteen years of age, when he withdrew in order to complete his education at the University. To the keen disappointment of those who had predicted such great things for him in after-life, when he reappeared on the stage a few years later, he proved to be an utter failure, at all events in London. He finally withdrew from the stage at the age of thirty-three, and for fifty years he lived on the fortune which he had made as a child. He died in 1874, aged eighty-two.

A. M. Evill.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
The north wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast,
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty love!



The Cottager and her infant.

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou?

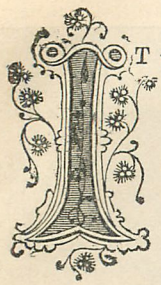
Nay, start not at that sparkling light;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright:
On the window-pane be-dropped with rain:
Then, little darling, sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

WORDSWORTH.



The Tiger endeavouring to thrust his head beneath the gunwale.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT'S ADVENTURES.



IT was growing dark as the good ship *Cossipore* entered the Calcutta branch of the Ganges river, and both the pilot and the captain cast anxious glances astern at the dense mass of black clouds, behind which the sun had gone down like a ball of fire. Everything seemed to point to the coming on of one of those fierce hurricanes which frequently accompany the setting in of the rainy season in Bengal, and all were anxious for the wind to continue, so that the vessel might reach a safe anchorage before the storm burst. Despite the wind, the air was intensely hot, and higher and higher rose the black bank of clouds, the darkness rapidly becoming more and more dense. At length it was impossible to proceed, and the ship was compelled to let go her anchor. It was not a safe place; but there was no help for it, and the men were soon busy aloft, securing the sails to meet the expected hurricane, when, just as the last piece of canvas had been rolled up, a sudden splash was heard, and the appalling cry of 'Man overboard! Man overboard!' resounded through the ship. Swiftly the sailors scrambled down the rigging, making for the boat that hung over the stern—for all knew that the river teemed with sharks, and the still more dreaded Gangetic crocodile. In a very few minutes the boat, with five men under the command of the chief officer, was pulling out into the dark night to rescue their comrade, whose terrified cries were the only guide they had.

No one thought of looking at the ship until the drowning man had been saved, and then no trace of her could be distinguished in the deep gloom by which they were surrounded; to add to their perplexity the tide was running out, and despite their utmost efforts they felt that they made no progress against it, and, for aught they could tell, they were being carried out to sea to meet the increasing storm which had now burst upon them in all its tropical fury. In vain the officer encouraged his men to fresh exertions, pointing out the imminent danger of facing the wild waters of the Bay of Bengal in an open boat; the men were thoroughly exhausted, and having done their best they rested on their oars in hopes that the tide would turn in time to save them. All peered anxiously in the direction where they supposed the lighthouse of Sangor Island to be, hoping, yet dreading to catch sight of it; for, did they find it on the side or astern of them, they knew their fate was sealed, as they would soon be out in the open Bay, the angry billows of which would make short work of their frail craft.

Gradually the water seemed to be getting smoother, although the tide was rushing as fast as ever, and soon the sound of waves breaking on the shore met their ears. Eagerly they looked for the land, fearful at first that it might be only a reef of rocks upon which they were being hurried; but when they could at last make out the long white line of phosphorescent breakers, they saw a long sandy beach backed by tall forest trees, which appeared to come almost down to the water's edge. In a very few minutes the boat's keel grated on the sand, and all jumping out, they ran her high and dry out of the way of the breakers. They had reached comparative safety just in the nick of time, as a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a terrific crash of thunder and a furious gust of wind, before which the tall forest trees bent nearly to the ground, told them. Knowing full well that there was no human habitation near them, and being unable to guess in what direction the ship lay, immediate preparations for securing their safety became necessary. The boat was turned bottom up, and a deep gutter having been dug with the blades of the oars to carry off the rain, which now descended in torrents, all crept beneath, not only for shelter from the hurricane, but in case either tiger or crocodile, both of which abound in these parts, might attack them. They had no food, but they were able to quench their thirst from the gutter which they had dug. Though drenched to the skin, the weather was too hot for that to inconvenience them greatly.

The old sailor, by whose advice they had turned the boat upside down, told them of the dangers that still threatened them, and preparations to meet such were made accordingly. He said that as the tide turned, the storm-wave that frequently accompanies these hurricanes would very probably sweep over the land and hurl the boat upon the river, warning his companions that they would have no time to launch her themselves, so they must fasten the oars inside and cling on desperately when the time came, should things happen as he feared and expected. Some were for braving the storm and keeping the boat propped up on her keel ready to meet the storm-wave, but the old man reminded them of the wild beasts that inhabited the surrounding forest, who could easily pounce upon them when in an open boat, and suggested that, unless they were swept away, they had better remain in their present position, at least, until daylight.

The officer agreeing with this, directed those who felt inclined to get what sleep they could, and that he would keep watch, and soon the heavy breathing announced that all but himself were in happy forgetfulness of their perilous predicament. Anxiously did the lonely watcher peer from underneath the gunwale, and eagerly did he strain his eyes and ears in the endeavour to get quick warning of the anticipated danger, but the roaring of the waters and howling of the tempest rendered it impossible to distinguish any other sound. As he peered out for perhaps the hundredth time, a flash of lightning revealed a moving object near the edge of the forest, and anxiously did he wait for the next flash to ascertain what it was; but before that occurred, he became aware that some animal was sniffing round the boat, and ere he had time to draw his face back well within shelter, he felt the hot breath of a tiger upon it, who was endeavouring to thrust his head beneath the gunwale. Losing no time in rousing his companions, he hastily told them to hold the boat down by the seats with all their might, for a desperate struggle now took place, and it taxed the united strength of the party to prevent the boat being overturned. Holding on with their left

hands, each man drew his sheath knife, which no sailor is ever without, and as the lightning showed them their bloodthirsty foe, each made a slash across his nose as he came within reach of their position; but these repeated stabs only made him the more furious, and he seemed at all hazards determined to get at his prey, while his ferocious growls and yells of pain at each fresh wound rose high above the sound of the storm; now he would bound on the top of the boat with such force as to make every plank crack again with his weight, then with claws and teeth he would attempt to scoop a hole in the sand by which to force his head under the boat.

At length one of the men, in changing his position, put his hand on the handle of a large five-pronged fork (like a hay-fork), that sailors use for spearing porpoises, and quickly cutting the lashings that secured it to the side of the boat, he handed this formidable weapon to the officer, who waited till the next flash enabled him to take aim, and then with one desperate thrust of both hands he plunged it into the infuriated beast's skull; there was one terrific roar of agony, a fearful struggle, and then the foe lay dead, for the iron prongs had penetrated the brain.

All began to congratulate themselves on their victory; but their troubles were not yet over, for high above the turmoil of the tempest rose the far more dreaded noise of advancing waters.

'The storm-wave! the storm-wave!' shouted the old sailor. 'Hold on for your lives!'

Every man clung to the seats, for there was no time to right the craft, and all knew the crisis had come. Quickly the wall of water approached, foaming and roaring like a cataract; in an instant the boat was lifted high above the ground and hurled far out on the seething surface of the river, fortunately righting itself, though half filled with water. Keeping her before the tempest by skilful use of the rudder, the officer directed all to bale out the water, for they knew they must drift at the mercy of the storm, as the fierce fury of the wind would have torn the oars from their hands if they had attempted to use them. Rifts in the clouds let the struggling rays of the moon give them light enough to see that they were flying at a tremendous rate before wind and tide up the main channel of the river, and were rapidly approaching a vessel whose masts were gone, and who was plunging and tugging at her anchors, the billows now and then bursting over her bows and rushing clear along her decks; two figures could be distinguished lashed to the wheel, and as the boat neared the men recognised their own ship.

'*Cossipore*, ahoy!' they shouted as they tore past, for it were madness to attempt to get on board; a faint cheer was borne back from the half-drowned men at the wheel, and at the same instant the cables snapped, and the good ship, released from her anchors, turned round broadside on to the fury of the elements, and with one or two tremendous rolls disappeared beneath the angry waters. All held their breath at witnessing this terrible catastrophe, but their own imminent peril demanded attention — three were obliged to sit on the stern of the boat so that their backs might form a barrier to prevent the curling waves pouring into and sinking their frail craft; but, even with this precaution, the rest of the men could hardly keep her sufficiently free from water to enable her to ride safely over the surging waves, that in this broad stream ran as high as in the open sea. Thus onward they sped, afraid to guide the boat towards the shore for fear of dashing her against fallen trees or the numerous wrecks that approaching daylight rendered visible; and yet the danger of continuing in mid-stream was almost as great, for so impetuous was the force of the tide, aided by the hurricane, that all the iron buoys that mark the intricate channel of the Hooghly were dragged just beneath the surface, and if the boat should strike one of them, it would have shivered her to fragments.

At last the sun rose upon a scene of terrible destruction and desolation; dead bodies of men and cattle, with portions of houses and uprooted trees, covered the water for miles, while, as the boat still flew before the force of the gale many a lordly ship lay high and dry on the treacherous sand-banks, with which this river abounds, while of others naught but the tops of the masts remained above the water, telling a melancholy tale of loss of human life.

All were now so thoroughly exhausted that, after a short consultation, it was decided to make for the shore, and holding up, not without the utmost exertion, a square piece of canvas for a sail, the officer gradually edged towards the low bank; but for many a weary mile no safe place presented itself, and they were still forced to pursue their hazardous journey, almost worn out with hunger, exposure, and want of rest. A couple of oars were got out to assist in guiding the boat, and also when near the shore to keep her from bumping too heavily, for none knew but what they might have to return to her to prosecute the voyage, and every care must be exercised to prevent any damage happening to her; but the broad blades caught the wind and the oars were in a moment whipped out of the men's enfeebled hands. There was thus no alternative but to select the softest-looking spot, and the boat's head was put straight for a bank of mud at the entrance of a creek; quickly she rushed for the haven, and slightly altering her course to avoid what looked like a log of timber, the chief officer headed her for the broadest part of the mud.

It was an anxious moment, and all inwardly prayed that the chosen spot might prove soft; their anxiety was but of brief duration, for the bows cut deep into the yielding soil, and though the pursuing wave toppled on board and half filled her, the boat rose with it and was carried high up and well out of danger.

Swiftly one man sprang on shore with the head-rope (or painter as it is called), and one would have imagined that their trials were ended, but it was not so, for as the unfortunate fellow gained the bank and was about to drive a stake into the ground, the log they had noticed began to move towards him, and ere he could scramble back into the boat, or his horrified companions could raise their hands to assist him, the gleaming teeth of a crocodile—for that was the seeming log—closed upon him, and amid the piercing shrieks of the victim the cruel reptile disappeared with him beneath the waves.

With almost superhuman strength the frightened survivors forced the boat back on the stormy waters,

and the hurricane having abated, they reached Calcutta without further mishap. The recollections of that fearful night, the loss of their ship, and all left in her, together with the terrible fate of their poor companion, will linger in their memories till the day of their death.

try to dash past the gate without paying while the turnpikeman was taking money of some one else. Of course, foot passengers did not have to pay anything; but there is a story told of some facetious traveller, who, coming past a toll-bar where it was put up that every horse, mule, or ass going by should



Old Kennington and its Toll-gate.

OLD SPOTS IN LONDON TOWN.

Old Kennington and its Toll-gate.

THE many toll-bars and turnpike-gates in and near London, which were so familiar to our worthy forefathers, are now amongst the things we read of or see in pictures, but which have vanished by the changes of time. Some of them in the little villages outside London were in places at which several roads met, and people who had not much to do were fond of sitting or standing by some turnpike to watch the people and carriages that went past. Nowadays every parish mends its own roads with its own money, but formerly the Londoners had an idea that strangers who had the benefit of their roads ought to help towards their repair. Amusing, sometimes, were the scenes at these turnpikes, for persons driving through who were more clever than honest, would pay twopence, insisted upon the gatekeeper taking that money from him, because, he said, he had been a donkey all his life!

Old Kennington toll-bar, as shown in our figure, was under the shadow of the church of St. Mark's, Kennington, and, though some houses stood near it, in appearance the spot was rural compared to our Kennington, which is like a part of London. Then, as now, it was a turning point, from which people branched off to a great many places in Surrey, near or distant. Very near the spot where the turnpike-gate once was is a stopping place for numerous trams and omnibuses, and the bustle there would astonish those who lived at Kennington when toll was taken from the coaches, carriages, and other vehicles which passed to and fro in the quiet times when there were no railways. Even yet, however, Kennington has a cheerful look compared with many London suburbs



"A vivid flash of lightning revealed the hissing reptiles on every side."

there is its park—a remnant of the old Common—well adorned with trees and shrubs, also its Oval, headquarters of cricket in South London, and the new Vauxhall Park—a pretty piece of ground snatched from the builder, and laid out with walks and flower-beds.

About the time when Kennington toll-bar stood, as shown in our picture, the place was celebrated for its flowers; indeed, it had been so from the times of the Tradescants, the father being gardener to Charles I., and he is said to have obtained the apricot from Algiers at the peril of his life. His son brought to England the first foreign ferns from America.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

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ONE of the most deadly of poisonous snakes is the rattlesnake. It is peculiar to America, and is never found in the Old World. It is usually between four and five feet long, but it sometimes attains the length of six feet; and it is distinguished from all other species by the appendage which it bears at the end of its tail. This appendage, or 'rattle,' as it is called, consists of a number of hard, dry, and hollow bony substances; the first of them being joined to the last joint of the tail by means of a thick muscle under it, and by the membranes which attach it to the skin. The bones are united together in such a manner, that when the animal is agitated, or moves its tail, they 'click' against each other, and make a rattling noise, which gives warning to any one who hears it of the danger he is in from a nearer approach to the reptile. The number of the bones of the rattle increases with the age of the animal, and it is said that one grows after every change of skin. The rattlesnake has a short, rounded head, with the large protuberances at each side behind the jaws which characterise all venomous snakes.

All snakes are very timid, and will always glide away if they can at the approach of danger; but immediately they are disturbed or touched they dart at the aggressor. The numerous fatal accidents from snake-bites are owing to the fact that as they move along the ground or through the thick grass, they are frequently not noticed by foot-passengers, who inadvertently tread upon them, with the result that the reptile instantly fastens on the foot or leg of the traveller; and if its fangs penetrate the flesh, the death of the victim is sure to ensue.

Rattlesnakes are rather sluggish in their movements, but they appear to be peculiarly excitable during a storm, probably from fear; or, it may be, from the electric state of the atmosphere. Their poisonous fangs are really only for the purpose of killing their prey, which consists of birds, squirrels, and other small animals. They are said to be able to fascinate them by the gleam of their eyes; the fact being that the little creatures are so paralysed with terror when they see the bright eye of the reptile fixed on them, that they are unable to move from the spot, or to save themselves by flight, and they let themselves be seized without resistance. Rattlesnakes only bite man or the larger animals when disturbed or provoked; and it is a singular circumstance that swine do not seem to be affected by their bite, and in the Western States of America, where rattlesnakes are numerous, the hogs kill and eat them. During summer they live together in pairs, but at certain seasons of the year they congregate in great numbers; and the danger to the inhabitants of districts infested by them may be judged by the following incident which occurred in Indiana about two years ago.

A man, named Joseph Flude, set out to go to the house of a neighbour one stormy night, when the rain fell in torrents and the lightning flashed frequently. He lost his way, and, whilst trying to find the road, he accidentally trod on a large snake. He ran away, but the reptile followed him and fastened on his leg, but fortunately for him its fangs only caught on his trousers, and he beat it with the umbrella which he carried. When this was broken he seized a thick stick which happened to be lying on the ground, and with it he battered the snake till he stunned it. But to his horror he now heard the rattle of other snakes, and a vivid flash of lightning revealed the hissing reptiles on every side. He plunged through the long grass and ran for his life; but another snake had fastened on his leg, and as he ran, he dragged it with him along the ground. At six o'clock in the morning he arrived at his destination, completely exhausted, but the snake dropped off on the way, having, like the first one, only caught its teeth in the cloth of his trousers; and it was solely to this circumstance that he owed his life, for had its poisonous fangs pierced his skin his fate would have been sealed. A. R.

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

THE fondness of the Bedouin Arabs for their horses, and their refusal to part with those that are renowned for swiftness, is well known, and has formed the subject of many a narrative. But the Bedouin's regard for his horse is not merely the result of affection for a swift and beautiful animal, but chiefly because it is his only means of living.

The Arab is a robber, and subsists by plunder. He never saves anything that he may have stolen, and he could not accumulate money, for he has no place wherein to keep it safely. He lives in a tent, in the desert, and, were it known that he possessed wealth, he would be plundered by the Arabs of other tribes; but, if he owns no treasure but a fleet horse, he can rob with comparative impunity and lead the only kind of life for which he cares.

When Ibrahim Pasha ruled over Egypt, there lived an old Arab sheik who had a mare that was said to surpass all the other horses of Arabia for speed and endurance. The fame of the animal was so great

that many Pashas and Emirs strove to gain possession of it, but in vain; for the sheik, though old and poor, owning nothing but a tent, his mare, and a Nubian slave, rejected all their offers.

Ibrahim Pasha set his heart on acquiring this famous mare, proffering a high price for it, all to no purpose. At length he sent a deputation to the old Arab, with a bag containing one hundred purses of gold. Now, a purse of gold is valued at about five pounds of our money, so the whole amount was equal to five hundred pounds—an immense sum to a poor Arab; but the old sheik only laughed at the messengers.

'Very well,' said they; 'if you won't sell your horse, we will take it.'

'Try it!' responded the Bedouin.

The Pasha did 'try it,' by sending a troop of mounted soldiers into the desert to seize the mare. The old sheik amused himself for some time riding round them and laughing at them; and, when he disappeared over the horizon, the soldiers returned home.

At last the old sheik received a mortal wound in a conflict with a neighbouring tribe, and when dying he left to his Nubian slave his matchless mare, and the duty of avenging his death. Well did the faithful slave fulfil the dying Arab's behest; and for years he harried the tribe that had deprived his master of life, killing their men and women wherever he found them, and always escaping on his wonderful steed, till the mare and its black rider became the terror of the Eastern desert, and were celebrated throughout all Arabia.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

INK.

MUCH care and skill have been spent on ink. A learned scientist, struck by the annoyances caused by ink stains, invented a writing fluid which was quite colourless, and which consequently would not mark the whitest of linen or stain the brightest of carpets. Only when the ink was put on specially prepared paper did it turn black. For some reason, however, this invention did not pay.

Ordinary ink—the ink that we use every day—can be made in several ways. But usually it is produced from galls, salts of iron, a little gum, and the liquor obtained from logwood.

Galls, or gall-nuts, are commonly known as 'oak-apples' in England. An insect makes a tiny hole in a tree, and in that hole lays an egg, which it covers with a peculiar liquid that causes a sort of tumour on the spot. This tumour, brown in colour and about the size of a marble, we call an 'oak-apple.' Its real name is gall-nut, and the insect which produces it is called a gall-fly, which by forming the galls makes a home for its young. The best of these nuts come from Turkey.

Logwood is obtained from a tree found in many parts of the West Indies. It is wood of a red colour and so heavy that it sinks in water; and it is largely used in dyeing, and in calico-printing to give a black or brown colour.

In making ink, a quantity of galls are pounded into small pieces and mixed with chopped straw. Nothing is obtained from the latter; it is added to prevent the galls forming into a sticky mass. The two materials are put into a vat, and warm water is thrown over them. As this soaks through the galls it brews them, as one may say. When all the water passes through holes at the bottom of the vat, it is drawn off by means of a tap and thrown on the galls again; and this process is repeated as many times as may be necessary to obtain the proper strength. When copperas and gum have been added to the liquor made in this way, the result is ink.

But if we used it at this stage it would not be black when we put it on paper, though it would turn to that colour when it dried. For this reason it is usual to add some extract of logwood, which has the effect of making the ink clear and distinct as soon as it is used. This, however, is of course not really necessary. Afterwards the ink is bottled.

The composition of some inks, which are sold only in large bottles, is a secret of the makers. One of these must contain some strong ingredients, for it soon spoils steel pens and eats into the paper so that it cannot be scratched out. Registrars of births, marriages, and deaths are all obliged to use this ink for making entries in their books, which, of course, have to last for ages, and which are referred to whenever a dispute may arise with regard to a birth, a marriage, or a death.

Copying inks, which are so called because, with the aid of a sheet of damp paper and a hand-press, a copy of any document written with them can easily be obtained, are ordinary inks with the addition of a little sugar or glycerine. Coloured inks are made by dissolving colours in certain liquids. To mention one, the best red ink is produced by mixing carmine and quassia. W.

HAPPY IN EXILE.

The American Eared Owl, or Eagle Owl.

THERE is something so weird and so ghost-like in this tribe of birds, that they have in all ages been regarded by many persons with a superstitious fear. Among the North American Indians this feeling is very strong, and even in our own country many people still dread the sight of an owl, as they think that it forebodes evil of some kind. And there can be no doubt that its horrid scream, and its silent flight in the dark hours, are rather terrifying to timid people who wander near their haunts at night.

These birds, however, are not only harmless (as a rule) but very useful, as their food consists of mice and other vermin which injure the farmer's crops. There are exceptions, however, to every rule, and it is true enough that some of the larger owls, such as the dignified-looking bird before us, are bold and powerful, and not unwilling to add young pigeons, chickens, and small game to their usual bill of fare. Traps are therefore placed in the trees to catch this bird, and when caught, there he is left to die, as a warning to all other owls.

Our captive owls are perfectly happy in their exile, they have plenty of food, their meditations are undisturbed, and what more could an owl desire?

There are upwards of sixty species of owls, widely



The Eagle Owls in the Zoological Gardens.

spread over the known world, from the Arctic to the Antarctic regions. One species is very peculiar in its habits, as it is a burrowing owl. It is only met with in parts of the American continent, where it shares the burrow of the marmot, or prairie dog, a harmless creature, somewhat like a rabbit. M.



"Nancy, here 's the old man come back with a new hat"

INDIAN STOICS.

THE North American Indians, or Redmen, are reputed to be the most stoical and enduring of the human species. They certainly bear pain with a fortitude which it would be difficult for a white man to copy. When an Indian takes a prisoner in battle with some hostile tribe, he only spares his life at the time, that he may have the pleasure of torturing him at his leisure. And whilst he is exerting his utmost ingenuity in tormenting his victim, the latter will sing his death-song, or taunt his captor with not being a good hand at torturing.

They carry their apparent indifference into their domestic relations when any stranger is present, though they are said to be lively and fond of jokes amongst themselves; but they always make a point of concealing their emotions in public.

An Indian is never astonished. When he sees, for the first time, the splendid buildings and thronged streets of a great city, he expresses neither surprise nor admiration at the wonders around him, though he may never before have seen anything but the rude wigwams of his own race. This is chiefly owing to pride and self-conceit, but it is also partly due to his habit of suppressing all emotion. He may be parted from his nearest relatives for years, yet he will betray no excitement or feeling at meeting them again; and this outward indifference he never loses, even after he has mixed with white men, and become what is called 'civilised.'

The Indians of Canada are, most of them, semi-civilised, and are Christianised, so far as to attend to certain forms of religion, and to have their children baptized. The chiefs have lost much of their influence, and many of the tribes are scattered, and in some instances have completely disappeared. Formerly the Micmacs were the most numerous of the Canadian tribes, and many years ago they were divided into two parties, under separate chiefs, named respectively, 'Sam Soap' and 'Peter Basket.' Some difficulty arose about the land, and Peter Basket determined to go to England, and lay his case before Queen Victoria.

When he arrived here, great interest was taken in him, and he made numerous friends; so, instead of going home when his business was completed, he remained in England for fifteen years!

At last he remembered his old home on the shores of the Bay of Chaleur, and set out on his return voyage. One day he suddenly walked into his old wigwam in a brand new suit of English clothes, and sat down without a word. His old squaw, or wife, who was busy about her household duties, seeing him come in, fetched his pipe from its accustomed corner, filled it, handed it to him, and brought him a light, and then, as he puffed away in silent contentment, she turned to her grown-up daughter, who had been a baby when her father left her, and said, 'Nancy, here's the old man come back again in a new hat!'

In a day or two, Peter had resumed his old life, and was seen outside his wigwam making a canoe for himself, as if he had never been away from home an hour.

A. R.

THROWING AWAY A FORTUNE.

ONCE there lived an old gentleman who had three nephews of whom he was very fond, having no children of his own, for he was a bachelor. He lived with an old housekeeper, who had served him well for many years. He was rather eccentric in his ways, and fond of hiding things in strange places. He would often say to his nephews, when they were with him, that he would leave them a little when he died.

At last he died, and they waited with anxiety for the reading of the will, which ran as follows:—'To my housekeeper I leave 1000*l.* for faithful service, and to each of my three nephews the sum of one guinea and a pair of boots.'

They were very angry when they heard this, as they had expected a good fortune from their uncle. One man gave his boots to a tramp when he got outside, and the second one's wife threw his in the fire in her anger and disappointment. The third put his away in a cupboard, and forgot all about them, until one day having got his own boots very wet in his walk he thought that he would try if the boots would fit him. So he tried them on, and found something hurt his toe inside the boot, and on putting his hand inside he pulled out a cheque for 2000*l.*! Each boot contained the same amount, therefore he found himself the possessor of 4000*l.*

When he told the others about it, they were very sorry, and said when their uncle told them that he would leave them a little they thought he meant the guinea. They did not know how valuable the boots were, or they would have acted differently. We should never let our passions run away with us.

H. Berkeley Score.

WILLIE DORMER'S CHOICE.

'OH, Willie, how glad I am to see you! I have been watching for you these two hours past. How is it that you have been so long of coming, my poor boy?'

'Well, mother,' replied the fisher lad, 'it is quite a storm to-night; we could scarcely get in to harbour at all, and of course I stayed to help the others with the boat. You would not have had me leave them, mother?'

'Oh, no, of course not,' replied Mrs. Dormer. But, oh, my bairn! ever since your poor father's death, my heart seems to die within me at the sound of these hungry waves, especially when you are out in the boat. Willie! oh, my boy, why did you choose to follow a fisherman's dangerous calling? Was it not enough that I should lose my dear husband, but must I also run the daily risk of losing my boy?'

To these words Willie Dormer made no immediate reply; but as soon as he and his mother had entered the tiny cottage, and closed the door, he spoke again.

'Mother,' he said, 'you ask me why I chose to follow my father's calling as a fisherman. Well, it is because my whole heart goes out to the sea. I love it as I love nothing else in this world. It is born in me, I suppose, at least I know that I cannot help the feeling! Mother, even if I knew for certain that I would be drowned, as my poor father was, still I would love the sea; still to sail in the little brown boat would be dearer to me than to follow any trade on land. But, mother,' continued the lad, with a glow on his cheek and an unwonted light in his eyes, 'I don't want to be a fisherman to the end of my days. I would rather be an out-and-out sailor, as my Uncle Jack was. I should like to go to foreign parts as he did. I should like to sail round the world, mother. If it had not been for leaving you, I would have gone off in the *Southern Cross*, when she called at our port. The mate offered me a berth in her; but perhaps you never knew of that, mother?'

'Oh, no, indeed I did not!' wailed the poor mother. 'But I've often felt that something like this was sure to happen some day. I saw how much you were taken up with that ship. Oh, my dear bairn! only think what my poor cottage would be without you! Think of the lonely days and nights that would be mine if you were far away on the stormy sea!'

'But, mother,' said the lad earnestly, as he took her hand in his, 'I shan't think of going to sea unless you give me leave—I really shan't, mother! I would rather be a fisherman all my life than vex you. But you will think about it, mother, won't you? The *Southern Cross* is a fine vessel, and she will be here again in a few months. If I ever am to be a real sailor, like my Uncle Jack, it is in that ship that I should like to learn the duties. And, mother, every sailor is not drowned, you know!' And Willie Dormer smiled up in his mother's face.

Ah, poor woman, how she loved that smile! 'Well, my dear lad,' she answered, 'go to bed now, you must be real tired, I know. And I'll go to bed too, and I'll think about it, Willie. Aye, and I'll pray about it too,' she added softly to herself; 'for I must not be selfish, and spoil my dear lad's future life with my foolish whims and fancies. God can be with my Willie on the sea as well as on shore. I must keep that in mind, and be brave!'

Mrs. Dormer retired to her bedroom, after talking with her son, with her whole heart full of his future path in life. Her husband had been a fisherman, a quiet, steady man, who was quite contented with his daily work if only it enabled him to keep his wife and child in comfort. But her boy Willie she knew to be more ambitious than his father had been. Uncle Jack's adventures at sea, his shipwreck, his life among savages, the fight between his ship and the ship of the pirate known as the *Red Rover*, all these stories had taken hold of Willie's young imagination, so that for a long time he had wished to be a sailor, as his uncle had been before him, and to encounter as many dangers and difficulties.

But Willie had kept all these wishes to himself; he had not talked about them, and why? Just because the good lad could not bear to vex his mother, more especially since that sad day that saw her a weeping widow and him a fatherless boy. Therefore, he had honestly tried to settle down as a fisherman in his native place, but he had found it hard to do so; the life seemed to him so dull and tiresome. Now, however, the ice was broken; his mother knew the dearest wish of his heart, and she had promised to think over it: therefore Willie's heart beat high with hope as he laid his head upon the pillow that night, and dreamed a boy's happy dreams of the wonderful success which was sure to attend all his future life.

The next morning Willie watched his mother's face with some anxiety, as she kindled the fire, and prepared the simple meal for herself and her son. 'She means to let me go,' he said to himself. 'I know by the sweet and patient look on her face. Dear, good mother! I wonder if it is wrong of me to wish to be a sailor?'

And was it wrong, my young readers? I do not think so. When a lad has a strong and steady inclination towards a particular occupation in life, it is certainly for his happiness that he should be able to follow it up, if only he does not neglect any duty in doing so. If Willie had run away from home, or had gone to sea in defiance of his mother's prayers and tears, he would have been in the wrong. But this he did not do. Mrs. Dormer, seeing how much her son's happiness was concerned in this matter, had resolved to withdraw all opposition to his wishes, and to let him go to sea with his mother's blessing to cheer him on his way. Therefore, when the ship *Southern Cross* again put in at the little seaport, arrangements were made with the mate, who not only gave Willie a berth in the ship, but promised to befriend him. All that remained now to do was to say farewell to his mother. Boys, do you think it was easy to do this? Willie did not think so. When she clasped him round the neck, and prayed God to bless him, his heart smote him, as he thought how kind she had always been, and how often he had been foolish and disobedient.

'Good-bye, mother dearest!' he said. 'I will remember all you have told me. I will read the Bible and say my prayers. I will, indeed.'

Then mother kissed him again, and the young sailor ran to the door, tears dropping from his eyes, as he waved his last farewell.

The good ship *Southern Cross*, when she sailed away from port, carrying Willie Dormer with her, was on a voyage to Mauritius for a cargo of sugar. This lovely island, situated in the Indian Ocean, at one time belonged to France, but was taken from that country by the British, under General Abercromby, in 1810. It has a fine climate, very suitable to the growth of the sugar-cane, and exports large quantities of sugar not only to England, but to France and Australia. Mauritius, however, lies in the track of those tempestuous hurricanes which so often desolate the fairest regions of our earth. When the *Southern Cross* visited the island, all was peace and tranquility, and very much did Willie Dormer enjoy the lively scene as the ship touched at Port Louis to disembark her outward-bound cargo, and take on board the great bags of sugar which lay ready on the wharf for shipment to the old country.



"Good-bye, mother dearest, I will remember all you have told me."

A sailor boy's first voyage is often made very unpleasant to him by the cruel conduct of those who teach him his duties; but this was not the case with Willie Dormer. The mate was as kind to him as he could possibly be, while among his shipmates there was a lad of his own age for whom Willie soon felt a very strong friendship indeed. But this boy's situation was very different to his. He had been bullied at home by a cruel stepfather, and had run away to sea very much against the wish of his mother, and without even bidding her farewell. Often did the two boys talk this matter over together, especially on Sunday afternoons, which, being a free time, they could spend as they pleased.

When wind and sea would admit of it, they would mount the rigging, and seat themselves on the cross-trees, where they could talk of home, and especially of their mothers, without restraint. It was on one of these occasions that Willie Dormer, having found that Ned, his new friend, had never even written to



Willie and Ned on the Cross-trees.

his mother since running away from home, persuaded him to do so, and to post it at the first port touched by the *Southern Cross*.

The homeward voyage was, on the whole, a very prosperous one; and the time came at last when Willie, grown two inches taller, and sun-browned so that even his own mother scarcely would have known him had she met him by accident anywhere, walked up the village street, followed by a crowd of admiring village boys, and entered the well-known garden gate leading to his home. That was, indeed, an evening to be remembered both by mother and

son. Mrs. Dormer could scarcely take her eyes off her handsome boy, so improved in appearance, and with such an added kindliness of manner towards herself; while he, in his turn, saw, with a feeling of joy, that his mother loved him as much as ever, and cherished no bitterness of heart against him for his having gone to sea.

After his third voyage, however, on board the *Southern Cross*, Willie gave up a seafaring life of his own accord, and settled down once more to a fisherman's life at home, being moved to this by the fact that his mother was growing old and frail, and required to have some one always close at hand. In due time he married, and when Mrs. Dormer died, her son and her son's wife were with her, cheering and comforting her to the last, while she prayed God to bless and reward her dutiful children. B.

CARISBROOK CASTLE.

MOST of us have heard about the beautifully situated castle at Newport, the principal inland town of the Isle of Wight. Few, however, recall its quaint historical associations, and the medley of different periods to which its varied styles of architecture belong. Part of the Keep bears traces even of a pre-Roman style of building. But I am afraid *Chatterbox* readers would find antiquarian research hardly interesting enough to keep them awake, so I will pass on to tell something of the romantic lore which attaches still to those grey old battlements and ruins.

After William I. had fought and won the Battle of Hastings, he granted the conquered lands right royally to his faithful followers, and the Isle of Wight, a dainty prize indeed, found a new owner in William Fitz-Osbert, who, enlarging and repairing the Castle of Carisbrook, held it till he died upon the battlefield.

Fitz-Osbert's son, in due course, succeeded to his father's honours and estate, but, unlike him, he was disloyal to the King who had enriched him, and he reaped the reward of his disloyalty by the confiscation of his castle and lands, and by making the acquaintance of the inside of a prison. In this way Carisbrook Castle fell into the hands of the King again.

It was in the Great Hall here that the Conqueror denounced his treacherous half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. Failing to make the assembled knights lay sacrilegious hands upon a Prince of the Church, who loudly invoked their aid, the Conqueror himself seized and arrested him. It was here, too, some hundreds of years later, that the unhappy Charles I. was received, not as a monarch, but as a prisoner, within its ivied walls.

In A.D. 1337 a large band of French adventurers landed on the east coast of the island, marched through Newport, and pitched their camp opposite Carisbrook. A fierce engagement raged round the Castle walls, and after a time the invaders were so disastrously defeated that, if the records be authentic, not one of them lived to tell the tale.

Amongst the distinguished prisoners who have passed under the massive archway, and through the grand old gates, are the Earl of Warwick in 1397, for conspiring against Richard II.; and the Princess Elizabeth and her youthful brother, the Duke of Gloucester, in 1650.

When that terrible contest, the Civil War, between the troops of the Parliament and the Cavaliers of the King, first broke out, a small Royalist band held the Castle of Carisbrook for the Crown, and within its walls took shelter the wife of the then Governor of the island (the Countess of Portland), together with her children. Besieged by Parliamentary troops and threatened with starvation, it is recorded that the Countess, boldly standing forth upon the ramparts, and holding a lighted torch in her hand, threatened to fire the first cannon-shot amongst the besiegers unless they granted such terms of honourable surrender as she then dictated. The Roundheads agreed to this, and the Castle was then given up.

When Charles I. was first received as a captive here, the Parliament undertook to allow him 5000*l.* a year — an agreement which they shamelessly violated—and to allow him to live with many of the ceremonials of Royalty; but gradually his friends and faithful followers, his chaplains, all, one by one, were taken from him, and he was kept a close prisoner behind his iron bars.

Then came (1648) a boldly conceived attempt at escape. Four gallant cavaliers: Osborn, Firebrace, Newland, and Worsley, were in waiting, just without the walls of the Castle, and a horse, bridled and saddled, was in readiness to convey him across the island to where a boat was waiting. Unhappily for the King, he was unable to force himself through the narrow window of his prison, and thus was the scheme frustrated.

This was in March, and in the following May the unfortunate monarch had succeeded, one Sunday night, in removing the iron bar which had on the former occasion prevented his egress, and might have escaped, but that Colonel Hammond, the Governor of Carisbrook, had detected the cipher in which a correspondence had been carried on with Charles's trusty friends outside, and thus he became aware of the attempt that would be made.

On the 29th of November, 1648, Charles was roused up in the middle of the night and removed by the rebel troops to Hurst Castle. Thence he was taken to London for his so-called trial, a trial in which his enemies had pre-determined the issue, and a trial which was contrary both to the law and the constitution of the country.

On the 30th of the following January the unhappy victim was beheaded, as we all know, at Whitehall Gate—an execution perilously like a murder. Clarendon well says that this awful deed was a 'deplorable tragedy, so much to the dishonour of the nation, and the religion professed by it.'

FOX RUSSELL.

A TURKEY LEGEND.

THE day of feasting draweth nigh
And scores of turkeys soon must die.

Get one that's young and sweet and fat,
And stuff it full of this and that.

With fruits and berries sauces make,
And add preserves and pies and cake.

Ask friends and kindred all to come,
And make thanksgiving at your home.

Let not the cares of life distress,
But fill each guest with happiness.

Revive the joys of youthful days,
And for th blessings offer praise.

Boston Traveller.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

PLATES, CUPS, AND SAUCERS.

STOKE-ON-TRENT, Hanley, and other Staffordshire towns—called, as a whole, the Potteries—are the principal places where pottery is made in this country. The materials used vary, but common articles of the kind we are considering—plates, cups, and saucers—are formed from a dough-like material, composed of ground flints, powdered bones, china clay (obtained from Dorset), and ordinary clay.

The clay is thrown into a mill, where it is worked with water until it can run out at the bottom in a pulp. Another mill, of a heavier make and different style, reduces the stones to the same condition. When the clay leaves the mill, it runs into a tank containing a kind of paddles, which stir about the liquid until the clay is beaten up.

Both the milky fluids thus produced are run into a vat, where they are thoroughly mixed, and afterwards allowed to settle, the water being drawn off. The mixture which remains behind, at the bottom of the tank, after it has lost some of its moisture, is ready for the potter.

That individual stands in front of a round table, with a raised, loose piece in the centre, which is fastened to an axle turned by machinery. On that piece he throws a lump of clay, and as it turns round and round, he fashions it with his hands to the shape desired.

But in making flat articles, such as plates and saucers, moulds are used. One is fastened to the raised disc in such a way that, when clay is spread over it, the inside of the plate or saucer, as the case may be, is thereby formed. To produce the outside, an arm is fastened to an upright on the table. The bottom part of this arm is cut to the outline of half the plate, so that when the clay revolves against it the waste parts are scraped away, and the other side of the plate, the bottom, is soon formed.

Moulds are also used for cups. The inside of one of these is just the shape of a cup. When, therefore, a thin layer of clay is spread round it, the outside of a cup is made. As for the inside, the mould is fastened to the revolving disc, and that is formed by the potter's fingers, which shape the clay as it passes round and beneath them, and the article is finished off with a wet sponge. The handle is put on afterwards.

After cups and saucers leave the potter, they are taken to a heated room where they are dried, and then they are burned or baked. First of all they are packed in what are called 'saggars.' These are boxes made of fireclay, and they are used to protect the crockery from some of the effects of the fire to which it is subjected. Next these boxes are piled one above another in a kiln.

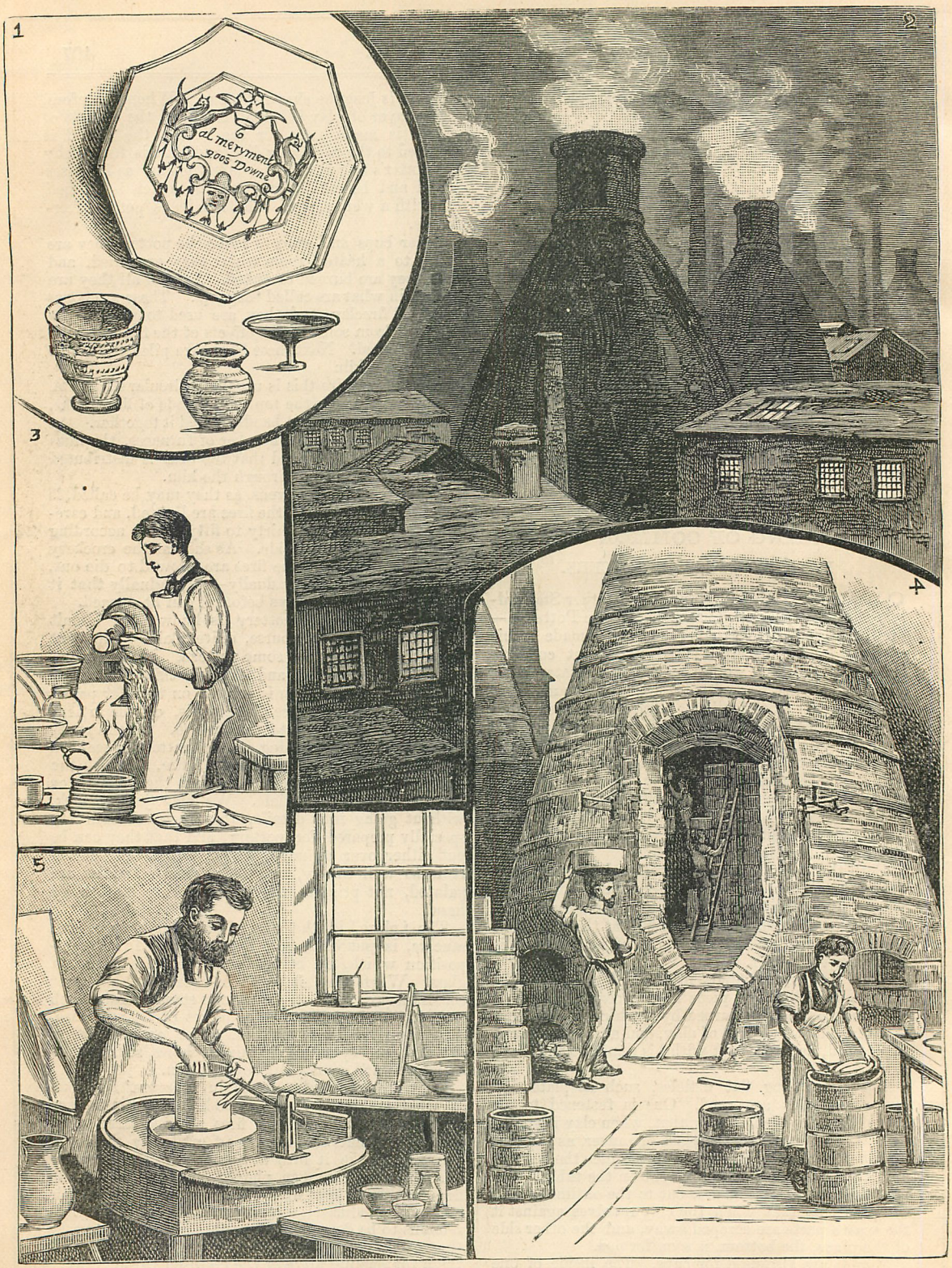
In Staffordshire this is usually a circular structure, narrowing towards the top. It is made of fire-bricks, and is bound with iron bands to hold it together. At intervals round it are a number of furnaces, the flues of which are so arranged that the heat is distributed as equally as possible through the kiln.

When one of these ovens, as they may be called, is full, it is closed up, and the fires are lighted, and carefully tended for from thirty to fifty hours, according to the kind of ware inside. As soon as the crockery is sufficiently baked, the fires are allowed to die out, when the kiln cools gradually—so gradually that it must be left several days before it can be opened.

At this stage all pottery is known as 'biscuit ware,' and it is, of course, quite plain. The next thing done is to give it some pattern. In the case of common plates, cups, and saucers, this is a simple operation. The pattern is printed on transfer paper, which is then stuck, face downwards, on the article, when the ink sinks into the surface. On the paper being removed by wetting it, the pattern is seen on the piece of ware. The action of fire, to which the pottery is afterwards exposed, fixes the colours, or burns them into the article. We may just remark, without going into details, that these colours are specially prepared for pottery, and that they can be put either over or under what is called the 'glaze.' It is as well to say, too, that superior articles are painted, not printed, the colours being laid on by hand.

The 'glaze,' in the case of our plates, cups, and saucers, is put on top of the pattern. It is a composition which, on being burnt, becomes a sort of glass. When used, it is of the colour and apparent consistency of milk. A workman stands before a tub full of it, and picking up the pieces of biscuit ware, dips them into the mixture. The articles, being dry and porous, or full of minute holes, suck up the moisture until a thin film covers them.

They are then again packed in 'saggars,' and put in what is known as the glaze kiln, where they are burnt. In this case the fires are increased very slowly, so that the heat may gradually melt the glaze, and make it into a transparent glaze, under which the pattern can plainly be seen. When the fires have been kept up for about fourteen hours, this effect is produced; and, practically, all that then remains to be done is to allow the kiln to cool, to take the various articles from the 'saggars,' and to pack them for sending all over the civilised world. W.



PLATES, CUPS, AND SAUCERS.

1. An old 'Lambeth Delft' plate, about 1680, and some early British food vessels. 2. The kilns at work, evening 3. Turning and shaping. 4. Putting the pottery into 'Saggars,' and loading the kiln. 5 Throwing.



Winter.

WINTER.

A DEAR little robin once sat on a tree
(The snow lay quite thick on the track),
And the sweet little pet was as bright as could be.
'I must just make the best of the weather,' thought he,
'For I know that sweet spring will come back.

'I am hungry, of course, and would like a few crumbs;
Oh, wouldn't I think them so good!
But I know very well when the little girl comes,
Who sits at that window and works at her sums,
She will throw me some morsels of food.

'And so in the mean time I'll sing her a song,
Though my voice may be feeble and poor,
For I've sat in these branches all the night long,
And who could expect that my voice would be strong?
No sensible person, I'm sure!

'Ah, here comes the dear little maid! In her hand
She carries a dish full of crumbs.
I'm sure she's the best little girl in the land,
And I hope she may always have crumbs at command
To feed us when cold winter comes!

'Good-bye, pretty maiden! Your poor little guest
Flies away feeling happy and strong.
When sweet spring has come, then a wee mossy nest
I'll build for my partner, the bird I love best!
And we'll sing to you all the day long!'

D. B.

DANGER OF STAGE-COACH TRAVELLING.

IN olden times our forefathers were obliged to travel long journeys in stage-coaches, as railways had not been invented. One of these coaches was once going from York to London, and its inside passengers were an old gentleman, a young man, and two ladies. Their conversation turned upon highwaymen. The old gentleman said that he hoped they might escape the notice of robbers; the ladies laughed, saying they had nothing but a little silver with them, which would hardly repay any robber for his trouble; but the young man said he had got one hundred pounds in bank-notes in the lining of his hat, and that he could not afford to lose it.

Presently they came to a lonely part of the road, and one noted for its highwaymen. They had not gone far when the horses were suddenly stopped, and some armed men presented themselves at the coach door, demanding from the passengers their money or their lives. The ladies gave them what money they had, and the gentlemen did the same, but this did not satisfy them. They wanted 50*l.* they said, and unless they got it they would search every passenger. Then the old gentleman told them they need not do that, as the young gentleman had got 100*l.* sewed up in the lining of his hat. They quickly took this and departed.

The young gentleman was very angry, and said that he would have the old gentleman punished when he reached London. The only reply the old gentleman made was to ask him for his address.

The next day the young man received a letter, and enclosed in it was a note for 200*l.* The letter explained that the old gentleman had had on his person in bank-notes 20,000*l.*, to save which he was obliged to inform the robbers of the young man's 100*l.*, and so he sent him back now 200*l.*, and he hoped that he had not suffered much inconvenience through his temporary loss. H. BERKELEY SCORE.

THE MAKING OF COMMON THINGS.

PENCILS.

BLACKLEAD and coloured pencil-making is not an English industry. It is carried on principally at Nuremberg, in Germany, where about six thousand persons are employed, and where about ninety-five million pencils, value about 42,000*l.*, are turned out every year. Everywhere alike, however, pencils are made in much the same way.

The wood used is commonly called 'pencil cedar,' and is obtained from a tree which grows in North America. Ingenious machinery cuts up the blocks of wood into strips, some of which, thicker than the others, contain a groove for the blacklead.

That substance is a mineral, and is also called graphite and plumbago. Really it does not contain a particle of lead. It is comparatively rare, small beds and masses of it being usually found in slate and granitic rocks. From Barrowdale, in Cumberland, large quantities have been obtained, and many tons are also procured from Ceylon and Austria, and some from Spain, Mexico, Greenland, and other countries.

The first process in preparing the blacklead for use as pencils is to break it up into fine powder, which is done in a mortar. Then it undergoes a treatment the object of which is to free the graphite from the iron which it contains. Next it is washed, and afterwards again reduced to powder, this time by heat, the fire raising the blacklead to a bright red.

Following this, the powder is mixed with water and thrown into a vat. The heavier grains sink to the bottom; the lighter are carried on by the water to another vat, and then into a third and a fourth. As the larger particles keep sinking during the progress of the water, only the finest are carried into the last vat, and these are used for the best pencils only. Clay is treated in just the same way.

The fine grains of blacklead and the fine grains of clay are then mixed. As it is clay which gives a pencil hardness, the harder the pencil to be produced the more clay is used.

When the two ingredients have been thoroughly mixed and ground together, they are placed in bags and squeezed by machinery until a sort of stiff dough is produced. The mass is then put in an upright cylinder with a bottom full of holes the size and shape of the leads to be made. When, then, a plunger comes down on the 'dough' with great pressure, it squeezes the blacklead through these holes in long threads. These are taken away, put on boards, and left to dry. As soon as they become firm they are placed in a heated chamber, where they are soon hardened. On being taken out, they are cut into

pieces of suitable lengths, packed with charcoal in covered crucibles, and put in a furnace. After that they are hard and they are practically ready for use.

The strips are, however, next put in the pieces of wood already spoken of. A length of lead is laid in a grooved half, and the other part is then glued on it, after which the pencil is shaped and smoothed by machinery. How quickly this is done cannot be imagined; how neatly it is done anybody may see by looking at a pencil, which seems to be cut out of one piece of wood.

The maker's name or other lettering is afterwards stamped on the pencils. A mark also is placed on it to denote its quality. H means hard; HH, harder; HHH, very hard. B, means soft black; BB, blacker; BBB, very black. HB, means hard and black; and F, firm. The best quality for general use is HB.

Coloured pencils are merely a mixture of some pigment with white wax and tallow, or gum and tallow. For a blue pencil the colouring matter used is Prussian blue; for a yellow one, chrome yellow.

Slate pencils are cut or turned by machinery from pieces of soft slate. W.

THE FARMER AND HIS RAVEN.

A Fable.

A MAN once caught a raven, and after a great deal of perseverance and training, he taught it to croak in a hoarse voice the words, 'Of course I am.' When it could repeat this sentence without making mistakes, he took it to a neighbouring market-town, and put it up for sale. Presently a number of farmers came by, and one of them in a joke asked the price of the bird. The owner replied, 'Ten guineas, sir!' Turning to his companions, the farmer said, 'Do you think that this bird is worth so much money?' Before they could reply the raven croaked in a loud voice, 'Of course I am.' This answer was received with applause from the lookers-on, and the farmer, thinking the bird to be a remarkably clever one, bought it. He took it home, and said to his wife, 'I have brought you home a bird in my pocket for a present.' His wife said, 'Is it a pretty one?' The farmer answered, 'If I am not mistaken the bird will answer that question himself, for it is almost as sensible as a human being.' So saying, he pulled it out, when it croaked out, 'Of course I am.' This answer pleased the farmer's wife very much. But it was not long before they found out their mistake, when the bird only uttered the same expression day by day.

One evening, as the farmer was sitting down to supper, he said to his wife, 'That bird is a regular take-in.' The raven, hearing his master's voice, stretched out its black neck and said, 'Of course I am.' The raven was perfectly right in his observation.

MORAL: It is always wise to give anything which we desire to purchase a good trial, and in dealing with persons of whom we know nothing, we should never trust to first appearances, for they may prove deceitful. H. BERKELEY SCORE.

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'THE TALENTED KITTENS.'

Founded on Fact.

MY brother and I are two playful young kits,
And I think you will own we're not wanting in wits;
If you'll kindly give ear to the story I tell,
By which you must own it is proved very well.

The name of our mistress is little Kathleen,
A kind little maiden as ever was seen;
And her brother a mischievous urchin called Jim,
But we clever kittens don't think much of him.

Now, this saucy youngster, this impudent boy,
Owns a pair of pug puppies, his pride and his joy;
And he dared to declare we'd no sense in our head,
While his puppies could take in each word that he said.

This put us two kittens indeed on our mettle,
And we vowed that the matter full soon we would settle,
And teach him at once that young kittens can reason,
And give Master Jim a good lesson in season.

So, when after dinner those two pampered pugs
Were treated to dainties and fondled with hugs,
And patted and petted to show off their tricks,
And stand on their hind legs, and jump over sticks,

We kittens thought, surely it now is the time
To accomplish the feat that I'm singing in rhyme,
And win both sweet biscuit and praise for our wits,
Like accomplished, and thoughtful, and talented kits.

So, after we'd practised in private a while,
We advanced to the table with sweet Cheshire smile,
And we balanced ourselves on our little hind legs,
Unsurpassed by the cleverest puppy that begs,

While glad little Kathleen clapped hands with delight
And Jim scarce could credit the wonderful sight;
He hardly could speak, with astonishment smitten,
And humbly owned each was a marvellous kitten.

And ever since then, and for aye, I expect,
We have won from that urchin the deepest respect,
Since, without being taught, we had managed the trick,
And proved that our talents were nimble and quick.*

E. C. RICKARDS.

* This anecdote of the kittens imitating the puppies and begging, so that they might have biscuits thrown to them too, was related in one of the newspapers.



"And we balanced ourselves on our little hind legs."

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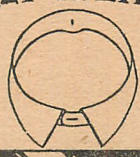
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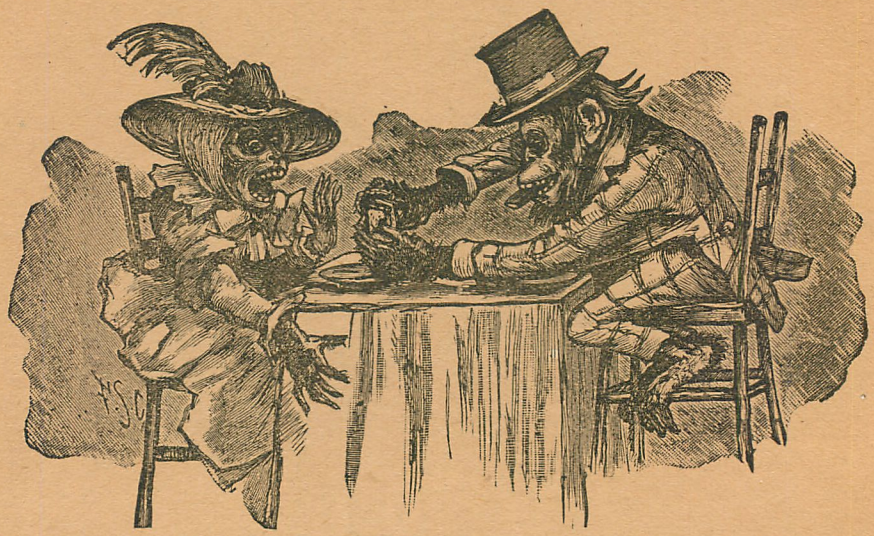
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